Periodical Relications. London. - The Andi-Jacobin; on, weekly THE Examiner

## BEAUTIES

OF

## THE ANTI-JACOBIN;

OR.

#### WEEKLY EXAMINER;

CONTAINING

EVERY ARTICLE OF PERMANENT UTILITY

IN THAT

VALUABLE AND HIGHLY ESTEEMED PAPER, LITERARY AND POLITICAL;

THE WHOLE OF THE EXCELLENT

### POETRY;

TOGETHER WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES, BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES,

AND

A PREFATORY ADVERTISEMENT,

#### LONDON:

PRINTED, BY J. PLYMSELL,

AT THE ANTI-JACOBIN PRESS, PETERBOROUGH COURT, FLEET STREET, FOR C. CHAPPLE, NO. 66, PALL MALL.

1799.

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OF THE EDITOR.

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DEING one of those persons who were of opinion that the paper entitled THE ANTI-JACOBIN, OF WEEKLY EXAMINER, was calculated to produce the most beneficial effects on the public mind, I waited in earnest expectation of seeing it republished in such a form as would bring its purchase within the reach of that class of society to which the instruction which it imparted was, perhaps, more immediately necessary than to any other members of the community. Disappointed in this expectation, from what cause it is needless here to enquire, I determined to select what appeared to me most permanently useful, and most permanently interesting, from those highly useful and highly interesting papers, and to publish if at such a price as would merely defray the incidental expences of publication. This project was conceived, and nearly completed, before the octavo edition, in two volumes, was announced. Its appearance, it is superfluous to observe, was better A 2 calculated

calculated to strengthen; than to change, my original intention. The price, eighteen shillings, is such as must unavoidably limit its circulation, and confine it to the shelves of the opulent, where it will form a respectable associate for the best periodical works of the present age. This little volume aspires to no such honour; it is intended to occupy a place on the tables, or in the pockets, of the middle class of society, of which I am myself a member—a class eminently useful itself in the social circle, and able to appreciate what is useful in others.

There is nothing in which the enemies of the constitution have so much the advantage of its friends as in their strict adherence to each other, and their judicious management of the Press. The first is displayed in too many instances to admit of enumeration; the highest of the sect admit the lowest to all the flattering distinctions of social intercourse; the richest open their purses to the poorest; faults, and even vices, are overlooked in an interchange of services; and the senate, the court of justice, and the gaol, alike testify the strength of their attachment, and the solidity of their union. In the propagation of their principles, through the medium of the Press, that fatal engine which has done more than the sword, the musquet, musquet, or the cannon, for the extension of anarchy, and the destruction of the social world, their zeal, their vigilance, and their policy, are equally conspicuous. They suffer no system of patronage to interpose an obstacle to the accomplishment of their favourite views; they allow not the voracious rapacity of mercenary agents to contract the circulation of their works, for the gratification of their own avarice; they are careful to employ such as serve them more from principle than from interest; and, sacrificing every other consideration to the diffusion of their tenets, they care not what expence they incur, so as their object be but attained. While books instilling sound principles are too frequently issued to the world with all the splendid embellishments which result from the combined skill of the paper-maker, printer, hotpresser, and engraver, which, of necessity, confine their purchase to those who are in least want of their instruction, the poison of disaffection is, almost invariably, circulated in a cheap form, which renders it easily attainable by that description of persons on whom it is most likely to make the deepest impression, and whose mental infection is most prejudicial to the happiness and tranquillity of the state. This surely is an evil of magnitude, and calls loudly for the application of a speedy and effectual A 3

effectual remedy. The weapons of Jacobinism are sufficiently formidable to require the utmost possible exertions, in order to oppose them with success; they who treat them with contempt display less depth of political wisdom than inveterate ignorance of human nature; and such as neglect to adopt any of the necessary means for resisting their attacks, are guilty of a breach of duty, so infinitely serious, at this period, as to render its consequences almost incalculable. In the present state of Europe, it is as much the duty of those who are entrusted with the government of states, to attend to the Press, as to the army, or to the revenue. The call upon them is imperious; to evade it would be treacherous; to resist it criminal. In ordinary times, when the acquisition of power, between rival parties, is the object of contention, government may, without danger, silently contemplate the squabble, and remain passive and inert. But when the object of competition is the social and civilized world, with all its venerable train of religious duties and moral feelings, no individual can be neutral and virtuous; no government can be inactive and innocent. Partial unconnected exertions, under such circumstances, would be unavailing; method must be opposed by method; system met by system; no selfish passions must be allowed to interfere with the the general plan; no cold parsimony\* be suffered to mar its success. The magnitude of the effort must be proportioned to the importance of the stake.

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\* The author of the Pursuits of Literature has, in his last publication, "The Shade of Alexander Pope on the Banks of the Thames," censured Mr. Pitt for having used the expression "cold aconomy" in the House of Commons; and he supports the justice of his censure by the words of Cicero, " Magnum Vectigal est Parsimonia." An admonition to economy came with as good a grace from the mouth of Cicero as it would come from the lips of Mr. Sheridan; for if any credit be due to the accounts which we have of his life and conduct, no man ever paid less attention to economy, in his private concerns, than Marcus Tulhus Cicere. The Roman, like the British, orator, had a splendid town residence, and various country villas; Cicero bought his house, on the Palatine Hill, with borrowed money; Sheridan purchased his seat in Surrey without any money at all. The comparison might be pursued with advantage to the English senator, who certainly has displayed the greatest portion of fiscal ability, by atchieving the greatest purposes with the least means. But, to return to the subject, Cicato was too much of a statesman to recommend that species of economy which fetters the operations of government, confines them to feeble or impotent exertions, reduces them to the necessity of adopting a vicious system of half-measures, and thus tends to the protraction of war, and, ultimately, to the increase of the public expence. Surely the reproach of extravagance is very ill applied to the Minister, who has done, what none of his predecessors dared to do, by the establishment of a Committee of Finance, for the express purpose of investigating every branch of the public expenditure, and laying the whole before the world in a perspicuous and authoritative form; during whose administration, such economical retrenshments have been made in the collection and management of the revenue, that there are actually seven hundred and forty-seven persons less employed now, to manage a revenue of 12,100,000l. than were employed, when the present Minister first came into office, to manage a revenue

No public paper, that has appeared in later times, has ever displayed so valuable a combination of genius, wit, and sound argument, as the Anti-Jacobin-but, I shall not attempt to usurp the office of the critic; to him, I consign, both its merits and its defects. Its Conductor, is well known to have been a Gentleman of literary and political eminence; rich in the stores of imagination; richer still in classic lore; with a brilliant fancy, and a cultivated mind. Two other Gentlemen, equally endowed, (and all possessing strong poetic talents,) were regular contributors; and important articles were occasionally supplied by literary characters, by young men of fashion and ability, and by others of a higher species of knowledge and information. The Letter on the Amiability of Modern Manners, figned Mucius, (which has been omitted in the octavo edition,) was written by a young nobleman of respectable talents, but who appears to be too much infected with that spirit of modern candour and liberality, the evil tendency of which is so ably

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a revenue of less than half the amount, 6,000,000 only; and by whose prudent arrangements also a reduction has been effected, in the excise, of four hundred and fifty-nine officers, (employed in the salt department, which he has abolished,) by which an annual saving to the public has been atchieved of 26,9521. and in the customs, eighty-five sinecure places have been suppressed, to which salaries were annexed, varying from 1001. to 20001. a year!

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exposed in the admirable Poem of, "New Morality," which graced the last number of the paper, and was the joint produce of its Conductor, and one of its regular contributors. It is this spirit which, not unfrequently, leads men to overlook, in the amiable qualities of a convivial associate, the dangerous profligacy of a political opponent, and to sacrifice public duty to private attachment. To say that such conduct is ill calculated to promote the cause of virtue, public or private, is not the language of misanthropy; it is not an assertion that results from a desire to perpetuate, or to extend, the animosities of party; but an useful truth, a proper understanding of which is essential to the interests of morality, political and social. If it be asked why, entertaining such sentiments of the production of Mucius, as I have here avowed, I determined to republish it, my answer is, that the excellent comments which it extorted from the very able pen of Cato, appeared to me to be more forcible and pointed, when applied to that production, than when standing by themselves without any reference to the Letter which gave birth to them. Besides, when it is wished that the Public should form a deliberate and correct judgement on such a question as this, it is certainly desirable that they should be put in possession of the arguments on either side.

I do not believe that, in this volume, I have omitted to insert, any one of the Essays contained in the original papers; and such articles only are omitted as related to subjects of a mere temporary nature; of this description are the Foreign Intelligence, and, more particularly, the Weekly Examiner. So that it may be literally said to contain every part of the Paper that can properly be deemed permanently interesting. The whole of the Poetry is given, and it includes many excellent specimens of genius, humour, and taste, that will outlive the age in which they were first exhibited. Of these, the Poem entitled " New Morality" indisputably claim the pre-eminence. The few notes which have been added are chiefly intended to explain or illustrate the text, where explanation or illustration appeared to be desireable for the generality of Readers. I trust that this attempt to contribute to the gratification of the Public, at an easy rate, will not be unacceptable to them for whose sake it was made; and that this endeavour to extend the circulation of a work, containing sound principles, and important truths, will not be displeasing to those Gentlemen who had the principal share in its composition. stable appearing as the first certainly desired to that

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## BEAUTIES

OF

### THE ANTI-JACOBIN;

OR

#### WEEKLY EXAMINER.

ON THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, AND ITS EFFECTS ON FRANCE AND OTHER COUNTRIES.

THE rapid and dreadful succession of extraordinary events, which have marked the several stages of the French Revolution, had long been, to every observing mind, the object of painful and anxious attention. But the true nature and tendency of the principles on which that revolution was founded (as they operate both on France itself, and on other countries,) were never so fully developed and exemplified, as in the circumstances which attended and followed the violent convulsion of the 4th of September. That day was, indeed, the consummation of all the horrors and atrocities which we have witnessed during the last seven years. It has naturally overwhelmed France with fresh consternation and dismay, has excited alarm in the firmest minds, and awakened the most indifferent to indignation throughout every country in Europe.

On such a scene it would be disgusting to dwell, for the mere purpose of venting the feelings which it cannot fail to create. It deserves to be contemplated with

a very different view.

B

It is to be considered as an instructive, though dreadful, lesson, as a solemn and awful warning to mankind, which addresses itself equally to the timid and the indignant, to all who look with apprehension at the future, or with just detestation of the past.

It summons them all to unite (while there is yet time) in those exertions which can alone furnish the chance of preservation to the few countries which have hitherto resisted the progress of Jacobin Arms, and the infection of Jacobin Principles .- Directed to this object, the impression made by this calamitous event may, in its consequences, be salutary to the world.—With a just sense of our situation, with a true notion of the character and views of our enemy, and under the guidance of reason and reflection, our fear may yet become, as much even as our resentment, the source of deliberate courage, and the instrument and means of our safety.

This consideration it is which has determined us to attempt a recapitulation of the series of crimes and outrages which marks this eventful period of history.

We have only to trace the progress of French principles from their first promulgation to the present timeto compare them with the grounds on which they originally rested, with the pretences by which they were recommended—and with the effects which they have produced, first in France, and since in every country which has been brought within the reach of their influence.

If we have the patience to execute this task, we shall find that these principles rested at first (even in the most plausible view which was given of them) in a new theory of government-false, visionary, and impracticable; inconsistent with the very nature of man, and with the frame of civil society; as much in contradiction with itself, as with all the established institutions,

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received notions, and practical habits of mankind—that in each successive period the operation of these principles has been manifested not more in the subversion of the ancient systems against which they were directed, than in the continued violation of that very theory which was said to be founded upon them; and has been, throughout, a practical disclaimer of every pretence, by which the modern doctrines courted, and perhaps obtained, in their outset, a portion of popular admiration: and finally, that the same principles have naturally led to that state of things in France, which we now deploreto the most undisguised and unqualified tyranny at home, to the most extravagant and destructive views of ambition abroad, which ever conspired to render a great nation the instrument of its own internal ruin, and the terror and scourge of surrounding countries.

We shall see France bleeding at every pore from the wounds which she has inflicted on herself, and deprived of all hope, except from the precarious chance that the violence of the evil may at length work out its own remedy;—yet retaining, even in the midst of her agonies, gigantic means of forcing other states into a participation of a misery, without any alleviation of her own sufferings. We shall be convinced that whatever other part of Europe is yet exempt from the visitation of similar calamities, can have no security against their progress, but from the most vigilant precaution, and determined resistance. That the foreign system of France, long acted upon, and now, more than ever, openly avowed by its present rulers, will leave to no nation a chance of tranquillity from their forbearance or moderation-That wherever they can act, either by force, or terror, or intrigue, no obligation of existing, or future, treaties, no tie, human or divine, will check the career of their wild and destructive projects: and that their ambition is not bounded by ordinary views of conquest or dominion-That the foreign system of France can no where be triumphant, without carrying its domestic system, with all its train of calamities, as a companion-That the artifice of power and wealth, nay, even of sovereignty and independence, will not be accepted as the ransom of any country which once owns the superiority, and once bows to the power, of that nation-That the whole fabric of its internal laws, its established religion, its political and civil institutions—the distinctions and privileges of every class of society—the relations of social life—the rights, the property, the personal security, and the domestic comforts of the highest and lowest individuals—all these are to be swept away at once, and buried in one common ruin.

If this be true with respect to other countries, it applies more peculiarly and directly to Great Britain. Towards us the vindictive spirit of Jacobinism is carried to

its highest pitch.

The present rulers see in this country, with a mixture of envy and resentment, the most striking contrast to their system, and the most effectual obstacle to their projects. Against our constitution and form of government they have declared open and irreconcileable war. It is motive enough for them to hate it, that they see in it every thing which should teach us to love, to revere, and defend it.

This hatred they have declared to be implacable. They have directly and openly told us, "that they and the

British government cannot co-exist."

How long Providence may suffer their existence to be continued as a judgement on France, and on the world, it is not for us to conjecture. But it is enough for us to

know

know that our own existence, under Providence, apparently depends upon ourselves.

With vigour and exertion we have every reason to expect a successful termination of this great contest. Without it we must be involved in the same ruin which has been spread over so large a part of Europe. Our option is easily made. The resolution of every man who has the spirit and principles of an Englishman must be the same with that already expressed by their sovereign and the legislature—To resist, to the utmost, the unbounded ambition of the enemy, and, at all events, "to stand or fall with the religion, laws, and liberties of our country.\*"

#### TO THE EARL OF MOIRA.

LETTER I.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

MY LORD,

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YOUR Lordship has been pleased to give to the public a melancholy picture of the state of affairs in Ireland; and your station in the country must impart to it a degree of weight, to which, otherwise, it is little entitled. It is, therefore, for the double purpose of shewing to your Lordship that you have been the dupe of others, as well as of preventing you from innocently duping the people of England, that I shall presume to

EDITOR.

offer

<sup>\*</sup> This was the first number of an intended series of papers on the important subject of the French Revolution, but, from some cause that was never explained, the intention was given up.

offer a few observations upon the very erroneous account you have just delivered of the state of affairs in that quarter.

My Lord, it is not for me to arraign the motives which have influenced your Lordship to give to the public so fallacious a description of the real situation of the north of Ireland. How far it is prudent or wise, at this eventful moment, to encourage the enemy to a second attempt upon Ireland, by such exaggerated representations as are calculated to inspirit his hopes, and to depress those of your countrymen, is in your Lordship's breast to determine: but, at least, it is for me to shew how grossly your Lordship has been deceived; how unjustly the government of Ireland has been aspersed; and to endeavour, by the sober statement of a few facts, which cannot be refuted, to destroy the baneful effect which your Lordship's declamatory and ill-judged speech is calculated to produce upon the public mind.

For this purpose, my Lord, is is necessary to advert to the situation of Ireland a short time back. Your Lordship charges the present state of that country to be the consequence of the measures now pursuing by government, for retaining it in a state of peace and subordination. It is fair, therefore, to enquire, what was its condition before the great and opulent county of Down, and other districts in the province of Ulster, were proclaimed, to which the present discontents are ascribed. At that period the measures of which your Lordship has so loudly complained had not taken place. The complaints which you represent to arise out of them could have no existence; and, therefore, we may fairly recur to that æra, as a test by which we may examine the question at issue between government and their opponents. Does your Lordship not know, that

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before the meeting of the Irish parliament in Nov. 1796. an alarming conspiracy was generally conceived to exist, which has since been detected; and that many baronies throughout the north were in a state of the greatest insubordination and tumult? Is not your Lordship aware, that this conspiracy had for its object the reduction of rents, the division of property, the abolition of tythes, the absolute destruction of government, and a general massacre of the principal gentry throughout the provinces? Was not the constitution then nearly put p's down, and the laws in general silenced, by a system of terror, gradually extending itself over the country, and threatening in its progress both a dissolution of governunment and society? Can any impartial spectator, then ind cts, in the country, deny this? At that period your Lordship was in England; you are, therefore, entitled to call fect ech. for proofs. Perhaps, if you had been upon the spot, the scandal of the scene would have impressed upon t to your Lordship's mind the necessity of being a little more ordcautious in relying so implicitly upon your channels of intelligence. You would, then; have seen a country rich the in population, soil, and industry, in the wantonness of ernprosperity conspiring against its own happiness, and rdidriven to the verge of insurrection through the diabolical its machinations of demagogues and traitors. Yes, my of Lord, I aver, that at that period hardly a Magistrate ter, dared to do his duty. Scarcely a juryman would venare ture to discharge his trust; so universally were they unour der the influence of terror, from the lawless conduct of ace. t of that desperate body of men denominated United Irishmen. At the spring assizes at Carrickfergus, both the Sheriff may and the Jury were universally said to have received letexaters, threatening them with death if one United Irishand that man was convicted. Many gentlemen constantly carfore

ried pocket pistols about them, as a security against assassination. In open day, in the town of Lisburn, near Belfast, in the month of September, 1796, the Rev. Mr. Johnson, an active and able magistrate, was shot in the streets, as he was mounting his horse, for daring to be superior to fear in the discharge of his duty. In the month of November of the same year another magistrate, the Rev. Mr. Cleland, was shot at, in New Town Ards, on the same account; and magistrates the most eminent were obliged to have soldiers living in their houses, to protect them from the sanguinary vengeance of these deluded and ferocious people. Was not Lord Londonderry, and is he not at this moment, compelled to have a military guard at his house? Were not witnesses against any of these individuals either cut off by assassination, compelled to emigrate, or necessitated to live under military protection? Were not these murders frequent? Does not your Lordship know at that' very period (in November, 1796) the King's stores in Belfast were robbed, and a quantity of gunpowder carried off by force? Was not the country stricken with universal consternation, in consequence of these atrocious scenes? And was there not, at the same time, a general expectation of a foreign invasion?

Yes, my Lord, such was the state of the north of Ireland when Parliament met in the month of November, 1796. What then ensued? The intended invasion was announced from the throne; and the country was called upon to put itself into a state of adequate resistance to the enemy. Yeomanry Corps were then ordered to be raised for the purpose of maintaining peace through each barony, and of enabling government, in the event of necessity, to concentrate, as much as possible, the regular military force of the kingdom. In this

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this situation, I ask your Lordship, if the conspirators in the north did not employ every base art to prevent, as much as possible, the formation of these useful corps? At one moment they misrepresented to the people the oath of allegiance to be taken by individuals entering into these corps; at another, the most open threats were practised; and in some instances, the most daring and cruel violence was employed with successful effect, to terrify those into resigning who had already inlisted therein. Does your Lordship require any proof of this? Read it in the tragical fate of the gallant, but unfortunate, Mr. Cummins. In one night (in the year 1796) a body of United Irishmen, with blackened faces; forcibly disarmed several yeomen belonging to Lord Londonderry's corps, by entering into their houses in the dead of the night, and seizing upon their arms and accoutrements; and because this brave gentleman, who was one of their captains, nobly refused to surrender up his arms, they inhuntanly butchered him with the most savage barbarity. Did not the lamented Mr. Hamilton meet with a similar fate? Shortly afterwards they appeared in arms, in open-day, in the vicinity of Cumber, to rescue two men then carrying to Downpatrick jail. Is not this a fact notoriously known? Did they not, about the same time, begin forcibly to disarm all the inhabitants of the country who were not united with them, by nocturnal visits? Did not families fly into Belfast for safety, dreading to sleep in the country? Did not others quit Ireland altogether? Did not a regular battalion of United Irishmen, in the spring of this year, march to Mr. Kennedy's, at Kentraw, near Belfast, and carry away thirteen stand of arms forcibly from the family, with as much systematic regularity as if they had been invested with lawful authority so to do? And

And is it not within your Lordship's knowledge, that before the county of Down was proclaimed, several gentlemen's estates, immediately in your Lordship's vicinity, were despoiled of their best timber, for the purpose of

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manufacturing pikes for the insurgents?

In this situation, what was the government of Ireland to do? They had seen the laws openly violated; they had witnessed the blood of the magistrate to flow; they had beheld illegal associations administering unlawful oaths throughout the country, for the purpose of overthrowing the constitution? They had seen the authority of the state despised, in the disarming of its soldiery; they had the warning of revolutionary preparations, in the war-whoop of sedition sounded throughout the country, in the forging of arms, and the carrying off of the King's military stores. The press at Belfast was in a state of open hostility to its existence, the insurgents every day became more daring, and the loyal part of the country grew clamorous for protection against the dangers which encompassed them. Nothing, therefore, was left to government but the interposition of military force to check acts of rebellion which defied and suspended the civil power; to renew the existence of the constitution, by rescuing the laws from that state of imbecility into which the lawless violence of a banditti had plunged them. It was only, then, when every measure of lenity and forbearance had failed, and the conspirators were on the eve of a concerted and general insurrection, that the province of Ulster was proclaimed, and the inhabitants were called upon to deliver up their arms in trust for themselves, and to be restored hereafter, to prevent the United Irishmen from getting them into their possession. This, my Lord, I aver to have been the state of the north of Ireland at the moment when that salutary measure

measure was adopted, and to it alone is to be ascribed the quietude it has since enjoyed. Outrage has greatly ceased; confidence is returned; the laws are re-assuming their sway; and persons and property have derived a security from it, to which, for a considerable time before, they were entirely strangers. Such have been the beneficial results of that wise and necessary measure.

On the whole, therefore, it must appear, that antecedently to the county of Down, and other parts, being put out of the King's peace, and, consequently, prior to the adoption of those coercive measures which your Lordship so warmly arraigns as the cause of the present disorders, many parts of the country were in a state utterly lawless; and that system of terror, founded in blood and massacre, had suspended the operation of the civil power, and spread general apprehension every where.—Hence it became necessary to counteract one system of terror against the laws, by meeting it with another in their support; and the military strength of Ireland was, in consequence, increased, to protect it from the two-fold danger of foreign invasion and internal treason. But the difference between the two systems is this—that the one had for its object to subvert the government, and the other to protect both the laws and the people.

This, my Lord, is the general state of the question between the government of Ireland and the disaffected part of the people, corrupted by French principles. But I would farther ask your Lordship, whether, in your own immediate neighbourhood, the most criminal excesses were not committed, before it was put into a state of proclamation, both at Sainfield, Ballynahinch, and Killeleagh? Was not the tree of liberty actually planted in the latter town, so early as in the autumn of

1796? Was not the castle at Hillsborough broke open, and all the arms carried off? And has not your Lordship heard, since you were last in Ireland, that a meeting of delegates from the different societies of United Irishmen was held near your Lordship's estate in the north, about the middle of June last, for the express purpose of considering whether they should then rise, or defer their plan to a future period? Was it not proposed at that meeting to cut off the troops in detail; and to commence the insurrection with massacre? Is not this known to General Lake—and was not the question carried, by a trifling majority, for remaining quiet? What are the presumptive proofs of this? The flight of some of the conspirators, and the apprehending of others. Did not eight of them make their escape from the port of Bangor, upon finding the plot discovered? And were there not several of their intended officers in confinement in the artillery barracks in Belfast, in August last? When, in addition to those facts, we advert to the trial of Jackson, and the conviction of others, proved to be in league against the constitution, as well as to the mass of information contained in the report of the secret committee of the last session, it must irrefragably appear, that his Majesty's ministers in Ireland would have abandoned their duty, and betrayed the dearest interests of the state, if they had tamely suffered a system of disaffection gradually to extend itself over the country, until ripe for action, in preference to crushing the evil in its infancy, by measures of energy, suited to the magnitude of the occasion.

Having now, my Lord, endeavoured to vindicate the conduct of the government of Ireland, by shewing that the state of the country in 1796 was such, from the conduct of a great body of individuals, as to induce the

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necessity for those measures of precaution which have recently been adopted in the present year; in my next I shall endeavour to rescue the conduct of government and the soldiery from the unmerited imputations which have been cast upon both, by shewing, not only in this instance, that the charge is either groundless or greatly exaggerated; but by establishing, still farther, that the present discontents in Ireland are not occasioned by any oppression on the part of his Majesty's Ministers; but have principally their origin in the factious views of some individuals, and the traiterous designs of others.

I have the honour to be, my Lord, &c. &c.

CIVIS.

## TO THE SAME.

MY LORD,

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Have said, and I think established in my former letter, that many parts of Ireland were in a state of the greatest disorder, and a strong spirit of discontent reigning among the people, before the present system was resorted to, a few months since, of employing the military to protect the laws.

It may, therefore, be asked—What, then, occasioned that spirit among the people in 1796, independently of those religious animosities in particular parts, which are not chargeable to the administration of the country? Did it arise from any act, on the part of the government, tending to provoke the people? Or was it the consequence of any attempt to mislead them by incendiary publications; or to stimulate them to rebellion by

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secret conspiracies against the state? It could not be the consequence of oppression on the part of the government, because the conduct of government, for a series of years, has been marked by a laudable endeavour, in various ways, to meliorate the condition of the people. What are the proofs? They are these: The people of Ireland desired to have the duration of their parliament limited—It was done. A cry was raised for the repeal of Poyning's law, and the independency of their legislature-The law was abrogated, and their imperial sovereignty recognized! They called for a restriction of the pension list-It was granted. They claimed a free trade bill-It was passed. They desired a responsibility bill-It was admitted. They wished for the independence of their judges-It followed. The Roman Catholics prayed for a restoration of their elective franchise—Their prayer was heard. What then do these desperate societies now claim? What but the subversion of that constitution from whence so many blessings have been entailed upon themselves? Yes, my Lord, under the flimsy veil of a reform in parliament (an abstract question, little suited either to the times, or to the understanding of the lower orders of society,) they are endeavouring to pull down the fabric of their government, for the purpose of substituting in its stead that hideous system of anarchy and plunder, which, in desolating France, has annihilated the trade, the industry, and the morals of her inhabitants. This is the proved and acknowledged object of these incendiaries. It cannot have escaped your Lordship's notice, that, for some years past, they have been actively employed in the pursuit of this wicked scheme. Is it not notorious that they have leagued to deliver the kingdom to a Foreign Invader? Can this be to reform the parliament?

ment? They have formed themselves into regular battalions, nominated their officers, supplied themselves with arms, provided gunpowder and artillery, manufactured pikes, sworn each other to secrecy, in defiance of the law, or ganized their convention on the French model, collected money, and maintained a traiterous intercourse with the enemy. Can all this have only in view to reform the parliament? Common sense rejects the supposition; and was not this traiterous plan conceived before any part of the country was proclaimed to be in a state of disturbance?

This, then, has been the state of Ireland for some years back. What was the language of Mr. Toone, the parent founder of these societies? Does he not, in his letter contained in the Report of the Secret Committee of the Irish House of Lords, unmask the object of their views at once, by roundly stating, that it is impossible to suppose the parliament of Ireland can ever be brought to regenerate itself—that such a reform as they might concede would little answer public expectation—that both parties in parliament are playing their own game, and the opposition too much connected with the aristocracy to be really the friends of the people? And he farther proceeds to say, that to reform parliament by such means is, as if "a plaster were to be applied to the finger, for a mortification in the bowels." Here, then, is the language of this high priest of sedition; and such are the tenets his followers have adopted.

In this growing and dangerous conspiracy against the state, the legislature had recourse to such restrictive laws as went in their principle to grapple with the mischief, and in their operation to protect the real liberties of the people. For this purpose the laws known by the name of the Convention, Gunpowder, and Insurrec-

tion Bills, were passed, all fettering, in some degree, the views of these revolutionary bodies, but leaving the honest citizen no reasonable ground to imagine that any infringement was intended on his rights.

I am well aware that it is to these laws that many ascribe a portion of the discontents which prevail in Ireland.—The government has been charged with a design, in these, of infringing upon the liberties of the subject, and the spirit of party has not been wanting to give them this construction. But is it hard that individuals should be restricted from conspiring to overthrow their country? Is it hard that they should be restrained from administering oaths of secrecy to each other for political purposes which avoid the light? Such is the object of these laws, which have only been enacted to save the kingdom from the miseries of anarchy. such a state of things, when a mine was preparing to destroy the laws, the liberties, and the religion of the people—when the press, co-operating with the views of traitors, was teeming with the most daring and inflammatory libels against the laws, the justice, and authority of the state—when even the mild spirit of our constitution was converted into a weapon against itself, from the privilege it imparts to licentiousness, and the impunity which too often it ensures to guilt-was it not a, time for the constitutional guardians of Irish liberty to save the constitution from the destruction with which it was threatened, by fortifying it with new securities against the unexampled dangers which assailed it? To say that these laws are repugnant to the nature of our constitution, is only to misunderstand its genuine spirit. The principle of the constitution is to communicate, and ensure, to every man, as great a portion of civil liberty as is compatible with the nature of his condition,

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and to bind him, in return, to a due submission to its authority. It necessarily follows, where measures are avowedly pursued which equally endanger the right of the subject, and the authority of the state, that every law is consonant to the principle of the constitution, which strictly goes to maintain both the one and the other inviolate. Such laws must ever be considered as sanctioned by justice. If they have any thing in them beyond the ordinary mildness of our constitution, it is because the occasion called them into action, against the desperate designs of those who were meditating its subversion. It is not sufficient to say, that these laws were unknown to our ancestors; and that they are, therefore, at variance with the principles of our constitution. The answer is obvious: These times, and the crimes growing out of them, were equally unknown to our forefathers. Their laws were suitable to the period in which they lived, and grew out of their situation. So must it be with ours. No system of laws can be invariable. In proportion as new crimes engender new dangers, they induce the necessity of fresh laws, to counteract their influence upon the manners, opinions, and morals of society. To say, therefore, that our ancestors were strangers to such laws, is not to prove that they are oppressive; it only goes to establish that they lived at a period when the loyalty and good sense of the people rendered them unnecessary.-Let those who complain against these laws, shew, by their conduct, that there is no occasion for them, and they will be done away. But while every day produces some new outrage against the rights of individuals, and somefresh attack upon the authority of government, they will continue to appear, what they really are, a security to the public, and a safeguard to the constitution.

It is for the repeal of these laws, and the substitution of opposite measures, that your Lordship contends. It is for the introduction of such a system of conciliation as would go, in its effect, to shew to the country that government felt it had either abused, or overstrained, its authority. Where are the proofs that a spirit of returning duty would be the happy result of such a policy?

Would your Lordship impress upon the public mind, that the government of Ireland has blindly co-erced the people, without endeavouring, by measures of lenity, to supersede the necessity of so doing? When his Majesty's Ministers came into possession of those materials from whence the proofs of this great conspiracy to overthrow the constitution, and deliver the country into the hands of the enemy, were deduced, what was their first act? To issue a mild proclamation, endeavouring to recal the deluded within the pale of the laws, by offering a full pardon to all such as had taken the illegal oath administered by these societies, provided they came in within a limited period, acknowledged their error, entered into a recognizance, and took the oath of allegiance to his Majesty. Here then was lenity. What was its effect? Your Lordship states (though I do not youch for the accuracy of this statement) that (from the best information you have been able to collect) these societies of United Irishmen have tripled their numbers since first the report was published which exposed their traiterous designs. At that period they rated themselves in number to the extent of near one hundred thousand men. If an offer of pardon has the operation of increasing the number of the disaffected in the alarming proportion your Lordship states, what would be the general consequence of an universal system of concession, founded in the principle of admitting the measures of

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government to have been either erroneous or oppressive? Your Lordship's own statement proves the necessity of the case for which we contend, and vindicates the conduct of government, by shewing that those discontents have their origin in causes which they cannot controul, since the spirit of disaffection has thus increased, notwithstanding the earliest efforts on their part to subdue it, by the adoption of such lenient measures as your Lordship recommends.

CIVIS.

## TO THE SAME.

MY LORD,

AVING, in a former letter, endeavoured to vindicate the conduct of the government of Ireland from the unjust accusations which have been brought against it, by shewing that the present discontents, which prevail in that country, do not arise from any oppression on the part of his Majesty's Ministers, but have principally their origin in the factious views of some individuals, and the traiterous designs of others; I shall now proceed to offer a short justification in behalf of the British and Irish troops stationed there, who have been represented to the public as acting in a manner derogatory to the high reputation they have ever borne.

They have been charged with unnecessary severity in the exercise of their duty. No man better knows than your Lordship that such conduct is repugnant to the character, to the spirit, and to the well-known feelings of the British soldier. That some irregularities, to which even the best state of discipline is liable, may

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have been committed, is not improbable; and these may, in some degree, have been the result of previous provocation, and grown out of the nature of the service; where, from the necessity of employing severity in some cases, the tempers of men may have been warmed into excess on both sides.

One of the facts most relied upon is, the burning of horses. Has this happened but in cases which plead their own apology? Can your Lordship state an instance of any house having been destroyed, which the hard necessity of the case did not justify, from the party dwelling therein having provoked his own fate, either by being active in those nightly depredations on peaceable inhabitants, which no law or police could guard against, or refusing to surrender up arms concealed for the notorious purpose of turning them against his country?

In the discharge of such a duty, perhaps, individual soldiers may have exceeded their authority; and the particular case must be lamented, under the general necessity of having recourse to a measure which the disloyal obstinacy of the disaffected alone rendered necessary.

But when we are dwelling upon these severities (which I mean not in each individual instance to vindicate, and should be the first to deplore,) let us not turn from the provocations the soldiers have received, and the atrocities they were called upon to restrain. Have they not seen their comrades maimed? Has your Lordship never heard that General Lake was necessitated to threaten to burn the town of New Town Ards, if a soldier was killed, from the sentries being fired at in the night? Have they not been engaged in open day? Have they not seen the active emissaries of these united societies

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travelling every where throughout the country, to seduce them from their colours, to swear them into their societies, to bind them to the French, and to make them rebels to their King? Had not this been attended with melancholy success, in instances well known to your Lordship? And could then the great body of the army, as gallant in their spirit as they are pure and untainted in their loyalty, see cruelty and treason conspiring against the brave defenders of the liberties of all, without feeling a virtuous indignation against those parricides who, in striving to destroy their country, were seeking to render them the accomplices of their guilt, and the partners of their shame? No! my Lord, that gallant army, the pride and prop of their country, were not to become the blood-stained associates of so base a cause: and in the indignation which they felt at these wicked endeavours to alienate them from their allegiance, and debauch them from their standards, their resentment may, perhaps, in some instances, have been measured by the sentiment of their wrongs.

But what are these instances of harshness which we have yet to learn, when compared with the cruelties committed by the United Irishmen, with which we are all acquainted? One man, it is asserted, has fainted on the picket, and recovered (I mean not fo justify the act); but where are the victims of these sanguinary revolutionists? In the cold grave!—Seek not, then, my Lord, to turn the indignation of the public from them to the British soldiery employed in the defence and protection of the country, and foremost in the post of danger; but rather point it at those barbarous men, who, trampling upon all laws, and violating all justice, have carried death and woe into the mansions of their victims! Let the cries of the orphan and the widow

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reach that breast in which so much munificence and humanity are said to dwell. Their wrongs, my Lord, are a subject as worthy of your eloquence, as they have been found deserving of the sympathy and remuneration of their country. Instead, therefore, of arraigning particular instances of misconduct among the soldiers, dwell on the enormities which have excited their indignation, and, possibly, provoked their intemperance. Collect before them the children of a Hamilton and a Cummins, sheltered under their bayonets from the merciless fury of the assassins of their fathers; and then, in this powerful appeal to the best feelings of their nature-pardon the soldier if he has, sometimes, erred in the limits of his duty. If your Lordship must speak to the passions, here are facts for your guide; and the tears of the fatherless for your subject!

In the instances of these acts of oppression and cruelty what measure of justice was ever dealt out to the sufferers by the United Irishmen? But in the case of the soldiers, where is the individual who can say that the tribunals were shut upon his complaints; or that his wrongs have been unredressed upon appealing to the laws of his country?

My Lord, it is as much the interest, as it is the duty, of government to protect the subject: and to shew to your Lordship that, while it will firmly maintain its own authority, on the one hand, it will not, on the other, protect its agents in the abuse of that authority, I have only to recal your Lordship's recollection (for I wish to convince by facts) to a recent instance at the last assizes at Dundalk, when a Captain of an Irish regiment, quartered there, was sentenced, by Baron Yelverton, to a heavy fine, and three months' imprisonment, for an act of injustice to an individual, who had appealed to the

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laws for redress; holding out, in this instance of impartial justice, the bright example to the people, of the difference between anarchy, strong enough to injure, yet too weak to redress; and the blessings of a mild and regular government, like ours, possessing strength sufficient to restrain injustice, without the power, or the will, to perpetrate it. It is by examples like these that the people are taught to feel their best security to consist in obeying the laws; and their surest protection to be found in uniting to maintain them.

Thus, my Lord, when the nature of the service, the state of the country, and the feelings of the army, are considered, I believe it will appear that their conduct, in general, has been regular and correct; and that the individual instances of severity which may have occurred, are either too few in their number to be noticed, or too trifling in their nature to be made the subject of public accusation. To such instances, I am persuaded, your Lordship would turn with the deepest regret; and on those of a contrary nature I feel you would dwell with the pleasure which arises in the breast of a soldier, when rescuing his profession from unmerited stain.

At Belfast (where certainly the military were unwelcome visitors) the uniform good conduct of the Scotch battalions is the theme of general praise with the inhabitants. The mild and conciliating manners and conduct of General Lake, in the discharge of his painful duty, have equally the testimony of their respect. At Carrickfergus you will find the British troops vying with this example; and their peaceable deportment approved by the inhabitants. Again, to the northward, at Colerain, you may hear the conduct of the Somersetshire fencibles the subject of their praise. Traverse the country from thence to Ballycastle, and you may learn, that

when the British troops quartered there, in July last, were relieved by another detachment sent from Carrick-fergus, many of the town's people rose at the early hour of four o'clock in the morning to give them three cheers on their departure, as a testimony of their approbation of the good conduct and discipline they had maintained in the town, while quartered near a year among them.

I quote these few instances to your Lordship as liable to have fallen within the range of your own observation; and, possibly, if your enquiries had extended farther, the same results, in other parts of the country, might have established the most honourable testimonies in favour of the general good conduct and character of the army at large.

Thus stands the case between the government of Ireland, the army, and that portion of the people who have enrolled themselves in these traiterous societies. That they are numerous, I admit; that they are daring, their conduct shews; but that they can succeed, no man who knows that army, or is acquainted with the unshaken loyalty of the more numerous body of the people, will allow.

Let not the disaffected, nor our enemies, therefore, be elated, by the mistaken picture which your Lordship has

been prompted to lay before their view.

Far be it from me to impute to your Lordship a sentiment adverse to the glory and happiness of your country. But, my Lord, without disputing the purity of your intentions, suffer me to consider the policy of giving such statements to the public, of our internal situation, at this important crisis, as may, by cherishing this spirit of disaffection, animate the enemy, and excite despondency among ourselves.

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are treated as the fleeting calumnies of the day; they become grave and substantial charges, when the place, the matter, and the rank of the individual are considered, who thus accuses his Majesty's Ministers with oppression.

To the public, which has received your Lordship's statement, I submit these observations; which, though obscure and anonymous, your Lordship will perceive, proceed from a quarter not entirely destitute of the means of refuting it.

And now, my Lord, that I have endeavoured to shew (and I hope not unsuccessfully) that the conduct of his Majesty's Ministers, as well as of the army in Ireland, has been such as to merit the approbation of their country, instead of those censures which your Lordship bestows, I should feel my engagement to the public incomplete, if I neglected, on this occasion, doing justice to the conduct, and to the services, of his Majesty's Chief Governor in that quarter, the Earl of Camden. Few men have better deserved of their country in the course of the awful struggle in which we are engaged; or have devoted themselves more zealously to the duties of an anxious and severe responsibility. However various may be the opinions of men on the measures of government, the sentiment of public respect universally attaches to him, when either his private virtues, or his public conduct in the discharge of his official duty are the subjects of their consideration. Placed in a situation most arduous, and called to it at a moment most critical to the interests, and perhaps to the fate, of both kingdoms, it is to the prudence, the moderation, and the uniformly able conduct of that Nobleman, that the people of Ireland are indebted for being rescued from the horrors of a civil war, to which the violence of party, and

and the phrenzy of disaffection, were mutually driving them with alarming speed. I admit, with your Lordship, it is easy to recall him; but does your Lordship see no difficulty in replacing him?

I have the honour to be, my Lord, &c. &c.

CIVIS.

## MEETING OF THE FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

The curiosity, and even anxiety, which several of our readers have exprest respecting the final Declaration expected from the Party, upon the subject of the events of the 18th Fructidor, have induced us to lay before them an authentic copy of a part of a future Morning Chronicle, which a correspondent of ours has had the good fortune to anticipate.

Revolution had excited a general enthusiasm—The dinner-room was crouded at an early hour, and part of the company, among which was the Duke of Norfolk, overflowed into the tap-room. At about sixteen minutes after five Mr. Fox entered the room, and walked up to the end of the table, amidst the universal plaudits of the company. The general appearance of his health was perfectly satisfactory—it appeared, indeed, to have been improved by his residence in the country; his hair was, as usual, without powder.

After dinner, when a few appropriate toasts had been given, Mr. Fox rose, upon his health being drank, and began by stating—That he felt peculiar satisfaction in considering that the character and object of this meeting were perfectly congenial to his feelings, and to those principles he had uniformly professed. What was the conclusion

conclusion which the event which they were now celebrating naturally suggested to every thinking mind? It was this-that the example of one or more revolutions did not always prevent the necessity of another. Therewas likewise another conclusion, which he trusted it would impress very forcibly on the minds of all who heard him-they would learn, he hoped, from the example of all that had passed in France, that vigorous measures were no less requisite for the support of freedom than for its original establishment; and that, when these measures were once determined upon, it was mere affectation to be scrupulous or fastidious in the choice of means. Mr. Fox appealed to the whole tenor of his public life-he had acted with very different men, and upon a great variety of political principles; and if, in the course of all his experience, he had acquired any knowledge of his own character, he could declare, with confidence, that a squeamishness or hesitation, in the choice of means, was a weakness, of all others, the most alien to his nature.

How did the case stand between the majority of the Directory (the Triumvirate, as some persons in this country had thought proper to style them,) and that majority of the nation who were accused (and, in his conscience, he believed they were justly accused,) of a wish to terminate the revolution? The majority of the nation seemed to have acted pretty much in the style and temper of the Minister of this country; proceeding to their ultimate object with infinite art and subtlety, they had entrenched themselves within the forms of the constitution, on the one hand, while, with the other, they were sapping the vitals of liberty, and poisoning its very foundations. As for the Directory, the scene was fairly open before them.—On the one hand, they saw a termi-

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nation to the revolution; on the other, there were certain rights to be invaded, and certain principles to be infringed. Placed between these two alternatives, they were not long in forming their resolution, and a manly and vigorous resolution it was; -they determined to break through every obstacle of form, and to save their country in spite of precedent. The seditious Journalists, with the refractory members of the Two Councils, and of the directorial body itself, were seized and imprisoned, or otherwise disposed of.—The vacancies, thus made, were supplied by other persons, appointed by the directorial majority, upon their own personal knowledge and good opinion .-- He was aware, Mr. Fox said, that an objection might be raised to this species of nomination, but, for his part, he conceived that the Directory had acted well and wisely-they were convinced that the majority of the nation were infected with the new principles of pretended order and moderationthey were aware that in this disorder of the public mind, they had nothing to expect from the re-electionsthey saw the necessity, and they acquiesced in it.—They inverted that order which prevails in those countries where liberty has been established by a more tedious process—they abrogated the instructions of the constituent to his representative, and they addressed their own instructions to the Constituent Body.-In all this there was nothing but what was perfectly just and natural; nothing inconsistent with the principles of freedom, nor with those principles which he himself had professed in the outset of his political life."-(Mr. Fox here alluded to his well-known opinion on the Middlesex election.\*)

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<sup>\*</sup> Commons' Debates, Vol. xxv. P. 28.—Mr. C. Fox said, "W had not lost the confidence of the people by the Middlesex election,

With regard to the absolute abstract inviolability of the press—Mr. Fox declared—that he considered himself as particularly fortunate in having had a very early opportunity of asserting his opinions upon that subject also; it was pretty well known that the first ground of difference between himself and a Noble Lord (with whom he had originally acted, whom he had afterwards opposed, but with whom he had ultimately united, and of whom he should always speak in the language of friendship,) was laid in a subject of this kind. That Noble Lord had refused, in spite of his remonstrances, to proceed against a printer, and upon that difference they parted, till the necessity of the times, and the voice of the country, calling aloud for a coalition, had brought them together again.

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With regard to the morality and justice of this conduct in the Directory, he was aware, Mr. Fox said, that different opinions were avowed; for his own part, he had never entertained the least doubt upon the subject. The question seemed to him to lie in a very narrow compass indeed—he was no friend to the pretended refinements and abstractions of political justice; in his opinion, there were rules sufficient for the direction of every man's conduct, lying upon the surface, and within every body's reach. Of this kind was that excellent

as was foolishly said, but by suffering with tameness the many insults which had been offered to the Sovereign and that House—that had he his will, those Aldermen and others who presented a remonstrance to the throne should be taken into custody; that a few years back they sent two Aldermen to the Tower, but suffered a paltry printer to hold them in contempt; that it was by these means we lost the good will of our constituents."—Lord North's motion was for sending the printer to the Gate-house—Mr. For insisted upon Newgate.

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rule, which an eminent writer, the late Mr. Adam Smith, had established, as the only true test upon which we could pretend to decide upon the conduct of other persons. We should put ourselves in their place, and unless we could be thoroughly convinced that, under the same circumstances, we ourselves should have acted differently, we might rest assured that the conscientious disapprobation which we were so ready to affect, was nothing better than a despicable farce of hypocrisy and self-delusion.

He would apply this rule to the conduct of the Directory-Let any man for a moment place himself in the situation of those gentlemen (Mess. Barras and Rewbell,) could they, after all they had acted themselves, and all they had inflicted on others in the course of the revolution-could they, admitting them to be men endowed with the common sentiment of self-preservationhe would put it to the feelings of every gentlemancould they, consistently with that sentiment, permit, for a single moment, the expression of the public voice, which had almost unanimously declared against them? While human nature was human nature, it was impossible-and it was idle to imagine it. The conductof the Directory was perfectly just and natural-and he was at a loss for words to express his contempt of the . hypocrisy of those who would assert that, under the same circumstances, they themselves would have acted differently.

With regard to the political propriety of the measure, he had ever held, as a fixed and unalterable principle, the maxim which had been advanced upon this subject by Machiavel—it was this, that when a government, for practical purposes, had become exhausted and effete, there was only one method for renewing its energies;

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this was by having recourse to those principles upon which it had been originally constituted.-In what did, the essence of the French system consist? In the activity of the insurrectionary energy.—Through the whole course of the revolution, whenever this energy had been suffered to lie dormant for any considerable time, the whole system had invariably been affected with a general torpor and lassitude. That period, the happy issue of which they were now commemorating, was, in fact, truly critical. If the energy of insurrection had not rouzed and exerted itself as it did, it must have sunk into the sleep of death; or it would only have been awakened to return again under monarchical domination.-On the other hand, what had been the effect of this new stimulus? Fresh life and vigour had been infused into the whole system—they had concluded peace with the Emperor on their own terms-they had resolutely dismissed their own negociator from Lisleand they were now preparing for the invasion of this country! (Loud applauses.)

It remained only to speak of the means employed for effecting such an happy change. The legislative body representing the disaffected majority of the nation, had been dispersed by a party of soldiery, acting under a temporary discretionary insurrectionary commission.—Mr. Fox here claimed the attention of his audience—He was aware, he said, that an attempt would be made to impute to him certain principles inconsistent with his approbation of this measure; an approbation which he was by no means disposed to disguise or qualify.—The principle, briefly stated, was this—"The subordination of the military to the civil power." It would be alledged that, at some time or other, he had maintained and professed this principle—He anticipated the calumny, and he

would answer it.

It would be sufficient for him to call back their recollection to a very late event. They all remembered the mutiny-(Loud applauses)-It was fresh in the recollection of every body-How happened it then, if, in fact, he had ever entertained this principle, that an event of such a magnitude should never have called it forth? Was the expression of any such principle to be found in the reports of his speeches at that period? Had he ever, directly or indirectly, intimated the least disapprobation of the conduct of the seamen then in a state of insurrection? Or, the mutineers, as some gentlemen thought proper to call them .— (Loud laugh and applause.) He appealed to the memory of his auditors—he challenged the malignant recollection of his enemies, and the spiesof government, if any such were present .- (Here a considerable tumult.) He defied all the quibbling sophistry of the Minister himself to put such an interpretation. on any word he had said. He had been upon his guard at the time—he was aware of the use that might have been made of his name, and this consideration had suggested the necessity of caution.-Political caution he considered as no less necessary in public life than political courage—he had always thought and felt so, and never had this sentiment been impressed upon his mind. with a more tremendous conviction than at the period he was alluding to.

After concluding his defence of the conduct of the Directory, and of his own consistency in approving it, Mr. Fox entered into the discussion of a very delicate point. "Since I am upon the subject of the mutiny," said Mr. Fox, ("and I give it that name without meaning ing to connect with it any idea of criminality or red" proach, but merely for the sake of a distinction, which we may hereafter have occasion for, between

" civil and military insurrection;) I am naturally led to " take notice of a difference of opinion between myself " and an honourable friend with whom I have long " acted; that gentleman thought it his duty to declare " in Parliament that he disliked mutinies; -now, for "my part, I like them-and for this plain reason, be-" cause in every mutiny, as it arises, I see the possibility, " at least, of the accomplishment of our great ultimate " object—a change of system. But if I should be—as "I trust I eyer shall be-the last man to discourage a "mutiny on practical grounds, still less should I object " to it on principles of pure theory. What does a mu-"tiny prove? If it proves any thing, it proves this: "That the principles of liberty in the human mind are inex-"tinguishable. You must either govern in conformity " with the will of the mass of the people, and of the " individuals composing that mass, or you must employ " force—there is no alternative—while the individual is " left at liberty to make his own laws, and when he is " permitted to repeal them as he finds occasion—in such " a case I am unable to conceive how it is possible that, "under any circumstances, he should be tempted to " disobey them.

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But no,' says the government, 'this will not answer our purpose—we will strip you of this privilege—we will go a step farther—we will not even permit you to make your own laws. Even this will not satisfy us—'you are a single insulated being, and we have you in our power—we will fetter you with laws and precedents—we will bind you down with usages and statutes which were enacted before you were born!'—"What must be the state of things where such a system is established? where it is acted upon without disaguise? where it is openly defended and avowed? What

" is to be expected, but that which we daily witness in " this country? A state of sullen ill-dissembled discon-" tent! This discontent displays itself in actions which " are in the natural expression of such a sentiment.— " Now mark how all this follows-Government, instead " of removing the discontent, can see no remedy, but " in coercion; but how is coercion to be obtained? "Why, by the very means which have occasioned the "discontent—by a still grosser violation of individual " liberty: they take a number of individuals, and when " they have subjected them to a military discipline, " they flatter themselves that they can employ them as a " means of suppressing discontent in others.-But what " is the necessary consequence of all this?—The spirit " of freedom, which they are endeavouring to keep " down, explodes first in that body in which it had been "comprest, with the greatest violence.—The military " system is blown to pieces; and the whole ill-con-" structed scaffolding is brought down in ruin upon the " heads of its architects.

"I sincerely hope," said Mr. Fox, " that no such ex-" plosion may take place to the destruction of a consti-"tution which I venerate; -but Ministers have already " made the first step in this vicious circle of politics.-"The original defect was undoubtedly to be found in "the constitution itself, even as it existed in better "times. These defects were the natural subject of a " peaceable and salutary reform.-But what have "Ministers done? Instead of reforming the constitu-"tion, by removing the abuse, they have exaggerated " the abuse till they have destroyed the constitution: "by their two last infamous bills they have put the "finishing stroke to our liberties—they have taken "away from every Englishman his NATURAL INDI-

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Mr. Fox here concluded a very animated and impressive speech, by recommending to his auditors, that they should immediately strike a blow for the destruction of the present system; as a pledge of his earnest wishes for the accomplishment of this object, he would give them for a toast, "Rewbell, and a free representation."

We have no hesitation in declaring our opinion, that this speech was one of the best that Mr. Fox ever delivered: it abounds in all those characteristic traits which distinguish and elevate the tone of that gentleman's eloquence, above that of all his rivals and opponents. The references to Machiavel and Adam Smith evinced the extraordinary facility which he possesses, of drawing an unforeseen inference from some acknowledged truth; that ardent deprecation of the all-violent and repressive measures, with the irrefragable demonstration of the absurdity and inutility of coercion in every possible case—all these, and, above all, the spirited and undaunted appeal to his own past life and conduct, were in Mr. Fax's very best manner. We have only to regret that, while we do justice to his sentiments and general style of argument, it is impossible for us, in a report of this kind, to give our readers any idea of the language in which those sentiments were conveyed.

"The House of Russell" being given, Lord John and

Lord William rose both at once.

Lord John made a very neat, and Lord William a very appropriate, speech.

Alderman Combe made a very impressive speech.

Mr. Tierney made a very pointed speech.

Mr. Grey made a very fine speech. He described the Ministers as "bold bad men"—their measures he repeatedly

repeatedly declared to be not only "weak, but wicked."

Mr. Byng said a few words.

"General Tarleton and the electors of Liverpool" being given, the General, after an eulogium on Mr. Fox, begged to anticipate their favourite concluding toast, and to give "The cause of freedom all over the world." This toast unfortunately gave rise to an altercation, which threatened to disturb the harmony of the evening—Olaudam Equiano, the African, and Henry Yorke, the Mulatto, insisted upon being heard; but as it appeared that they were entering upon a subject which would have entirely altered the complexion of the meeting, they were, though not without some difficulty, withheld from proceeding farther.

Mr. Erskine now rose, in consequence of some allusions which had been made to the trial by jury. He professed himself to be highly flattered by the encomiums which had been lavished upon him; at the same time he was conscious that he could not, without some degree of reserve, consent to arrogate to himself those qualities which the partiality of his friends had attributed to him. He had on former occasions declared himself to be clothed with the infirmities of man's nature; and he now begged leave, in all humility, to reiterate that confession. He should never cease to consider himself as a feeble, and with respect to the extent of his faculties, in many respects, a finite, being-he had ever borne in mind, and he hoped he should ever continue to bear in mind, those words of the inspired penman, "Thou hast made him less than the angels, to crown him with glory and honour." These lines were indeed applicable to the state of man in general, but of no man more than himself; they appeared to him pointed repeatedly

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pointed and personal, and little less than prophetic; they were always present to his mind; he could wish to wear them in his breast, as a sort of amulet against the enchantment of public applause, and the witcheries of vanity and self-delusion: yet if he were indeed possessed of those super-human powers-all pretensions to which, he again begged leave most carnestly to disclaim-if he were endowed with the eloquence of an angel, and with all those other faculties which we attribute to angelic natures, it would be impossible for him to do justice to the eloquence with which the honourable gentleman who opened the meeting had defended the cause. of freedom, identified, as he conceived it to be, with the persons and government of the Directory. In his present terrestrial state he could only address it as a prayer to God, and as counsel to man, that the words which they had heard from that honourable gentleman might work inwardly in their hearts, and, in due time, produce the fruit of liberty and revolution.

He had not the advantage of being personally acquainted with any gentlemen of the Directory;—he understood, however, that one of them, (Mr. Merlin,) previous to the last change, had stood in a situation similar to his own.—He was, in fact, nothing less than a leading advocate and barrister, in the midst of a free,

powerful, and enlightened people.

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The conduct of the Directory, with regard to the exiled deputies, had been objected to by some persons, on the score of a pretended rigour. For his part, he should only say, that having been, as he had been, both a soldier and a sailor, if it had been his fortune to have stood in either of those two relations to the Directory—as a man, and as a Major-General, he should not have scrupled to direct his artillery against the national repre-

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sentation:—as a naval officer, he would undoubtedly have undertaken for the removal of the exiled deputies; admitting the exigency, under all its relations, as it appeared to him to exist, and the then circumstances of the times, with all their bearings and dependencies, branching out into an infinity of collateral considerations, and involving in each a variety of objects, political, physical, and moral; and these again under their distinct and separate heads, ramifying into endless subdivisions, which it was foreign to his purpose to consider.

Having thus disposed of this part of his subject, Mr. Erskine passed, in a strain of rapid and brilliant allusions, over a variety of points characteristic of the conduct and disposition of the present Ministry: Mr. Burke's metaphor of the "Swinish Multitude;" Mr. Reeves's metaphor of the "Tree of Monarchy;" the "Battle of Tranent;" and the "March to Paris;" the phrase of "Acquitted Felons;" and the exclamation of "Perish Commerce"—which last expression he declared he should never cease to attribute to Mr. Windham; so long, at least, as it should please the Sovereign Dispenser to continue to him the power of utterance, and the enjoyment of his present faculties. He condemned the "Expedition to Quiberon;" he regretted the "Fate of Mess. Muir and Palmer;" he exulted in the "Ac-" quittal of Citizens Tooke, Hardy, Thelwall, Holcroft, " and others;" and he blessed that Providence to which (as it had originally allotted to him (Mr. Erskine) the talents which had been exerted in their defence) the preservation of those citizens might, perhaps, be indirectly attributed. He then descanted upon the captivity of La Fayette, and the dividend of the Imperial Loan.

After fully exhausting these subjects, Mr. Erskine resumed a topic on which he had only slightly glanced before. In a most delicate and sportive vein of humour, he contended, that if the people were a Swinish Multitude, those who represented them must necessarily be a Swinish Representation. It would be in vain to attempt to do justice to the polite and easy pleasantry which pervaded this part of Mr. Erskine's speech. Suffice it to say, that the taste of the audience shewed itself in complete unison with the genius of the orator; and the whole of this passage was covered with loud and reiterated plaudits.

After a speech of unexampled exertion, Mr. Erskine now began to enter much at length into a recital of select passages from our most approved English authors; concluding with a copious extract from the several publications of the late Mr. Burke; but such was the variety and richness of his quotations, which he continued to an extent far exceeding the limits of this paper, that we found ourselves under the necessity, either of considerably abridging our original matter, or of omitting them altogether, which latter alternative we adopted the more readily, as the greater part of these brilliant citations have already passed through the ordeal of a public and patriotic auditory; and as there is every probability that the circumstances of the times will again call them forth on some future emergency.

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Mr. Erskine concluded by recapitulating, in a strain of agonizing and impressive eloquence, the several more prominent heads of his speech:—He had been a soldier and a sailor, and had a son at Winchester school—he had been called by special retainers, during the summer, into many different and distant parts of the country—travelling chiefly in post-chaises—He felt him-

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self called upon to declare, that his poor faculties were at the service of his country—of the free and enlightened part of it at least—He stood here as a man—He stood in the eye, indeed in the hand, of God—to whom (in the presence of the company and waiters) he solemnly appealed—He was of noble, perhaps, royal, blood—He had a house at Hampstead—was convinced of the necessity of a thorough and radical reform—His pamphlets had gone through thirty editions—skipping alternately the odd and even numbers—He loved the constitution, to which he would cling and grapple—and he was clothed with the infirmities of man's nature—He would apply to the present French rulers (particularly Barras and Rewbell) the words of the poet:—

" Be to their faults a little blind;

"Be to their virtues very kind,

" Let all their ways be unconfin'd,

" And clap the padlock on their mind!"-

And for these reasons, thanking the gentlemen who had done him the honour to drink his health, he should propose—" Merlin, the late Minister of Justice, and Trial by "Jury!"

Mr. Erskine here concluded a speech which had occupied the attention, and excited the applause, of his audience, during the space of little less than three hours, allowing for about three quarters of an hour, which were occupied by successive fits of fainting between the principal subdivisions of his discourse—Mr. Erskine descended from the table, and was conveyed down stairs by the assistance of his friends.—On arriving at the corner of the piazzas, they were surprized by a very unexpected embarrassment. Mr. Erskine's horses had been taken from the carriage, and a number of able chairmen engaged to supply their place; but these fellows

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fellows having contrived to intoxicate themselves with the money which the coachman had advanced to them upon account, were become so restive and unruly, and withal so exorbitant in their demands, (positively refusing to abide by their former engagement,) that Mr. Erskine deemed it unsafe to trust himself in their hands, and determined to wait the return of his own more tractable and less chargeable animals. This unpleasant scene continued for above an hour.

Mr. Sheridan's health was now drank, in his absence, and received with an appearance of general approbation; -when, in the midst of the applause, Mr. Fox arose, in apparent agitation, and directed the attention of the company to the rising, manly virtues of Mr. Macfungus.

Mr. Macfungus declared, that to pretend that he was not elated by the encomiums with which Mr. Fox had honoured him, was an affectation which he disdained;such encomiums would ever form the proudest recompense of his patriotic labours;—he confessed they were chearing to him-he felt them warm at his heart-and while a single fibre of his fame preserved its vibration, it would throb in unison to the approbation of that honourable gentleman.—The applause of the company was no less flattering to him-he felt his faculties invigorated by it, and stimulated to the exertion of new energies in the race of mind. Every other sensation. was obliterated and absorbed by it; -for the present, however, he would endeavour to suppress his feelings, and concenter his energies, for the purpose of explaining to the company why he assisted now, for the first time, at the celebration of the fifth revolution which had been effected in regenerated France. The various and extraordinary talents of the right honourable gen-E 3

tleman—his vehement and overpowering perception—his vigorous and splendid intuition, would for ever attract the admiration of all those who were in any degree endowed with those faculties themselves, or capable of estimating them in others; as such, he had ever been among the most ardent admirers, and, on many occasions, among the most ardent supporters, of the right honourable gentleman—he agreed with him in many points—in his general love of liberty and revolution; in his execration of the war; in his detestation of Ministers: but he entertained his doubts, and till those doubts were cleared up, he could not, consistently with his principles, attend to the celebration of any revolution whatever.

These doubts, however, were now satisfactorily done away. A pledge had been entered into for accomplishing an effectual radical revolution; not for the mere overthrow of the present system, nor for the establishment of any other in its place; but for the effecting such a series of revolutions as might be sufficient for the establishment of a free system.

Mr. Macfungus continued—He was incapable of compromising with first principles—of acquiescing in short-sighted temporary palliative expedients; if such had been his temper, he should assuredly have rested satisfied with the pledge which that right honourable gentleman had entered into about six months ago, on the subject of Parliamentary Reform, in which pledge he considered the promise of that previous and preliminary revolution, to which he had before alluded, as essentially implicated.—"Whenever this reform takes "place," exclaimed Mr. Macfungus, "the present degraded and degrading system must fall into dissolution; it must sink and perish with the corruptions "which

"which have supported it. The national energies will " awake, and, shaking off their lethargy, as their fetters "drop from them, they will follow the angel of their "revolution; while the genius of freedom, soaring " aloft beneath the orb of Gallic illumination, will brush "away, as with the wing of an eagle, all the cobwebs " of aristocracy.—But before the temple of freedom "can be erected in their place, the surface which they "have occupied must be smoothed and levelled-it " must be cleared by repeated revolutionary explosions, " from all the lumber and rubbish with which aristocracy "and fanaticism will endeavour to encumber it, and to "impede the progress of the holy work .- The sacred "level, the symbol of fraternal equality, must be past " " over the whole.-The completion of the edifice will "indeed be the more tardy, but it will not be the less "durable, for having been longer delayed.-Cemented " with the blood of tyrants, and the tears of aristocracy, "it will rise a monument for the astonishment and ve-"neration of future ages .- The remotest posterity, "with our children yet unborn, and the most distant reportions of the globe, will croud around its gates, and "demand admission into its sanctuary.-The tree of "liberty will be planted in the midst of it, and its "branches will extend to the ends of the earth, while " the friends of freedom meet and fraternize and amalga-" mate under its consolotary shade.

"There our infants shall be taught to lisp, in tender accents, the revolutionary hymn—there, with wreaths of myrtle, and oak, and poplar, and vine, and olive, and cypress, and ivy; with violets, and roses, and daffodils, and dandelions, in our hands, we will swear respect to childhood, and manhood, and old age, and virginity, and womanhood, and widowhood; but,

" above all, to the Supreme Being .- There we will de-" cree and sanction the immortality of the soul-There " pillars, and obelisks, and arches, and pyramids, will " awaken the love of glory and of our country-There " painters and statuaries, with their chissels and colours; "and engravers, with their engraving tools, will perrepetuate the interesting features of our revolutionary "heroes; while our poets and musicians, with an ho-" nourable emulation, strive to immortalize their memo-"ries. Their bones will be entombed in the vault be-" low, while their sacred shades continue hovering over " our heads-Those venerated manes which, from time "to time, will require to be appeased by the blood of "the remaining aristocrats.—Then peace, and freedom, " and fraternity, and equality, will pervade the whole "earth; while the vows of republicanism, the altar of "patriotism, and the revolutionary pontiff, with the "thrilling volcanic sympathies, whether of holy fury or " of ardent fraternal civism, uniting and identifying, as "it were, an electric energy."

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Mr. Macfungus here paused for a few moments, seemingly overpowered by the excess of sensibility, and the force of the ideas which he was labouring to convey.—The whole company appeared to sympathize with his unaffected emotions. After a short interval he recovered himself from a very impressive silence, and continued as follows:—

"These prospects, fellow citizens, may possibly be deferred. The Machiavelism of governments may,

for the time, prevail, and this unnatural and execrable contest may yet be prolonged; but the hour is not far

"distant; persecution will only serve to accelerate it,

" and the blood of patriotism, streaming from the sever-

"ing axe, will call down vengeance on our oppressors,

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"in a voice of thunder. I expect the contest, and I "am prepared for it.—I hope I shall never shrink, nor "swerve, nor start aside, wherever duty and inclination may place me. My services, my life itself, are "at your disposal—Whether to act or to suffer I am yours—With Hampden in the field, or with Sidney on the scaffold.—My example may be more useful to you than my talents; and this head may, perhaps, serve your cause more effectually, if placed on a pole upon Temple Bar, than if it was occupied in organizing your committees, in preparing your revolutionary explosions, and conducting your correspondence."

Mr. Macfungus said, he should give, as an unequivocal test of his sentiments, "Buonaparte, and a Radical Re-"form."

The conclusion of Mr. Macfungus's speech was followed by a simultaneous burst of rapturous approbation from every part of the room. The applause continued for several minutes, during which Mr. Macfungus repeatedly rose to express his feelings.

The conversation now became more mixt and animated; several excellent songs were sung, and toasts drank, while the progressive and patriotic festivity of the evening was heightened by the vocal powers of several of the most popular singers. A new song, written for the occasion by Capt. Morris, received its sanction in the warmest expression of applause. The whole company joined, with enthusiasm, in their old favourite charus of—Bow! Wow!!!

LETTER

## LETTER FROM A LADY.

Our fair correspondent has stated her case in so simple and artless a manner, and the misfortune, under which she labours, is one so common, and, as we fear, so increasing, throughout the country, that we lose no time in laying it before the public, exactly as it has come to our hands.

# TO THE EDITOR OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN; OR, WEEKLY EXAMINER.

SIR,

Do not know if you will admit a female correspondent, having seen none such acknowledged in your paper, as yet, though I have seen it from the very beginning. But I hope you will, having a case to lay before you, which I think you ought to consider.

What I find most fault with you for, is, that you confine your readers chiefly to public matters, as if the Jacobinism and principles which you set up to oppose did not disturb domestic felicity and comfort as much as it does kingdoms and empires, though, in your preface or prospectus, you mention it in that light—"Whether as it openly threatens the subversion of states, or gradually saps the foundation of domestic happiness"—which expression has encouraged me to write to you on this subject.

My father is a respectable manufacturer in the callico line, and used to be one of the chearfullest, best humoured men, in the world, and the most indulgent parent, and husband, and master of a family. It was not till these times came to their height that he was so greatly altered. He was always, to be sure, an Opposition-man, having, as he frequently used to say, inherited

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those principles from his forefathers, who were independent men, and enemies to the Ministers of their time. But then his politics were without bitterness or gall; and though he was a warm speaker at the parish meetings against oppression, and poor-rates, he never brought his violence home with him, but told us (my mother and me, and my brother John, who was with us at that time) how well he had spoken, and that was all; and so late as the great victory of Lord Howe over the French, on the first of June, I remember his sending to the rector, who is quite in other principles, being a staunch Government-man, to come and drink a bottle of wine with him to the Wooden Walls of Old England.

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ted ose Alas! Sir, it is since that period that he has been growing every day bitterer and bitterer, and unkinder and unkinder; ever since the very month after, (I think I could almost fix the day in my own mind,) when he came from hearing a lecturer who went about the country reading history and philosophy, and, as my father said, "kindling a holy enthusiasm of freedom."—I remember the words as if it were but yesterday. I am sure I have reason, and so have we all, for from that moment his whole temper and manner changed so, that our house, from being the pleasantest in the village for chearful society and kindness one to another, is become gloomy and disconsolate to us all.

My brother, indeed, has left us, being gone to London, to a conveyancer, I think they call it, whom you, perhaps, may know, Sir—and if you should see my brother with him, you would do a great good in advising him to leave off the Speaking Society, (in which I am sorry to say my father encourages him by letter,) where he makes speeches about reform, which he sends

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my father by the post, but does not mind his business of conveyancer, alledging that he is born to greater things, having a spirit above such a plodding business, and that he looks to first principles, and to other times which are coming on, when conveyancers will be good for nothing, and only politics thought of, and great talents make their way to the top. He writes all this to me; and I am sure it only adds to my sorrow, instead of those bright hopes which he intends to inspire.

But to return to my father—who is now always reading books and pamphlets, that seem quite wicked and immoral to my mind and my poor mother's; whom it vexes sadly to hear my father talk, before company, that marriage is good for nothing, and ought to be free to be broken by either party at will. It was but the other day that he told her, that if he were to choose again, by the new law, in the only free country in the world, he would prefer concubinage—so he said in my hearing.

He used to be compassionate to the poor, and to beggars even—but now he drives the latter from his door, saying, if they are oppressed, why do not they right themselves? and that the good things of the world are divided unequally, and the moment is at hand when those who have nothing will bear it no longer; and that he will not, for his part, be guilty of making the evil less felt, and so keep off the remedy.

Then he tells us that gratitude is a bad passion, and has actually quarrelled with Sir ————, his landlord, who raised him, and lent him money when he was in distress, just after setting up for himself in business, (though now he is so affluent,) because, he said, he could not abide a man who had laid upon him the weight of an obligation.

He used to go to church too, regularly every Sunday—but

but of late he has left it off entirely, though professing at the same time to be more religious than ever, and to adore the Supreme Being in his works.—So he makes me walk in the open air during service time, and bids me gaze up and look around, and overflow with divine sensation—which he says is natural religion, and better than all the preaching, and saying printed prayers, in the world. I do not know why it is, but though I have walked in all weathers at this devotion, I have not felt so devout, nor come home so comfortable and satisfied with myself, as if I had been to church in the old way to which I was accustomed. As for my poor mother, she is by no means to be persuaded to it, but calls it downright Heathen, and goes to church the more, which makes my father only the more angry.

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But, perhaps, the greatest grievance of all is about my marrying, which I was going to be, but my father has put a stop to it, because my Edward, to whom I was betrothed (and a match every way suitable in situation, as all the world allows,) went into the yeomanry cavalry for the defence of his King and country-which angered my father past all enduring. He hates all war and bloodshed, he says, and was always twitting and reproaching Edward with his military ardour, and thirst of human blood, (as he called it,) till at length, one day, in his drink (for though formerly very sober and abstemious, he has taken much to drink of late,) he downright quarrelled with him for good and all, and turned him out of the house, saying, he would have no butcher of his fellow-creatures there. - This was last month, at the dinner which he gave on the christening of my little brother, Buonaparte Sourby, which name he gave him against the advice of the clergyman and all his neighbours.

I am afraid these particulars may seem tiresome and

F uninteresting:

uninteresting; and I feel that I have not half described the uneasiness which this new temper and principles of my father occasion, and the change that has been made in him, nor how surprizing it seems to me that the more he has liberty and independence in his mouth, the more he should be a tyrant (if I might say so) in his conduct to his family. But I will intrude no longer than to say that I am, Sir,

Your afflicted humble servant,

## LETITIA SOURBY.

I forgot to mention that my father does not know of my seeing your paper, which I see at a neighbour's in the village, (a widow lady,) who takes it in, and lets me read it when I call upon her. My father would be very angry if he knew it.

The following Letter came to us by the Penny-Post :-

# TO THE EDITOR OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

Finsbury-Square, Dec. 20, 1797.

MONG the various causes assigned for the difference of opinion that unhappily subsists among us, none have perfectly satisfied me. Many have attributed it to the high price of provisions, forgetting, that where eggs are cheap groats are scarce; others again see the evil in the weight of taxes; not considering the increase of our commerce, and the consequent ability in all ranks of people to meet the exigencies of the state, without sinking under their pressure. In short, men have looked far and wide for a solution of this difficult

difficult question, when they should have only looked at home.

I am a bachelor, and, of course, am driven abroad for that amusement which others, whose lots have been more fortunately cast in life, endeavour to find at home. I wish I could say, do find at home; but such is the perverseness of mankind, and of womankind also—so whimsical are our schemes of happiness, and so capricious are we in the enjoyment of it, that the most common

blessings are converted into their contraries.

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As I am neither very poor nor very talkative, I find ready access to most houses, for he is oftenest admitted who can be received on the easiest terms; and I seldom find my presence call forth any extraordinary exertions of civility, or interrupt the enjoyment of domestic dispute. It is in this course of life that I have, I think, found the causes of the discontent among that order of people calling themselves patriots, of whom I can truly affirm, they are, for the most part, a harmless, grumbling set of subjects; who would pursue their several callings with chearfulness and alacrity, if their wives, their bakers, butchers, tailors, and their own manifold imprudencies, would permit them.

My friend, Mr. Overdone, when he married, was remarkable for his attachment to government, and the present House of Hanover; and, during the golden period of the honey-moon, there was not a more loyal, nor, I am confident, a more loving, subject in his Majesty's dominions. On a visit I made him after an absence of three months I found him greatly altered; for, from a simple light-hearted man, he had become gloomy, suspicious, and a profound politician. He expressed himself with great indignation at the imperious tone of the Minister—asserted, that from a free people, we had be-

come a nation of slaves—that a man could no longer give an honest opinion, even in his own house—and that, for his part, he saw no difference between this government and that of Turkey. I had acquired sufficient skill in physiognomy to discover that my friend had married a shrew, and that he now vented the ill-humour she had engendered on the Minister, which he might with less safety have discharged on the wife.

. My next visit was to an acquaintance who had married "to please his eye," as the phrase is, "though he plagued his heart;" a consequence that was in a fair way of being verified. After the customary salutations, the lady asked me if I had observed the improvements in her house; and gave me to understand it had undergone a thorough repair, or, rather, had been rebuilt. The furniture was costly, and in the very height of the fashion; " for," said she, " one would not make a worse appearance " than one's neighbours; and, for my part, I always think the " best of every thing is the cheapest." Knowing my friend's circumstances pretty well, I had some suspicions of his having overbuilt, and over-furnished himself; and was soon confirmed in my opinions, by his observing that the country was ruined-" The Minister says we are not " scratched by the war,—not scratched!—I doubt much whether he " will be able to raise the next supplies. I am sure," -continued he, dropping his under-jaw, and thrusting his hands into his breeches pockets-" I am sure I know not where he is to. " get them !"

By pretty long habit of observation I have, at length, arrived at the skill of concluding from a man's politics the nature of his domestic troubles. One little friend of mine, married to a pretty widow, and who used to declaim much on the infamy of the times, and the great evil of a standing army, I found secretly feared, in a certain

certain weak quarter, the tender advances of an Irish cornet of horse. I have frequently known a tailor's rapacity levelled at through the medium of the Emperor; and the dread of Lettres de Cachet has always ended in an attorney's letter, and a visit to the King's Bench or the Fleet. The wefe is usually typified in the PREMIER; and the baker, butcher, tallow-chandler, cheese-monger, &c. &c. compose the body called the Ministry. In short, a PATRIOT is, generally speaking, a man who has either been A DUPE, A SPENDTHRIFT, or A CUCKOLD, and, not unfrequently, All-Together.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A BACHELOR.

# TO THE EDITOR OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

I .... Coll. Cambridge, Dec. 18, 1797.

"There is nothing new under the sun."

SIR.

THIS adage has been brought to my mind by the perusal of the relation given by Livy, of the secessions or seditions (terms employed by that author almost promiscuously) that were effected in the Roman commonwealth by certain factious demagogues; who, under cover of false alarms, and proposals for a pretended reform of imaginary abuses, endeavoured to embark the people in a system of measures calculated for the advancement of their own interests, though highly detrimental to those of the public.

L. Sextius and C. Licenius Stolo, two tribunes of the people, of splendid abilities and of turbulent, ambitious

tempers, conceived the design of intruding themselves into the consulship, from which they were excluded by the established principles and regulations of the commonwealth.

The people were too well satisfied with the hands in which this high office had hitherto been lodged, to receive easily any proposal for changing them. What, then, was the expedient? To dress up that proposal in a popular garb, annex to it an Agrarian law, and a law for the reduction of debts, and try whether, thus sweetened, the people might not be induced to swallow it.

An assembly of the people being held, it immediately became evident which of the laws in question were most acceptable to the demagogues, and which to the people: for the latter enacted those concerning the lands, and the reduction of interest, but rejected that which would have established the Plebeian Consulship; in consequence of which, our disappointed adventurers immediately took off the mask, and were hurried, by their rage and despair, into a measure which fully explained the true motives of their pretended zeal for the public "The two tribunes (says Livy), alarmed at welfare. "this indifference of the people with respect to the con-" sulship, pretended that they would concern themselves no more in " public affairs; and actually did refuse to concur in the "election that was to be made of tribunes for the ensuing " year."

What a defection was here! what a base self-interested desertion of their own duty, and of the public trust. "Aut omnia accipite, aut nihil fero," was their language to their constituents: in plain English, DO OUR BUSINESS, OR WE RENOUNCE YOURS.

I am fearful of trespassing, Sir, on the limits of your paper, by pointing out the application of this history.

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But I cannot quit the subject without observing, that when these false patrons of the people had excited such domestic tumults as were tantamount to the inviting a foreign invasion, their next step was to endeavour to deprive the state of its most essential means of resistance. " Delectum impedire" is, throughout Livy's history, the last resource of all disappointed tribunes, who, rather than that the government of their country should be placed in other hands than their own, would have exposed it, naked and defenceless, an easy prey to its: most bitter and inveterate enemies.

what tash a one band you at he DECIUS MUS.

# TO THE EDITOR OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

Dublin, Dec. 29, 1797.

T a time when the public attention in England has been very particularly called to the patriotic zeal, correctness, and propriety, with which a Noble Lord has given, in the Upper House of Parliament, his account of the insurrection upon his estates, and in other parts of the north of Ireland, it must be highly interesting to your readers to see the account given by the late Earl of Moira, in the Irish House of Lords, of the insurrections upon his estates, and in other parts of the north of Ireland, in the year 1770. His Lordship's speech is not entered upon the journals of the House of Lords; but it is given at length in a collection of essays called The Bachelor, printed in this city in 1772; from No. 29 of which, page 171, the following extract is taken verbatim. "gud I have often seen live hundred swan

It is recommended to public notice as a most convincing proof of the abilities, veracity, and patriotism of the noble speaker, and as a model for such narratives bequeathed by him to hosterity.

bequeathed by him to posterity. Lord Moira.- " My Lords, I rise to return my thanks " to the Noble Lord who spoke last. I can testify the "truth of all he has asserted. At the time of the in-" surrection in the north I had frequent and intimate "conversations with that celebrated enchanter, Moll "Coggin. I have often seen her riding on a black ram " with a blue tail. Once I endeavoured to fire at her, "but my gun melted in my hand into a clear jelly. "This jelly I tasted, and if it had been a little more " acid, it would have been most excellent. The Noble "Lords may laugh; but I declare the fact upon my " veracity, which has never been doubted. Once I pur-" sued this fiend into my ale cellar: she rode instantly " out of my sight into the bung-hole of a beer barrel. "She was at that time mounted on her black ram with " the blue tail. Some time after my servants were I "much surprized to find their ale full of blue hairs. I " was not surprized, as I knew the blue hairs were the " hairs of the ram's blue tail. Noble Lords may stare, " but the fact is as I relate it. This Moll Coggin was the " fiend who raised the oak-boys to rebellion. I was also " well acquainted with the two cow-boys mentioned by "the Noble Lord; they were my tenants, and were " certainly endowed with supernatural powers. I have "known one of them tear up the roots of an oak two "hundred feet high, and bear it upright on his head " four miles: his party were on that account called Oak-

"boys. Noble Lords may laugh, but I speak from certain knowledge. The oak tree grew in my garden,

" and I have often seen five hundred swans perching on

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"its boughs;—these swans were remarkable for destroy"ing all the snipes in the country—they flew faster than
"any snipe I ever saw, and you may imagine a small
"bird could make but a feeble resistance in the talons
"of a swan. I hope, my Lords, you will pardon my
"wandering a little from the present subject," &c. &c.

In short, Sir, I would recommend the whole passage to your serious attention; and to that of those of your readers who may not be sufficiently informed of the real state of Ireland at the time alluded to.

I am, Sir,
Your humble Servant,
AN IRISHMAN.

## MR. FOX'S BIRTH-DAY.

THE public, distracted with the various accounts of the celebration of Mr. Fox's birth-day, naturally turn to us for an authentic detail of that important event—from a recollection of the correct and impartial statement we gave in a former page,\* of what passed at a Meeting of the Friends of Freedom.

To justify their confidence, we have had recourse to the Morning Post and Morning Chronicle, (the Courier being too stupid for our purpose,) whose statements we have carefully read, and corrected, from the information of several gentlemen who were present, and, above all, from our own personal knowledge. We are thus enabled to lay before our readers a genuine narrative of

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the whole proceeding, which we defy the tongue of slander to controvert in any material point.

As Mr. Fox's reputation had been for some time on the decline, it was thought necessary by the party (who are in great want of a head) to make as respectable an appearance as possible on the present occasion. It was therefore suggested, (at a previous meeting of confidential friends,) that if the unfortunate shyness, which subsisted between the Whig Club and the Corresponding Society could be opportunely removed by a few unimportant concessions on the part of the former, such a number of citizens might be readily procured from that respectable body as would serve to give the day an celat it had not experienced since the fatal schism of 1792.

This hint, so reasonable in itself, was immediately adopted, and Sir Francis Burdett, who was well acquainted with their haunts, was ordered into the neighbourhood of Smithfield, with a competent number of tickets. He was on the point of setting out, when the Editor of the Morning Post observed, that forgery was so common at present, that he hardly thought it prudent to admit all who might come with a bit of scribbled paper: on this it was determined to distribute the price of admission amongst a certain number of people, to be selected by the envoy:—these, it was rightly concluded, would not fail to appear, from motives of vanity, as they could have no other possible chance of dining with the premier dupe, we would say Duke, in England. It now remained to determine the sum: this, after a short discussion, was fixed at eight shillings and six pence per head, "which," said the editor of the Morning Post, "will shew we cannot be persons of " mean rank, since we can afford, in these hard times, to se give "give so much for a dinner; " and Citizen Bosville was desired to advance the money, upon the credit of the Whig Fund.

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Previous to the meeting, the chairman dispatched a note to Sir William Addington, requesting that the Crown and Anchor might be exempted from the visitation of his runners during the morning of the 24th. To this Sir William assented, on condition that it should be recommended to the gentlemen to leave their pocket-books and watches at home, that there might be as little temptation as possible to break the peace. Thus every thing was arranged with a precaution that seemed to set accident at defiance.

" Before four o'clock the passage to the LARGE "ROOM + was crammed," when, on a hint that dinner was on the point of being served, one of the head waiters advanced to the great door, and opened a wicket for the admission of the company, as fast as they paid down their money. Two or three had already passed in good order, when Mr. John Nicholl advanced, and, instead of 8s. 6d. produced to the astonished receiver seventeen of his PRINTED SPEECHES, which, valuing them at 6d. a piece, he contended, would make up the sum required. These assets, however, were absolutely rejected; and a violent dispute was on the point of commencing, when Sir Christopher Hawkins stept forward, and, whispering a few words, which we did not hear, obtained leave for his friend to pass. The speeches were, therefore, deposited, and Mr. Nicholl was already got within the wicket, when the man suddenly pulled

him

<sup>\*</sup> Morning Post, Jan. 25.

<sup>†</sup> Morning Post, Jan. 25. This seems to be the room which the inaccurate reporter, in the True Briton of Thursday last, calls the LONG ROOM.

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him back by the coat, and the dispute recommenced with more violence than ever. Upon enquiry into the cause of this new tumult, we found that a wag (whom we afterwards discovered to be Mr. Jekyl) had played the member for Tregony a trick, having taken an opportunity, in the croud, of extracting the genuine speeches from the pocket of the honourable member, and replacing them by the same number of the spurious ones, printed for the publisher of this paper. These the man very properly refused to receive, alledging, and indeed truly, that instead of six pence a piece, the whole seventeen were not worth six farthings.

This altercation continued so long, that the company grew impatient, and Mr. Bryan Edwards, a little ashamed for his friend, who still continued obstinate, offered to furnish his quota. Harmony now seemed to be restored, when, all at once, a cry of astonishment broke forth, that beggars all description. On putting his hand into his pocket for the price of admission, Mr. B. suddenly turned pale, and exclaimed, "by G—, "gentlemen, some of you have picked my pockets!" A hundred voices instantly repeated the same cry, and a dreadful scene of confusion and uproar took place.

Ardebant cuncta et fracta compage ruebant.

What the consequence would have been, it is impossible to say, had not the waiter, with an air of authority, commanded the doors to be shut at each end of the passage, and every man to exhibit the contents of his pocket. A faint cry of No! No! was over-ruled; and Sir Francis Burdett produced an old red cap from the bosom of his shirt, which he put into the hands of the Dake of Bedford, who was appointed collector general by acclamation. With this his Grace went from man to man, executing his duty with the utmost fairness and impartiality;

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impartiality; and, when he had finished, poured out the contents of the cap before them all. These, it must be confessed, were a little heterogeneous, consisting, besides a large sum of money, of a brass knocker, (this was immediately claimed by the landlord,) a pewter pet squeezed together, a pair of pattens, a pint decanter, a duck ready trussed for dressing, a great quantity of potatoes, and a vinegar cruet. What was most extraordipary was, that though, as his Grace afterwards declared, the money was found in very unequal portions, yet the total sum, which was 222l. 5s. 6d. being divided among the company, amounting to 523 persons, produced 8s. 6d. for each individual, with the exception of the mamber for Tregony, who brought nothing but his speech, and Captain Morris, who pays for every thing with a song.

Nothing material occurred during the dinner, which was allowed to be excellent of its kind, and where, at least as far as we saw, no such dish as cow-heel (as maliciously reported in the True Briton) made its appearance.

As soon as the cloth was removed, the Duke of Norfolk took the chair, amidst repeated plaudits,\* and addressed the company in these words:—

"Three virtuous men, citizens, have stood up in defence of liberty—Maximilian Robespierre, Collot d'Herbois, and Charles James Fox:—The first is guillotined; the second transported to Cayenne; and the third"——Here all eyes were immediately turned upon Mr. Fox, who now entered the room, supported by citizens John Gale Jones and John Horne Tooke—"As the Right Honourable Gentleman (resumed the Duke, a little

<sup>\*</sup> Morning Chronicle, Jan. 25.

peevishly,) "has mistaken his cue, and appeared sooner than he ought, I shall spare his modesty the panegyric I was preparing, and shortly conclude with proposing the health of Charles James Fox:"—This was drank, with three times three.

As soon as the clamour had subsided, Mr. Fox rose, and said—" That language, at least any which he could boast, was inadequate to the exquisite feelings of gratitude, which at once delighted and oppressed him, at the sight of so numerous and so respectable a body of free and independent citizens, met for a purpose which would make this the proudest and the happiest day of his life."

Having dwelt a little on this idea, Mr. Fox observed, that he would not interrupt the conviviality of the day by a long speech. He knew there were several present who came to hear him make a long speech, but he would not make a long speech—to what purpose should he do it? What could he add to the speech lately delivered by him, and so faithfully recorded in the Anti-Jacobin,\* a contemptible publication—but one to which the praise of accuracy could not be denied. The new and extraordinary circumstances of the times called for new and extraordinary measures: he would, therefore, if they pleased, compress what he had to say into a song—(loud applauses.)—One word only—He owed both the burden and the idea of this song to the Morning Chronicle.—He had yesterday, the 23d, found there a

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<sup>\*</sup> Mr. Fox alluded to P. 26, in which we certainly endeavoured to do him justice. We have been told by the great bulk of our readers that we succeeded; and the testimony of the Right Hon. Gentleman himself leaves us without a doubt on the subject. We earnestly recommend that article to every one who wishes to acquire a PERFECT KNOWLEDGE of Mr. Fox.

BEGGING ADDRESS to the Nation, with DATE OBO-LUM BELISARIO perfixed to it, as a motto. This had pleased him much, and this morning, at breakfast, he had endeavoured to adapt it, mutatis mutandis, to his own circumstances. He should now have the honour of giving it."

#### SONG BY MR. FOX.

To the Tune of " Good People of England, and all who love Ale."

Good people of England, of every degree;
Lords, commoners, tradesmen, come listen to me;
Republicans, royalists, all—mark my ditty,
You'll find I've a number of claims on your pity.

Date Obolum Bellsario.

Ye who heard me assert that Lord North, now so mourn'd,

Was a beast to be shunn'd, was a fool to be scorn'd,
Yet who saw me with real, or fancied alarms,
Take the fool to my councils, the beast to my arms,
Date Obolum Belisario.

Ye who heard me declare the SUBSCRIBERS of REEVES.
Were a scoundrel collection of cut-throats and thieves,
Yet who saw me immediately after repair,
And subscribe at the long-room in Hanover-square,
Date Obolum Belisario.

Ye who heard—when invasion was close at our door,
And Parker and liberty rul'd at the Nove;
Ye who heard—no; I mean, who did not hear me speak,
While Sheridan,\* damn him! affected to squeak,
Date Obolum Belisario.

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<sup>\*</sup> This appears to allude to Mr. Sheridan's honourable and manly conduct during the Mutiny;—a conduct of which, he may assure himself, his country will long retain a grateful recollection.

Ye who heard me repeat, that resistance, at length,
Was reduc'd, by PITT's bill, to a question of strength,
And that prudence alone

We know not how far Mr. Fox might have proceeded, had he not been interrupted by a jangling of bells from the side-table, which immediately drew all eyes that way. This proceeded from Captain Morris, who had fallen asleep during Mr. Fox's song, and was now nodding on his chair, with a large paper cap on his head, ornamented with gilt tassels and bells, which one of the company had dextrously whipped on unperceived. The first motion was that of indignation, but the stupid stare of the unconscious Captain, who half opened his eyes at every sound of the bells, as his head rose or fell, and immediately closed them again sumno, vinoque gravatus, had such a powerful effect on the risible faculties of the company, that they broke, as if by consent, into the most violent and convulsive fits of laughter; Mr. Fox himself not being exempt from the general contagion.

As soon as the Captain was made sensible of the cause of this uproar, he attempted to pull off the cap; but was prevented by a citizen from the Corresponding Society, who maintained, that the company had a right to be amused by the Captain in what manner they pleased; and that, as he seemed to amuse them more effectually in that state than in any other, he insisted, for one, on his continuing to wear the cap. This was universally agreed to, with the exception of the Duke of Norfolk. The Captain was therefore led to the upper table, with all his "jangling honours loud upon him!" Here, as soon as he was seated, his noble friend called upon him for a song.

The Captain sung the "Plenipo," in his best manner.

This was received with great applause; and then the

Duke

Duke gave "The Defenders—of Ireland," (three times three.)

Captain Morris then began

"And all the books of Moses;"-

but was interrupted, before he had finished the first line; by Mr. Tierney, who declared he would not sit there and hear any thing like ridicule on the bible. (Much coughing and scraping.)—Mr. Erskine took Heaven to witness that he thought the Captain meant no harm; and a gentleman from Cambridge, whose name we could not learn, said, with great naiveté, that it was no more than was done every day by his acquaintance. Mr. Tierney, however, persisted in his opposition to the song, and Capt. Morris was obliged to substitute "Jenny Sutton" in the place of it.

But the good humour of the company was alreadybroken in upon, and Mr. Tierney soon after left the room (to which he did not return) with greater marks of displeasure in his face than we ever remember to have seen there.\*

The Duke now gave "Radical Reform?" (Three times three followed, by continued shouts of applause.)

A counsellor attempted to sing "Paddy Whack," but was soon silenced, on account of his stupid perversion of the words, and his bad voice.

Citizen Gale Jones then rose, and said—that he was no orator, though he got his living by oratory, being chairman of a debating society. He had also written a

\* This is not the first time that we have heard of Mr. Tierney's discouragement of impiety.—However we may differ from this gentleman in political opinion, we are not infensible to the merit of such conduct:—and we cannot avoid adding, that, however violent his opposition to the measures of government may be, it is, generally speaking, an English opposition.

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book-which he was told had some merit. He did not rise to recommend it, but he thought it right to hint, that those who wished for constitutional information might be supplied with it at the bar; the price was trifling-eighteen-pence was nothing to the majority of the company :- to himself, indeed-(here Mr. Horne Tooke called out order! order! with some marks of impatience)—He begged pardon, he would say no more; there was no one whom he valued like Mr. Tooke, there was no one indeed to whom he was under such obligations—the very shoes he had on were charged by Citizen Hardy to Mr. Tooke's account-Mr. Tooke was also a great friend to a radical reform-he loved a radical reform himself—the poor must always love radical reforms—he should therefore beg leave to propose the health of Mr. John Horne Tooke .- (Three times three.

Mr. Tooke rose, and spoke nearly as follows:-"You all know, citizens, in what detestation I once held the man whose birth-day we are now met to commemorate. You cannot yet have forgot the 'Two PAIR OF PORTRAITS' I formerly published, nor the glaring light in which I hung up him and his father to the contemplation of an indignant posterity. You must also be apprized of the charges of corruption, insurrection, and murder (much hissing and applause, the latter predominant,) which I brought against him, justly, as I must still think, at a former election for Westminster. How happens it then, you will say, that I now come forward to do him honour? I will tell you. At the last election for Westminster I had my suspicions of his sincerity; he appeared too anxious to preserve measures with the spruce and powdered aristocrats, who usually attended him to the hustings; nor was it till the fourth

fourth or fifth day before the close of the poll that those suspicions were removed. Aware that he was losing ground among the people, he determined to make one great effort to re-establish his popularity. He therefore came forward, and addressed the free and independent electors in front of the hustings, in a speech, of which the remembrance yet warms my heart. From that moment I marked him as my own: Retractation was impossible; and the panegyric he lately delivered on a radical reform, in a house which I despise too much to name, was the natural and inevitable consequence of that day's declaration. You may remember that, when I addressed my friends, I only said, 'Gentlemen, Mr. Fox has spoken my sentiments; he has even gone beyond them-but I thank him.' What I then said, I now repeat, with regard to his speech on a late occasion- I am most perfectly satisfied with his conduct; nor do I wish to advance one step in the cause of reform beyond what Mr. Fox has pledged himself to go\*!!!"

Mr. Tooke then begged leave to propose Mr. Fox's health, for the second time, and sat down amidst a thunder of applause.

The Duke of Norfolk observed to the company, that as they had drunk the health of a man dear to the people, he would now call upon them to drink the health of their Sovereign;—here a hiccup interrupted his Grace, and a most violent cry of "No Sovereign! No Sovereign!" resounded through the room, and continued for several minutes, notwithstanding the earnest intreaties of the Duke to be heard. Order was, however, restored at length, when his Grace gently child the company for

Morning Post, Jan. 25. + Morning Chronicle, Jan. 25.

Morning Chronicle, Morning Post, Morning Herald, &c.

taking advantage of a slight infirmity of nature, to impute a design to him which was wholly foreign from his heart—(loud applause.)—He augured well, however, of their patriotism, and would now afford them an opportunity of repairing the injury they had done him, by giving the toast as he first intended—"The Health Of Our Sovereign—the Majesty of the People.\*"—(Loud and incessant shouts of applause.)

A disgusting scene of confusion and uproar followed, which we shall not attempt to detail. The chairman sunk under the table, in a state of stupefaction, and the rest of the company, maddened alike with noise and wine, committed a thousand outrages, till they were literally turned into the streets by the waiters. As many of them as could speak were conducted home by the watchmen; others were conveyed, " in silent majesty," to the Round-house; and not a few of them slept out the remainder of the night upon the steps of the neighbouring houses. The reporters of the Jacobin papers were sought out and conveyed home by the press-men, devils, &c. and one poor youth, whom we afterwards found to be a writer in the Morning Chronicle (hired for the day by the True Briton,+) had his pockets picked of a clean white handkerchief and a note-book, after being severely beaten for deserting his former employers.

<sup>•</sup> The company seem to have recollected, (had his Grace forgotten?) that the Duke of Norfolk has another Sovereign, to whom he has recently, more than once, sworn allegiance; and under whom he now holds the Lieutenancy of the West Riding of the county of York, and the command of a regiment of Militia.

<sup>+</sup> See the True Briton of Thursday, Jan. 25.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

#### TREATY OF PAVIA.\*

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A Sthere is nothing which the English Jacobins have more at heart than to cast a veil over the aggression of France, in the present war; so, in the pursuit of this favourite object, they are neither sparing of their labour, nor at all scrupulous in their choice of means.

Among many other instances of misrepresentation and falsehood, employed for this purpose, a curious specimen of Jacobin Forgery may be seen in the collection of State Papers on the war, published by Debrett: the first page of which exhibits a pretended treaty of Pavia, between Austria, Russia, Prussia, and Spain, containing a detailed and most extraordinary plan for dismembering France, and dividing among themselves a large part of Europe. The object of this fabrication cannot be mistaken. The conclusion which it is intended the reader should draw from it is evidently this—that France, in successively attacking all those powers, and in afterwards declaring war, without any visible provocation, against Great Britain and Holland, was, in fact, acting defensively, and resisting a preconcerted and long prepared aggression against herself.

The forgery is, however, so gross and clumsy, that it is not easy to conjecture what class of politicians it was meant to deceive.

<sup>\*</sup> See the collection of State Papers relative to the war against. France, published by Debrett, Vol. I. P. 1.

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The treaty is alledged to have been concluded in July 1791, at Pavia, a town in Italy, and it is signed "Leopold,"—" Prince Nassau,"—" Count Florida Blanca,"—" Bischopswerdar."

The mere comparison of these dates and signatures would alone abundantly suffice to detect the imposture; since, of the four persons there named, it may be easily ascertained that only two were in any part of Italy in 1791, and that no one of the four was at Pavia.

The names, however, contain other obvious and indisputable proofs of forgery. For instance, who is there so ignorant as not to know that the signature of a Sovereign is never interchanged, in a public instrument, with those of the Ministers of the Princes with whom he treats? This blunder is decisive. The next is not less so. Any person acquainted with the usages of the continent must know that Prince Nassau is not the true signature of the person here intended. That person is, besides, a Frenchman, a foreigner in Russia, and could not therefore have been employed to sign any public treaty in the name of the Empress, or to fill any diplomatic situation under her government, without a breach of the declared rule of policy, adopted at the first moment of her accession, as a contrast to the conduct of her predecessors, and never once deviated from in the whole period of her reign. Add to all this, that this Prince of Nassau was not in Italy at all in 1791; that in the month of July of that year, instead of negociating at Pavia, he was cruizing with the Russian flotilla in the Baltic; that Count Florida Blanca was then first Minister in Spain; that the duties of his situation did not allow him to leave that country; and that, from the date of his appointment to that of his disgrace, his journeys from Madrid extended only to St. Ildefonso or the

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the Escarial:—And lastly, that General Bischopswerder, the only one of these pretended Plenipotentiaries who was in Italy in 1791, did not then go to Pavia, and certainly signed no treaties there, or elsewhere, with any Russian or Spanish Minister.

All this, however, though a detection against which the most hardened impostors would blush to defend themselves, is nothing, in comparison, with the internal proofs of forgery which the contents of the articles themselves afford. To judge of these, does indeed require some knowledge of the past, and some general idea of the present, state and interests of Europe: and to persons so qualified it is presumed that this forgery. was not addressed. Otherwise we should not have heard of Alsace being to be restored to the Empire, or of the Archduchess Christine being selected by the Emperor to hold the hereditary dominion of Lorraine, and to hold it conjointly with her nephew: if, indeed, to those words any meaning whatever can be given. We should not be told that the King of Sardinia is the nearest descendant of the ancient Dauphins! or that, on such descent, he founds, or could found, any claim to Dauphiny. Still less should we find the King of Prussia stipulating that the House of Austria should keep Bavaria, which it never had-should acquire Alsace and Lorraine, and should make new conquests on the Porte; and all this precisely at the moment when Prussia and her allies were arming to oblige the Emperor to restore to Turkey the few conquests he had already made. We should not have found Austria and Prussia contriving how to place a line of Russian Princes on the throne of Poland, or the three powers conspiring to make that throne hereditary - a revolution the most contrary to all their interests, and the mere apprehension of which occasioned

sioned their subsequent-interference, and was the immediate, though wholly unjustifiable, cause of the final partition of the Polish territories.

In addition to all these extravagant absurdities, it is asserted, in a note annexed to this pretended treaty, that Great Britain and Holland acceded to it in March 1792, namely, at the very time when the King of France actually sent over to this country M. Talleyrand, now Minister for Foreign Affairs at Paris, and his pupil, M. Chauvelin, charged with a letter to the King of England, thanking him for his steady adherence to his generous and impartial system of neutrality; a letter which has since been printed, and is to be found in M. Necker's work on the French revolution.

To all this body of contradiction nothing is opposed but the bare assertion of the anonymous editor of Debrett's State Papers. It should here be observed, that no collection of this description can claim the smallest credit, or bear even the semblance of impartiality, unless care be taken to refer the reader, in every instance, to the authority on which each paper is inserted in it: this usual attention to accuracy has not, however, been omitted without design in the work in question, containing so many garbled papers, and so many which are rehally spurious.

From that work, or from some other source of equal authority, this pretended treaty of Pavia has been transcribed, as an authentic document of history, into the New Annual Register.\* The good sense of the public revolted at it; and the editors were universally censured for giving sanction and currency to so shameless a fabrication. They were, however, unwilling to retract it,

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<sup>\*</sup> See New Annual Register for 1792, P. 119.

because it served the party purposes of that most partial of all compilations. To support it, by argument, was impossible—they, therefore, in their next volume,\* had resource to a new and curious expedient: they assumed that some treaty of Pavia must necessarily have existed, because they had published one which never could exist; and they called upon the Combined Powers, as they were pleased to style them, to declare, in their own defence, what were the contents of the real treaty. These gentlemen publish a groundless libel on their own King, and on all the principal Sovereigns of Europe. The charge is proved to be absurd, inconsistent, and false. Not a tittle of evidence is found to support it. Instead of disavowing the forgery, and apologizing for its insertion, they modestly demand that, for the important purpose of confuting their calumnies, the Emperor of Germany, the Emperor of Russia, the King of England, and the Kings of Spain and Prussia, should publish to the world the tenour of all secret engagements they may have contracted with each other. In default of which, or if, as in the present case, there should be none such to produce, all the said Emperors and Kings are to stand convicted of having signed any treaty which the writers of the New Annual Register think proper to publish as genuine. This is true Jacobin justice—the justice of Revolutionary Tribunals, or the "hellish justice" (as I think Lord Coke calls it) of Virgil's Rhadamanthus, who first punishes the defendant, then hears him, and then compels him to plead guilty to his charge.†

Your readers will probably think that much more has

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<sup>\*</sup> See ditto for 1793, P. 7.

<sup>+</sup> Castigatque, auditque dolos, subigitque fæteri. not be some H not be unified to you

been said than was necessary, to disprove the authenticity of this pretended agreement between powers, who, it is well known, were, at the time alledged, not only not acting in any concert, but several of them on the very point of declaring war against each other. Unfortunately, every day's experience shews, and in no instance more than in the artifices used to palliate or disguise the aggressions of France, that the gross absurdity or manifest inconsistency of a calumny affords no security against its prevalence; and that even those who reject the story in detail, still suffer the repeated and hardy assertion of it to leave some impression on their minds.

Atrociter calumniando aliquid hæret, is the ruling principle of all the apologists and adherents of France; and it is against the effects of this system that the lovers of truth, order, and British liberty, are particularly called upon to direct their utmost efforts.

I am, &c.

DETECTOR.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

SIR,

IN these times of difficulty, danger, and certainly of some distress, it becomes necessary to prevent those feelings of despondency which are in themselves the first of human evils, from destroying the enjoyments of the many remaining comforts which the most determined croakers will not deny we still possess. Let us, for this purpose, consider whether the very evils we complain of may not in some, if not in a great, degree, carry

carry with them their attendant good, as I have been always taught to believe was the case of most human evils.

The first and loudest of our complaints is poverty; and this in proportion to the different classes of society. I am one of those who have both the inclination and means of associating with various ranks of persons, and I send you, as briefly as I can state it, an account of the effect this pretended poverty has produced on each of them.

Soon after the assessed taxes were imposed I dined with a person of about 6,000l. per annum. He railed vehemently against them; declared he must make great reforms, reduce his establishment, keep six horses less, have four dishes instead of eight in each course, and be troubled himself to superintend the management of his affairs.—I visited his principal tenant, who, in his turn, complained that he could no longer afford to keep his daughters at a genteel boarding-school, and that they must now come home and supply the place of the servant-maids, who took care of his pigs, poultry, and domestic concerns; that he should be forced to withdraw his name from the farmers' hunt, and dismiss his greyhounds; and he particularly insisted on another hardship, that the collector would not consider the horse with which he used to hunt and course as one employed in husbandry, but assess it as one kept for pleasure.

Little as I am given to question the acts of government, I began to think that a measure which thus overset the comforts of every species of individuals must be a bad one; and I was strongly confirmed in this opinion, when calling on my friend Mr. Sarsenet, the great haberdasher, I found him in the act of penning

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an advertisement to dispose of his elegant villa at Clapham, his post-chaise, and side-board of plate. I went home almost a Democrat, or at least an Anti-Pittite; till an hour spent by my fire-side brought to my mind the following reflections:—

It has often been a source of complaint that the luxury of the times has so pervaded all ranks of people in England, that every individual now terms hardships what were formerly considered as the duties of his particular situation; and that, by each class having risen a step in their own estimation, the last of these classes (exclusive of day-labouring persons) has been nearly annihilated. Menial servants, of late, have thought it necessary, not merely to be well clothed and fed, but to be pampered also like my Lady's woman, or my Lord's gentleman; and these, in their turn, are no longer satisfied with their whist and swabbers, but have their regular routs, and are only distinguished from their masters and mistresses by being better dressed, and often better fed, than them. Farmers' daughters are now above their work, and indeed incapable-from the education their parents' vanity has bestowed on them-of contributing, by their labours, to the benefit of their family; and it is unnecessary to say, that the consequence of this want of industry to acquire, and of economy to preserve what they had acquired, and, above all, the extravagance into which idleness has led them, has often become the ruin of the family in general, and involved in infamy the female part of it. In the superior classes no attention has been paid to give domestic habits to the daughters, because formerly they were perhaps bred up too much at home, to the prejudice of their manners and address, and were taught only to aim at being good housewives.

All these have been matter of just complaint with the rational part of mankind, and the result I draw from them, and the present cry of rain and poverty, is thisthat the very evil of which we are now so ready to complain may serve as a remedy to that we before so justly lamented, viz. that the pressure of the times must necessitate, in all ranks of people, an attention to their pecuniary concerns, which will naturally replace them in their true situation for real comfort and happiness, that of a well-regulated and prudent economy; with sufficient means to supply the comforts and real enjoyments of life, and sufficient occupation to give a relish to these enjoyments; nor is it necessary to add, that the consequence of such a reform as this must be, to mend the manners and morals, and conduce essentially to the happiness, of individuals, and, of course, to the general mass of prosperity of the whole country.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

AGRICOLA.

The author of the following letter views the transaction which cost His Grace of Norfolk his Lieutenancy, and Militia, in a totally different, and, indeed, opposite light. And as we pique ourselves on our fairness, we shall not withhold what is urged in defence of a toast so much quoted; and, as we are here told, so liable to misinterpretation.—We confess we prefer the following construction to any that we have before seen of a favourable sort—Mr. Fox's not excepted.

MR. ANTI-J'ACOBIN,

REALLY, Sir, I cannot help agreeing with Mess.
Tooke and Fox, that his Grace the Duke of Norfolk's dismission from the two offices of high trust which

he so well became, is a very unexampled outrage upon the convivial, or, as Mr. Tooke most happily expresses it, (in one of his energy mtsecenta,) the Symposiastic liberty of the subject.

It is evident, that when a toast was given which has offended courtiers and placemen, the whole company were in high spirits. The heart, Sir, of excommunicated Whigs, may surely, at moments like these, demand a kind of privilege to be, according to the expression of an agreeable Atheist, now guillotined,\* Sans Culottes—if not start naked. Such parties are no theatres of morality, public or private, much less of allegiance; and what enjoyment is left us of clubs at a political tavern, if, though select in their numbers, congenial in rank, and united in the social fraternity of the members; inquisitors of Downing Street, and spies of Mr. Wilberforce, can, "by colour of a ticket purchased," hold the invisible sword of Damocles over the chairman's defenceless head—watch every little sentence of playful treason -take notice of a pun, if it should be rather impious; and find regicide or atheism in a bumper toast!

If this is to go on, I presume it will soon be enacted, in the genuine spirit of the two celebrated bills, that every chairman of a club must have a licence to give a toast, signed by Mr. Justice Addington upon the margin of such toast, with all its proper Italics and punctuation.

What, in the first place, can be more disingenuous than to select me toast insulated from all the rest, instead of taking the context of the whole string, and setting off against it others less exceptionable?

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<sup>\*</sup> Anacharsis Cloote said in France, "mon ame est Sans Culottes."

<sup>+</sup> This humane principle of justice was of use at the Old Bailey.

It is no less illiberal to select one so very mysterious, and in which there is no harm, (unless "more was meant than met the ear," or in print meets the eye;) then to put the worst construction upon it; and, last of all, to make a report of it in the cabinet newspapers, which gave a marked emphasis to words or syllables, and omit a pause in the sentence, which may have divided the two members of it. In a report of written words, if the colon or other stop could be thus omitted, your paper, Sir, would not be innocent.

But what says the toast itself? "OUR SOVEREIGN THE MAJESTY OF THE PEOPLE." The words, in the abstract, (for I deprecate the magic of inuendos,) are a little quaint, but very innocent, and perfectly constitutional, with or without stops—(for I'll take it both ways,). "OUR SOVEREIGN THE MAJESTY (or the KING) OF THE PEOPLE!"—In other words—the King—not of slaves—but of the people, who are free men. Suppose an interval or stop after the word Sovereign—it marks the sentiment better still—"Our Sovereign—that is—the (Majesty or) King of the People."

I am perfectly aware that Mr. Fox—who was not present, (any more than myself,) but is a more logical expositor of any words that are in his way—represents the Duke to have meant, "that our King, i. e. George the Third, owes the Majesty of his pre-eminence to the people, as a part of the legislature who settled that crown upon him: and, moreover, that ever since that act of Parliament, it had been tacitly implied, that we have no such thing as a Monarchy belonging to us, on any other terms, or by any other tenure, than as we have a turnpike-road or an inclosure."

The exposition is very ingenious; though I cannot find it struck any one of those auditors, echoers, or drinkers

drinkers of the toast, among whom it passed; but was reserved for the commanding talents and spirit of a leader, who tells his followers, at the distance of a week or ten days, what they might, could, or should have understood and intended.

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I have enquired, with unremitted assiduity, whether our (which I beg you will print in Italics, that I, at least, may be better understood,) was, or was not, marked by the high-born chairman with any particular emphasis of tone. But in this point every symposiast reporter gives a different account, according to the number of bottles taken off by each at the moment of hearing the words, and the comparative strength of their respective heads, with a reference to any such given amount of bottles. But I recur to my own solutions.

With or without emphasis, the words only say, that our King is the King of the people. By this construction it might mean only that he is King, (as far as he is King,) not of other states, but of this—Surely a very harmless truism! The most that it can mean is—the King of bold and free men;—of a people invested with rights;—not of slaves.

And shall we then suffer the Attorney General to step in, and inuendo away all the candour of so plain an exposition; by contending (as he must do, if he means to impute blame to the toast,) that "His Grace of Norfolk (if sober) meant that our King is the people; or that we have no Sovereign but in the Majesty of the people: that is, in other words, that we have no King at all, (in TITLE,) but that all his power is in the power of subjects OVER HIM, and over one another?"

Was ever disingenuity like this? Yet this Attorney General has the gift of reasoning; but (as Falstaff said) "his potations are thin." I doubt if he is member of a single

single club.—He certainly neither drinks nor swears.— His midnight lamps are more contemplative and studious than are those of the Duke, but less animated and brilliant.

Such a man will never do for the Symposiarch—the master of revels to the Whigs, the controller of the merry politics of a tavern. And without some such forced construction, there is (as I think I have proved) nothing in the toast but what you, Sir, might drink yourself, not only harmlessly, but (if the wine were of the Duke of Norfolk's choosing) beneficially; and what I, Sir, if you would admit me of your party, should be happy to drink with you.

Your's,

A SYMPOSIAST.

#### TREATY OF PILNITZ.

# TO THE EDITOR OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

SIR,

THE forgery of the Treaty of Pavia\* was so open to detection, even on the most superficial enquiry, that it is difficult to conjecture with what views the advocates of France were induced to stake the credit of their cause on so gross and clumsy a fabrication. The partial success which attended that imposture is to be ascribed, like that of other Jacobin calumnies, not merely to the hardy and confident assertion of one party, but also to

the too secure and contemptuous indifference of the other. Possessing neither the colour nor the stamp of truth, it was hardly to be supposed that such a counterfeit would ever obtain circulation or currency. On its first appearance, the falsehood was too notorious even to provoke a contest. It would, at that time, have been ridiculous to attempt to prove by argument, that Great Britain and Prussia, instead of confederating with Russia in 1791, were actually armed against her, and that the Emperor Leopold, so far from framing extensive leagues for invasion and conquest, pursued, from his accession to his death, a system of policy uniformly and invariably pacific.

If this forgery should ever now be thought to have received too much attention, it should be observed, that the importance of the detection extends far beyond that of the imposture itself. It was lately laid down by one of the ablest and most upright ment who ever presided in a court of justice, and it is an universal rule in all investigation of truth, that the production of false evidence not only does not serve those whom it is intended to support, but that it shakes the credit of all their remaining proofs, and throws suspicion on every part of their cause. Much more is this the case where the subsequent evidence, though inconsistent with the former, and intended to supply its place, yet resembles it in all its leading features: and most of all will this rule obtain when the very issue of the cause depends on the precise point to which the forgery applies.

It is by these rules that the treaty of Pilnitz should be examined, as forming the ground-work of the defence, often contradicted by the language and conduct of

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<sup>†</sup> Lord Kenyon, in the cause of M. de Calonne against Sinclair.

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France, but now constantly alledged in her behalf by the industry of her English advocates. The treaty of Pavia has long been, in fact, abandoned, though never distinctly or openly disclaimed. But to justify the aggressions of France, the pretence of some meditated injury against her, was still indispensibly required. The story of a projected invasion, and partition of her territory, was therefore too valuable to be renounced. The same pretence was revived in another shape, and while the treaty of Pavia is consigned to oblivion, that of Pilnitz is, to this hour, triumphantly announced in every Jacobin speech and pamphlet, as the decisive proof of that extended league, or, in the technical language of Jocobinism, that great conspiracy of despots, which reduced the unoffending French Republic to the necessity of universal war. With such industry has this assertion been circulated, and by such authority has it been countenanced, that Mr. Fox is said to have frequently referred in Parliament to the treaty of Pilnitz, as to an existing and authentic document; and that Mr. Erskine has allowed himself to declare, in print, that "France, until the treaty of Pilnitz had been framed for the destruction of her constitution, and the dismemberment of her empire, had not extended its limits:" and that " the hostile system of Europe had been resolved on, and the Emperor had actually begun the war, before the Netherlands were invaded.\*"

It can hardly be necessary to dwell on the remark, that these two stories of Pavia and Pilnitz are inconsistent with each other. If this memorable partition-treaty really was concluded in August 1791, at Pilnitz, it is at least certain, that it had not been concluded in

<sup>\*</sup> Mr. Erskine's pamphlet, P. 108.

the preceding month at Pavia. The two assertions cannot both be true. Both may indeed be false, and it has already been shewn, that the admitted falsehood of the one affords a strong presumption against the pretended authenticity of the other.

By shifting the defence from Pavia to Pilnitz, a consideral advantage, is, however, gained by the advocates of France. The circumstantial details of the first fabrication exposed it to a very plain and easy detection. The articles of the second partition-treaty have never yet been published, and those stipulations which every Jacobin is ready to assure us, afforded to France a just occasion and necessity for war, are secured against examination by impenetrable concealment and mystery. In this situation it is curious to observe the inconsistencies and contradictions which surround this subject: Mr. Fox, if we are to believe those reporters, who, as Mr. Burke observes, are seldom inaccurate in his case, is said to have quoted under the name of the treaty of Pilnitz, an article, + which is no where to be found, except in another obsolete forgery long since abandoned even by Jacobins themselves. Mr. Erskine, with more prudence, confines himself to loose assertions and general The Editor of Debrett's State Papers, publishes secret articles of Pilnitz, which, however, he hardly offers as authentic, and which are, indeed, below criticism; but, in which not one word is found of destroying the constitution, or dividing the territory, of France: while the New Annual Register, refers us

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<sup>+</sup> See Mr. Fox's speech on the King's message, in 1793; and, Mr. Vansittart's masterly reply to the pamphlet published under the name of Jasper Wilson.

<sup>‡</sup> Vol. I. P. 43.

New Annual Register for 1792, P. 118.

back again to the treaty of Pavia, as containing the real engagements entered into at Pilnitz.

The cause of all this uncertainty and contradiction cannot be mistaken. If the treaty of Pilnitz be really the same in substance with that of Pavia, it has already received an ample refutation. If it be different, why is it not produced? Why do not they, who rest their cause upon it, inform us by whom it was signed, and between what parties; what its stipulations were; and, above all, on what authority or evidence it rests. If they confess their own ignorance of the contents of this pretended instrument, to which they have so often triumphantly appealed, let them at least acquaint us in whose possession this important secret may really be found.

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For if such a treaty had, in fact, existed, must not every article, provision, and clause of this great confederacy, have been long ago published to the world? How can it have happened that no trace should have appeared of this extensive and complicated machine? Have those who framed these stipulations, and those who signed them, those who acceded to them, and those who took up arms to resist them, all continued to this hour equally ignorant of their contents? The British Government¶ has publicly disclaimed all knowledge of this secret partition-treaty. In all their mutual recriminations, on the subject of those calamities which their disunion has produced, the Austrian and Prussian Governments have never once appealed to these stipulations, which, had they existed, must have decided the dispute. A feeble attempt was made by Spain to accuse this country of with-holding aid from its allies,

<sup>¶</sup> See Lord Grenville's letter to Lord Malmesbury, dated July 20, 1797, and published in the papers of the negociation at Lisle.

but no reference was made to the treaty of Pilnitz. The same remark applies to all the other powers who have successively yielded to France, and purchased ruin by disgrace. But, what shall we say of France herself? With every means of knowledge that corruption, intimidation, or conquest, could supply, can she be ignorant of the contents of this partition-treaty, which drove her into a bloody and ruinous war? Is she unapprized of the injuries which she took up arms to resist? Or has she studiously suppressed her own vindication, out of her abundant respect and tenderness for the honour of other governments? In either shape the argument is decisive. If the treaty existed, she must have known its stipulations. If known, she could have no inducements to conceal them; if not known, they were no part of the motives on which she acted, they can supply no materials for her defence.

The truth unquestionably is, that at Pilnitz no act was done, except the signature of the unmeaning declaration published at the time; and that neither at Pavia, nor at Pilnitz, nor elsewhere, was any treaty concluded either for enslaving or dividing France.

What has already been said is amply sufficient to disprove the two only distinct assertions that have been made upon the subject; and it might have been impossible to do more. It is seldom easy to prove a negative, even in the plainest cases, nor can it ever be required with justice. In the present instance, even that may be done, and decisive arguments adduced to shew, not only what has already been proved, that these pretended treaties of Pavia and Pilnitz are spurious, but that no such treaty can possibly have existed at any one moment, from that in which France began her revolution, down

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to that in which she declared an unprovoked and perfidious war against the German powers.

This may, perhaps, be more fully detailed in a future letter; not as being at all necessary to the point which has been here in question, but as tending to throw some light on other circumstances which have equally been the objects of unceasing misrepresentation.

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DETECTOR.

# TO THE EDITOR OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

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and sing a ladw looks has I halve Jacoby In hall I Have the most ingenuous desire to be a Whig: A and the mystic import of the term is, with me, the reverse of an objection; for I have the honour to be one of the illuminated, and should have been of the German tribunals, if I had lived in those days; or of the Eleusinian mysteries, a little earlier. topical in ogd

My passion, however, is to be a Whig; and a member of that club, which has united the modern, or selected, reformers of the party itself, in a convivial and political monopoly of the name.—But I am young, very young in my trade, and am as yet in want of ostensible theories; and ready answers to impertinent questions.

Half-indications of something which is never thoroughly explained, heighten the social enjoyment, and improve the political effect of all public-spirited fraternities. They are, as Mr. Sheridan (that enlightened and pleasant Whig) has well described them-" finely confused, and beautifully alarming." They are the very

soul of reforming societies, from the Whigs (upwards or downwards) to the *United Irishmen*: Whiggism should be-like a telegraph, so contrived that few should be in the real secret, and that many should be masters of the repeating signal.

You, Reverend Sir!—(for that you are, or will be, a Dean, is apparent,) are a Tory of course. This creed of yours is the opposite of that which is professed by the Whigs: "Littora littoribus contraria." If you will, therefore, tell me what a Tory is, I may catch a little glimmering light of darkness visible (and I would not have more if I could) into that mysterious fraternity that looks up to the Duke of Norfolk as the high priest of its solemnities.

I will tell you in confidence, though an adversary, that, at present, when I am asked what is it to be a Whig? "I'y perds mon Latin," as our pleasant French neighbour so happily expresses it.—I am asked, is a man born a Whig, or is he made a Whig? and by what process?

Is he once a Whig, and a Whig for ever?

Does it go in families?

Can it be in abeyance?—or lost?—or surrendered?—or forfeited?

Can a Whig be divested of the name by other Whigs, who are more numerous, or better united, and give the ton?

Is it in the power of clubs to monopolize it by a sort of patent?

Can a Minister be a Whig?—and what makes a ministerial Whig?

If a Sans-Culottes is culotiz'd into a moral and political agent, does he become, or cease to be, a Whig?

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Can a Tory confessed, who takes part with his enemies against their common enemy, the Minister, (if both are in opposition,) become a Whig by contact, or vice versa?

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Is every Whig a Republican at heart?—Is he, or can he be, a Royalist?

Is he a parliamentary organ of the people out of doors, or the member of another parliament, who are to check the custodes ipsos in the visible senate?

Is a Whig acting with his brethren, but in the shape of Tory measures, whether in or out of place, a Whig still?

Upon the analogies of contrast, as a Tory must be a zealot in belief, or in other words, a high priest, is it necessary for a Whig to be an atheist, or freethinker, at least?

These are critical questions, and, perhaps, not easy to be answered: I would not have them answered if I could, satisfactorily; but I would have the answers, like the explanatory words in Johnson's Dictionary, full as hard of solution as the words to be explained. But the mystery is heightened when the interrogatories apply to persons; and when I am asked, is the Duke of Portland a Whig?—Was he ever a Whig?—Or can he ever be a Whig again? So as to the Earl Fitzwilliam; and, above all, with reference to that striking and beautiful anomaly of genius and virtue, Mr. Fox.—But I reserve this part of the subject for my next, and am,

Reverend Sir,

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Most respectfully your's,
A SUCKING WHIG.

### TO THE EDITOR OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

Dublin, March 20.

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SIR,

THE late meeting at the Crown and Anchor tavern having exhibited Mr. Fox and Mr. Horne Tooke as colleagues in their political exertions, vyeing with each other who should give the strongest testimony of their mutual confidence, it is fair to infer from either what are the real objects of those exertions in the other. Though Mr. Horne Tooke's conduct came not within the reach of the laws, yet his trial at the Old Bailey left little doubt on the mind of the public as to the revolutionary tendency of his doctrines. But not relying on public opinion only, I will refer you to the confidential communications of one of its dearest political friends, presented to the world on the trial of the Rev. Mr. Jackson, who was found guilty of high treason in this city, and who (having poisoned himself) expired at the bar, as he was about to receive sentence of death. The communication alluded to is a letter from Mr. J. H. Stone, dated "Paris, 25 Nivose, second year of the Republic, one and indivisible," forwarded to "John Horne Tooke, London," by the above-mentioned criminal, recommending him to Mr. Tooke's attention in the following words:-

"This will be delivered to you by a gentleman, a citizen, I should have said, to whom you have been heretofore known; and I introduce him as one who will be able to give you the most accurate information of what is doing, and has been done here; and recommend him also as the person to whom you may confide your own sentiments respecting the state of affairs in this country, or

your

your own.—As I know that your prudence keeps some pace with your patriotism, you may be satisfied that I am sure of the principles of the man I thus confidentially introduce to you:—and thus much you may repose in him. As to the rest, I leave you to arrange it, wishing myself a third in the party."

(Of the three, Mr. Jackson only was convicted.)

The letter proceeds:-

"And now, my patriotic friend, let me offer you my warmest and most heartfelt congratulations on the immense prospect of public happiness which is opening before us. You are amongst the small number of those who, in the worst of times, have never despaired of the cause of liberty; and you are the only one who, when the name was but a barbarism amongst us, taught the great principles of sacred equality, which we have so completely reduced to practice. I look forward with transport and joy to the moment when the doctrines which you have preached shall receive their due accomplishment; when the various parties of MINISTERIALISTS and OPPOSI-TIONISTS, DISSENTERS and CHURCHMEN, NOBLES, PRIESTS, and KINGS, shall sink into one UNDISTIN-GUISHED MASS OF RUINS, and nothing shall be seen or acknowledged but the people, the sacred voice of the people."

Such are the doctrines of Mr. Horne Tooke, and he is the man who declares that from Mr. Fox he has "nothing more to ask—nothing more to expect;" and "that it will be the utmost of his ambition to be the meanest private in those ranks which Mr. Fox shall command."

The country cannot be too often reminded of this union, and of the principles on which it is founded.

Your's,

ANTI-CATILINE.

# TO THE EDITOR OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

SIR,

EARING you had some time back published a letter from a young woman, complaining her father had been misled by these new fangled French doctrines, I take the liberty (though I am but a poor scribe)

to relate to you the history of my own family.

We live in a small town in Warwickshire. a shoe-maker; I am his apprentice; and mother as eminent a clear-starcher as any in the county. We were very hard-working people, and had plenty of customers, and were as comfortable a family as could be, till about two months ago, when father one evening carried a pair of shoes to the master of the Red Lion. It was twelve o'clock before he came home; he was very drunk, and came in singing (as he called it) patriotic songs; father never could sing in his life, but he made a frightful noise, and mother and I had much ado to get him to bed. Being usually a sober man, next day he was very sick, and could not sit at his work; and a strange ill-looking man came and asked to speak to him, and they were shut up together ever so long, and when he went away father said it was Citizen Rigshaw, a member of the Corresponding Society, and occasionally steward of the Whig Club, a great philosopher, and a patriot, and had been sent down to enlighten and reform, and organize (I think he called it) this part of the nation, and father was to help him. Father said it would be a GLORIOUS work! and FULL of HUMAN WISDOM and INTE-GRITY!

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Meantime, however, his own work stood still, and we were half starved. My mother had a great affection for my father, and a high opinion of his understanding, but when she found his studying politics made us none the richer, and his neglecting his work made us all the poorer, she grew somewhat crusty, and one evening, when father had been keeping his Decade-day, as he calls it-(for we had no Sundays now, though we did no. work,) mother plucked up a spirit, and well scolded him. He only smiled, and told her philosophers did not like a noise; therefore he should get rid of a brawling wife, for he would be divorced as soon as "Divorced!" said my mother, the French come. colouring as red as a turkey cock-" Nay, female citizen," said he, "do not blush, it will be no disgrace to thee; I shall only alledge incompatibility of temper, and when thou art divorced from me thou mayest marry as many husbands as thou canst get—one after another, that is." "May I, sure?" said mother, and she seemed quite pacified, and went out of the room telling one, two, three, upon her fingers. Then my father turned to me-" My brave boy," said he, "thou art no longer my child, but the child of thy country;" and then he ran on a deal about the old Romans, and a parcel of stuff I did not heed—I had heard enough in knowing I was no longer his son, and I determined to shift for myself in the world, and trouble my head no more about him.

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A few days ago he happened to get drunk again; and as he was roaring liberty and equality in the street, a sturdy fellow came up, and damned him for a Jacobin, and pushed him into the kennel. I happened not to be far off, so he hollows out to me, "Come hither, Sam, and help thy old father on his legs again." I thought to shew

shew how well I had improved by his instructions, so going up to him, I said, "Citizen, I am not thy child, but the child of my country"-and was walking away; when I met a gentleman who had dealt at our shop, who, seeing father sprawling on his back, he insisted on my going and taking him up, and supporting him home, and he walked with us; so, when we came to our house, the gentleman said to my mother, "Mrs, Shallow, I have brought you home a drunken husband, but you are a good wife, and I doubt not will take care of him."-" Sir," said my mother, calmly, " to oblige you, I will take charge of this citizen, but"-" Citizen!" cried the gentleman, "is he not your husband?"-"Why yes, Sir, I cannot but say he is at present, but we shall soon be divorced for comatability of tempers, as Richard calls it, and then I shall marry neighbour Wilkins the clothier; and then Ephraim Hopkins, a promising youth in the sadlery line; and then perhaps John ---." Hold your foolish prating," said the gentleman; and therewith he fell a discoursing upon the nonsensical doctrines that we had been learning, and vowed, as he was Justice of Peace, to clear the parish of that Rigshaw, if he were fifty times a Whig and Corresponding Society-man.

Next day he came again; father was ill, from the bruises he got by his fall, so the gentleman went and talked to him by his bed-side; and, truth to say, we were all desperately ashamed of ourselves, and very sorry for what had happened; and resolved to keep to our business, which we did understand; and not meddle with politics, constitutions, or divorces any more. Father has shut his door against all citizens, (as for Rigshaw, he was put in gaol for robbing his landlord's henroost,) and we hope, in time, by the help of a few

friends,

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friends, to get into business again, though, at present, it but poor doings with us.

If you think, Sir, our example may serve as a warning to others, you are very welcome to publish this letter,

From your obedient humble servant, SAMUEL SHALLOW.

# TO THE EDITOR OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.\*

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OBSERVING, among the many other important points to which you direct your attention in the conduct of your useful publication, that the detection of Jacobinism, under whatever disguise it may conceal itself, is the one to which you attend with a most laudable and successful assiduity, I am thus induced to offer to your notice a few remarks upon the nature of certain paragraphs which are constantly to be met with in the Jacobin journals, and which are also not unfrequently retailed in society, by persons who are supposed to entertain principles which it is the duty of every good man to endeavour to repress.

The tendency of the paragraphs to which I would allude, is nothing more nor less than to make every one dissatisfied with the present constitution of society; to make mankind dissatisfied with themselves, and still more so with their neighbours; to make them selfish and unsocial; morose and censorious. It is, in short, by

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<sup>\*</sup> This is the letter stated in our preface to be omitted in the new edition of the Anti-Jacobin,

perpetually

perpetually pretending to lament a depraved state of morals, and particularly amongst the higher orders of society, that they endeavour to establish a belief in two propositions, which, if circulated with success, are most eminently calculated to promote the designs of these gloomy, restless, and uneasy spirits.

The propositions to which I allude, are,

1st. That the general manners of England are worse than they were in former times; and, 2dly, That this observation, just as it generally is, yet attaches itself in a greater proportion to the nobility and gentry of the land. Two propositions more mean, as well as malicious in conception, more dangerous in effect, and more false in fact, neither do nor can exist.

I certainly, for one, Mr. Editor, am no very empassioned admirer of the general tenor and tendency of the speeches which have been usually delivered in Parliament by Mr. Sheridan; yet, it is impossible for me not to remember the warm and general concurrence which the House of Commons testified at an opinion which was most beautifully expressed by him in the course of one of his speeches during the last session. Mr. Sheridan had been using the old language of Opposition, and had been lamenting the want of public virtue and spirit, which, as he imagined, had shewn itself by the rejection of the plans which he had been recommending; but having passed this condemnation on the public virtue of the country, he proceeded to state, that he could not refrain from congratulating the House on the increased amiability which every where shewed itself in private life; upon the general gentleness of manners, and upon the conciliating, mild, and generous feelings which seemed every day to be extending themselves amongst all descriptions of persons.

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With deference to our Jacobinical censurers, I have a pride and pleasure, Mr. Editor, in saying that I am intimately convinced that this opinion is most correctly founded in truth: surely, any one who will take the smallest trouble to enquire, must instantly perceive the falsehood as well as the malignity of these general attacks

upon the morals of the country.

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At what possible period of time were all the best principles of our holy religion more venerated, or more universally acted upon? At what period of our history had the best virtues of the human mind a more enlarged exercise? When did charity, meekness, humility, forgiveness, and benevolence, find a more extensive action? Look to every state and condition of life-enquire in the country, how stands the spirit of litigation between the neighbouring country Gentlemen-instead of indulging every mean and little passion; instead of entertaining low jealousies the one of the other; instead of unceasing appeals to law, as was formerly the case, it will be found that there almost universally exists amongst them a spirit of good understanding, a general desire of accommodation, and a wish to promote the happiness and convenience of each other. If by accident any doubts respecting their different interests should arise amongst them, instead of an hasty and passionate appeal to law, as was formerly the case, it is now almost universally settled by friendly arbitration. The same spirit extends itself to them, as with respect to their conduct to their tenants; here also, generally speaking, is the increased desire of accommodation and good will.

Look again throughout the metropolis; compare the taste, decency, and temperance of a modern tavern. with the riotous excesses which, not twenty years ago. chiled to me to post West to your notice, who

never failed to occur amongst those who frequented such places of resort. Look in consequence, at the peace and quiet which those rather in an inferior situation enjoy, and the security which is now afforded them for escaping the not unfrequently drawn swords of drunken spendthrifts, and various other outrages and impertinencies which it was inconvenient to punish by law, but which it was most painful to endure. Look to the hourly decreasing practice of duelling. Look at the increased attention which parents never fail to pay to the education of their female children. Look at the improved situation of women in society. Look to the decency and morality (I wish I could say to the taste or wit, but) look to the decency and morality of our modern dramas, and compare them with the ribaldry of Centlivre, or the immorality of Congreve. Observe the respectable attendance which is to be met with in all the churches of the different persuasions; observe the rational and chearful manner in which the rest of the Sabbath is now employed; observe the almost total disappearance of that gloomy, ferocious, and unsocial temper which, in former times, was but too prevalent on that day, and which is so wholly contradictory to the social and gentle spirit of the religion which is so happily established in these realms. Observe the diminution of vice, as with respect to gaming; instead, (as were the case twenty years ago) of every day hearing of different individuals who brought misery on themselves and their families by the loss of twenty, thirty, or forty thousand pounds in one night, the gaming history of the last five years does not afford an instance of any similar event.

Added, Mr. Editor, to these circumstances, which it has occurred to me to point out to your notice, it is impossible not to remark throughout all classes of

the community (and particularly at this precise period) the highest possible sense of public duty, and an unrivalled attachment to the general cause-connected as that cause indisputably is, beyond all former example, with every thing that is dear and valuable in life and society, with every thing that can secure the enjoyment of private happiness, or perpetuate the blessings of social intercourse.-From this general zeal, and individual exertion, it is presumed we may look with confidence to the issue of our present conflict, and ground a well founded hope, that as, under the blessing of Providence, we enjoy an infinitely greater share of practical liberty than has ever yet fallen to the lot of nations, so we may continue to maintain the same superiority over all other people, as with respect to the liberality of our private dealings, and the amiability and social virtues of our private lives. I will not, however, Mr. Editor, trespass any farther upon the place which would otherwise most probably be allotted to more worthy correspondents; for, I am sure, I should fatigue the attention of your readers, if, in my attempt to counteract the malignant efforts of these misanthropical Jacobins, I was to permit myself to enter into all the various topics which are capable of exposing the falsehood of their propositions, and which immediately tend to the establishment of the opinion, that at no period of our history did there ever exist amongst us a more correct taste, a purer morality, or a better understanding of the true principles of our holy religion.

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## TO THE EDITOR OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

#### MANNERS AND CHARACTER OF THE AGE.

SIR,

IN ITH the greatest respect for the motives and principles of your correspondent Mucius, (see the preceding essay,) I cannot help differing materially with him in his opinion respecting the disposition and manners of the present age. Mucius coincides entirely with Mr. Sheridan, in the sentiments expressed by that gentleman in the House of Commons, when he congratulated the House on "the increased amiability which every where shews itself in private life; on the conciliating, mild, and generous feelings which seem to be every day extending themselves among all descriptions of persons." That Mr. Sheridan has abundant reason to compliment the gentleness and liberality of the age, no one who has observed the language and conduct which the public have so long endured on the part of that gentleman and his political associates can doubt for a moment. But I must beg leave to say, that when I observed such compliments proceeding from such a quarter, it occurred to me that it might be well to put ourselves upon our guard against these praises, and remember the good old maxim, timeo Danaos et dona ferentes; and, upon a little reflection, I was convinced that the qualities to which the honourable gentleman alluded, however specious and captivating at first sight, instead of being friendly to virtue, tend rather to encourage the progress of vice, and that they are peculiarly favourable

vourable to the success of that system, to which your labours, Sir, are particularly opposed, but which the party, with which Mr. Sheridan acts, seem determined to patronize, at the risk of every thing which they can picture to themselves as valuable or desirable in this life—I need scarcely say, that I mean the system of Jacobinism.

I am very ready to admit, that our improvements in civilization and literature have, in many respects, produced an advantageous effect upon our manners. We are certainly entitled to say, from experience, "ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes, emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros." But if we take a comprehensive view of the subject, and poise the scales with impartiality, I fear that we shall find no cause to felicitate ourselves, upon a comparison. of the present with former times. Even in those respects to which Mucius particularly alludes, I much doubt whether we can boast of a change for the better. He seems to think that we excel our ancestors in the theory and practice of our holy religion-in the performance of moral duties-in an abatement of a spirit of litigation-and in a diminution of the vices of gaming, drunkenness, and duelling. All this seems to me, at best, to be problematical. I fear, indeed, that a great and alarming increase of infidelity—that a growing profligacy of manners, particularly evidenced by the most frequent, flagrant, shameless, and aggravated violations of the nuptial tie-that the scandalous indecency with which our half dressed females (to the disgrace of their fathers and husbands, as well as their own,) present themselves, without a blush, to the public eye-I fear, Sir, that these considerations alone must decide the question against the present age, even if we could plead an amendment in regard to the vices of drunkenness . K3

drunkenness, gaming, and duelling. But, in another view, the character of modern times exhibits a still more unfavourable and alarming aspect.

I am not conscious of a cynical disposition; but I must confess that, according to my own observations, the character of the age is a mental indifference and apathy—an insensibility of disposition—a selfishness of so narrow and contracted a kind, as to defeat its own purposes—an absence of shame—a contempt for opinion—a disregard to appearances, to events, and to consequences. It seems to me that the human mind is becoming callous, and approaching to a state of torpor. This dreadful change may, in a great degree, be attributed to a long series of prosperity—to habits of ease and indulgence, as well as of luxury and dissipation—to the facility with which not only the necessaries, but the comforts, of life, may be obtained. The vigour, both of mind and body, depends upon exertion; and both become debilitated in proportion as their powers are suffered to lie dormant. The great improvements which mankind have made in commerce, agriculture, and arts, enable them to acquire the means of subsistence at a much less expence of labour, than heretofore was necessary for the same purpose; and every class of society is in the possession of enjoyments which were formerly confined to those of a superior station. Hence it is that those habits of industry, œconomy, and self-denial, which are calculated to infuse vigour into the mind, are considerably weakened, and the languor and love of case, which have succeeded to activity and diligence, have produced habits of life which are calculated, by a kind of re-action, to increase the cause from which they proceed. Among those habits may be reckoned that new arrangement of time, which excludes the invigorating

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rating influence of early rising and early rest, and which obliges us, that we may be able to drag through our business, to delay our meals until the stomach has almost lost its powers of converting them into the means of nourishment and strength. The consequence of all this seems to be (not an improvement in virtue, as your correspondent supposes,) but a change of vices—a change, in my opinion, much for the worse—a change analogous to that which takes place in the human body when, instead of the raging fever, which indicates a vigorous constitution, the deadening palsy exhibits a melancholy proof of the decay of the animal powers.

To this alteration in the character of the age may be ascribed the alarming progress, and, indeed, the existence, of Jacobinism, which as naturally proceeds from such a cause, as contagion from putrefaction. What else could have engendered such characters as the modern philosopher, and the cold-hearted Jacobin, who, without a feeling of repugnance, or an emotion of pity, can continue and accomplish the destruction of the whole human race? What else could have produced a system of such boundless mischief, as that which has for its object the overthrow of all the political and religious establishments of the earth-of the social order of the whole world. The obvious want of spirit and energy to defend those establishments, could alone have afforded occasion to so flagitious a project. Such a design would, probably, never have been conceived, if the human mind had been in its full vigour. But certainly it would never, in that case, have been attended with such success as we have now occasion to deplore.

But, perhaps, it may be asked, do not the conceptions of so daring a project, and the energy with which it has been pursued, abundantly refuse my hypothesis of the mental apathy of the age? I answer, that these circumstances only prove the proneness of human nature to what is evil. The soil, from which labour alone can derive a rich harvest of nutritious grain, will spontaneously produce, in great abundance, the rank and nexious, weed. And at all times the smooth and flowery descents of vice have presented an easy and tempting passage to those who have wanted resolution and vigour to ascend the craggy steeps of virtue. But the infernal system of Jacobinism is so contrived as to call into action every corrupt and criminal propensity, and even every foible and weakness of human nature. It not only holds out a gratification to every species of vice, public and private, but it can assume the semblance of virtue, in order to cajole those who are conscious of no other wish than to promote the happiness of their fellow-creatures; but, who, for want of sound and sober judgement, and by their credit for good characters and good intentions, are easily rendered the greatest foes to that happiness. It can enlist in its service the mad speculatist and the fanatical reformer, as well as the most dissolute of man-It can address itself to every description of per-It flatters the young with an early independence -the vain with consequence—the ambitious with power -the restless and discontented with a change—the vicious with an indulgence of their passions—the inferior orders of society with an equalization of rank and property, and every one with a removal of those restraints which he finds most irksome and grievous. No wonder, then, that this insidious and active principle, combining into one action, and directing to one end, the endervours of all, who, from whatever motive, are dissatisfied with the subsisting order of things, and favoured by a relaxation of every religious and moral principle, by a licen-

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licentiousness of manners, and by a listlessness and lukewarmness on the part of its opponents .- No wonder, then, Isay, that this principle of Jacobinism should have made so alarming a progress toward the overthrow of every social institution. On the contrary, if the welldisposed part of mankind do not instantly rouze themselves to a sense of their danger—if they do not open their eyes on the gulph which is before them, and (laying aside that pernicious moderation, candour, and liberality, which have fostered the mischief into its present magnitude,) if they do not call forth all their powers to avert the impending ruin—the only wonder will be, if, in a very short space of time, they do not see the whole earth become one vast theatre of desolation, carnage, and anarchy—one universal exhibition of those tragical scenes, of which the French Revolution has been but the rehearsal, and which will terminate in the subjection of the miserable and spirit-broken survivors of the human race, to the merciless domination of the vilest of the species. Indeed, Sir, when I think of the astonishing unconcern with which mankind contemplate the tremendous example of France, and of every country where either French arms, or the French principles have gained an ascendancy, I cannot help giving way to an apprehension that such an infatuation is the result of supernatural influence, and that it has been decreed by Providence, for the benefit of posterity, to make the example more complete, and to warn future ages, at the expence of the present race of men, against the adoption of those principles which, under the imposing names of philosophy, philanthropy, and freedom, attack the very foundations of society, by inspiring a contempt for all authority, human and divine.-Heaven grant that this melancholy apprehension may be.

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be unfounded! At all events, it is our duty to exect our atmost endeavours to counteract the growing mischief; and, for my part, I am determined, in case of the worst, not to have my portion of the general woe aggravated by the reproaches of my own conscience, but to secure to myself the consolitory reflection of having omitted nothing, within the scope of my humble powers, to avert so shocking a catastrophe.

I am sorry, Mr. Editor, that I must dissent as much from the conclusion, as from the premises, of your wellmeaning, but, as I think, mistaken correspondent. He looks with confidence from what he calls the general zeal and individual exertion displayed in this country, to the issue of the present conflict. Sir, I see with satisfaction, and, indeed, with exultation, a striking difference between this country and the other states of Europe, at the present awful crisis. We are the only people who have displayed any thing like energy, and, from the success which has hitherto attended our exertions, it is easy to infer what we might do if we were fully to unfold our native character. But I think it my duty to take off the mask of flattery, and to tell my countrymen, that if they would save themselves and the rest of the world, they must boldly look this Jacobin system in the face. They must encounter it with all the hatred and indignation which such a compound of vice, perfidy, and malice ought to inspire. must be on their guard against its insidious arts and its hypocritical disguises, as well as against its most open and violent attacks. They must oppose with unabating ardour, and treat with just severity, all persons, of whatever description, who favour its progress. They must lay aside, with regard to such persons, that ridiculous squeamishness, which assumes the specious epithet xert.

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of moderation,\* but which is, in reality, but a symptom of weakness and of timidity. To act with moderation, while the battle rages, is the ready way to ensure a defeat.

Sir, upon the event of the contest in which we are engaged (I mean not merely our military struggle, but our moral contest with the system of Jacobinism itself,) depends the important question—Whether human existence, which has always been considered as a subject of thanksgiving, shall be a blessing or a curse? The die is now cast, and the fate of civil society is staked upon it. The enemy has passed the Rubicon, and he will destroy us if he be not destroyed. There can be no compromise; no capitulation. All must either be saved or lost. In such a conflict there are but two descriptions of persons—friends and foes. Whoever is not for us, is against us. In this high treason against society there

\* It would be an useful, though a very unpleasing task, to trace the numerous instances which might be produced, to prove that, even in this country, an absurd and ruinous affectation of liberality has assumed the place of that manly decision and energy which alone are calculated to avert the ruin which stares us in the face. I will mention one of these instances, which cannot be stated without exciting astonishment. It is notorious that, till very lately, the various departments of government have contributed, by their advertisements, to the support of those very papers which have, for years, been labouring in a cause, the object of which is the overthrow of all established government. That this mischievous system of suicide has been at length renounced, and that we no longer see the columns of these papers teem with such advertisements, may be attributed, Mr. Editor, in a great degree, at least, to your salutary admonitions. Let government and its friends (who, thank Heaven, are infinitely the most numerous, though infinitely the least active part of society,) adopt, even now, a sufficient degree of energy, and the country will be saved.

can be no degrees of guilt. All are principals. Even lukewarmness is a high crime and misdemeanor, as it leads to the most fatal consequences. Then let us hear no more, at such a time, of amiability and gentlenessof candour, liberality, and moderation-of conciliating, mild, and generous feelings. Such qualities are now not virtues, but vices. They tend only to stifle energy, to frustrate exertion, and to accelerate ruin. They will disqualify us for the contest, expose us to contempt, and give the adversary a decisive advantage over us. They are, in short, but other names for pusillanimity and treachery. When the enemy is at the gate, and preparing to plant the ladders against the walls, the duties of a good citizen are, vigilance, firmness, and intrepidity. Whoever refuses to join in vigorously repelling the attack, is either a coward or a traitor, and, instead of having any claim to liberality or indulgence, deserves the scorn and execration of mankind.

> I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

> > CATO.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

THE priority of intelligence which has ever distinguished our paper, will, we trust, receive additional lustre from the extraordinary news which we now lay before the public. We received it by a neutral ship which arrived in the river last night; and feel ourselves much indebted to the attention of our correspondent, a currant merchant at Zante, for its early communication.

munication. Without arrogating to ourselves that merit which is (perhaps) justly our due, we think ourselves justified in asserting, that it is not only the earliest, but, if we are not much mistaken, the only account which will appear in the prints of this day respecting the successes of Buonaparte.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM GENERAL BUONAPARTE
TO THE COMMANDANT AT ZANTE.

"Athens, 18 Prairial.

"CITIZEN GENERAL,

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"Victory still attends us. I inclose you a copy of a letter which I have this day written to the Directory.

"Health and fraternity,

"BUONAPARTE."

" Head-Quarters, Salamis, 18 Prairial.

" CITIZEN DIRECTORS,

"The brave soldiers who conferred liberty on Rome have continued to deserve well of their country. Greece has joyfully received her deliverers. The tree of liberty is planted on the Piræus. Thirty thousand Janissaries, the slaves of despotism, had taken possession of the isthmus of Corinth.' Two demi-brigades opened us a passage. After ten days fighting we have driven the Turks from the Morea. The Peloponnesus is now free. Every step in my power has been taken to revive the ancient spirit of Sparta. The inhabitants of that celebrated city, seeing the black broth of my troops, and the scarcity of specie to which we have been long accustomed, will, I doubt not, soon acquire the frugal virtues of their ancestors. As a proper measure of precaution I have removed all Pitt's gold from the country.

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"Off this island we encountered the fleet of the Sultan. The Mahometan crescent soon fled before the three-coloured flag. Nine sail of the line are the fruits of this victory. The Captain Pacha's ship, a second rate, struck to a national corvette. My Aid-de-Camp will present you with the model of a Trireme, which was found among the archives of Athens. Vessels of this description draw so little water, that our naval architects may perhaps think them more eligible than rafts, for the conveyance of the Army of England. Liberty will be sufficiently avenged, if the ruins of a Grecian city furnish us with the means of transporting the conquerors of Rome to Britain.

"On landing at this island I participated in a scene highly interesting to humanity-A poor fisherman, of the family of Themistocles, attended by his wife, a descendant of the virtuous Phryne, fell at my feet. I received him with the fraternal embrace, and promised him the protection of the republic. He invited me to supper at his hut; and, in gratitude to his deliverer, presented me with a memorable oyster shell, inscribed with the name of his illustrious ancestor. As this curious piece of antiquity may be of service to some of the Directory, I have inclosed it in my dispatches, together with a marble tablet, containing the proper form for pronouncing the sentence of Ostracism on Royalist Athenians.

"Kleber, whom I had ordered to Constantinople, informs me that the capital of Turkey has proved an easy conquest.—Santa-Sophia has been converted into a temple of reason; the Seraglio has been purified by Theo-Philanthropists; and the liberated Circassians are learning from our sailors the lessons of equality and fraternity. A detachment has been sent to Troy for the

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purpose of organizing the department of Mount Ida.— The tomb of Achilles has been repaired; and the bust of Briseis (which formed part of the pedestal) restored to its original state, at the expence of the female citizen

Buonaparte.

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"The division of the fleet, destined for Egypt, has anchored in the port of Alexandria. Berthier, who commands this expedition, informs me that this port will soon be restored to its ancient pre-eminence; and that its celebrated Pharos will soon be fit to receive the Reverberes which have been sent from the Rue St. Honoré.

"Baraguay D'Hilliers, with the left wing of the Army of Egypt, has fixed his head-quarters at Jerusalem. He is charged to restore the Jews to their ancient rights. Citizens Jacob Jacobs, Simon Levi, and Benjamin Solomons, of Amsterdam, have been provisionally appointed Directors.—The palace of Pontius Pilate is rebuilding for their residence. All the vestiges of superstition in Palestine have been carefully destroyed.

"Theg you will ratify a grant which I have made of the Temple of the Sun at Palmyra to a society of Illuminati from Bavaria. They may be of service in extend-

ing our future conquests.

"I have received very satisfactory accounts from Desaix, who had been sent, by Berthier, with a demi-brigade, into the interior of Africa. That fine country has been too long neglected by Europeans. In manners and civilization it much resembles France, and will soon emulate our virtues. Already does the torrid zone glow with the ardour of freedom. Already has the altar of liberty been reared in the Caffrarian and Equinoctial Republics. Their regenerated inhabitants have sworn eternal amity to us at a civic feast, to which a detach-

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ment of our army was invited. This memorable day would have terminated with the utmost harmony, if the Caffrarian Council of Ancients had not devoured the greatest part of General Desaix's Etat-Major for their supper. I hope our Ambassador will be instructed to require that civic feasts of this nature be omitted for the future. The Directory of the Equinoctial Republic regret that the scarcity of British cloth in Africa, and the great heat of the climate, prevent them from adopting our costume.

"We hope soon to liberate the Hottentots, and to drive the perfidious English from the extremities of Africa and of Europe. Asia, too, will soon be free. The three-coloured flag floats on the summit of Caucasis; the Tigrine Republic is established; the Cis and Trans-Euphratean Conventions are assembled: and soon shall Arabia, under the mild influence of French principles, resume her ancient appellation, and be again denominated 'the Happy.'

"In the course of the next decade I shall sail to the canal which is now cutting across the isthmus of Suez. The polytechnic school and corps of geographical engineers are employed in devising means for conveying my heavy artillery across the great desart. Soon shall India hail us as her deliverers; and those proud islanders, the Tyrants of Calcutta, fall before the Heroes of Accola.

"The Members of the National Institute, who accompanied the squadron to Egypt, have made a large collection of antiquities for the use of the Republic. Among the scattered remains of the Alexandrine library they have found a curious treatise, in Arabic, respecting camels; from which it appears that human beings, by proper

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proper treatment, may, like those useful animals, be trained to support thirst and hunger, without complaining .- Many reams of papyrus have been collected, as it is thought that, during the present scarcity of linen and old rags in France, it may answer all the purposes of paper.—Cleopatra's celebrated obelisk has been shipped on board the Admiral's ship L'Orient, ci-devant Sans Culottes: another man of war has been freighted with the Sphinx, which our engineers removed from Grand Cairo, and which, I trust, will be thought a proper ornament for the hall of audience of the Directory. The cage in which Bajazet was confined has been long preserved at Bassora; it will be transmitted to Paris as a proper model for a new Cayenne Diligence.—I beg leave to present to the Director Merlin a very curious book, bound in Morocco leather, from Algiers. It is finely illuminated with gold, and contains lists of the various fees usually received by Deys and their Ministers from Foreign Ambassadors.—A broken column will be sent from Carthage. It records the downfall of that commercial city, and is sufficiently large for an inscription (if the Directory should think proper to place it on the banks of the Thames) to inform posterity that it marks the spot where London once stood.

"Health and respect,
"BUONAPARTE.\*"

<sup>\*</sup> This letter, which exhibits an admirable specimen of true irony, was taken, by the sapient conductor of a daily print, for the genuine production of BUONAPARTE, and, as such, announced to his readers. EDITOR.

# TO THE EDITOR OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

#### COALITION OF KINGS.

Ου δα διαβολης καθαφουείν, ουδ' αν σφοδο 'η Ψευδες επιζανί' αυξαναν άυθην τίνες, Δὶ ούς φυλαθεσθαι τα τοιαυί' ορθως εχει.

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SIR.

T having been shewn that the pretended treaties of A Pavia and Pilnitz are not only unsupported by proof, and inconsistent with each other, but also that they abound with internal evidence of forgery, little more remains to be said respecting these celebrated documents of Jacobin history. It will be for those who may hereafter rely, on them to adduce some authority in their support, to find some means of reconciling them with each other, and of making them consistent with themselves .- Till then, every presumption is against them. But even when these difficulties shall have been surmounted, there will still remain many circumstances of direct and positive proof applying not merely to these particular fabrications, but to the whole pretence of a hostile confederacy against France, formed, as it is said, by the continental powers, and countenanced by the British Government.

This tale has too long deceived the ignorant, and embarrassed the loyal and well disposed. It has, however, begun to lose its currency in this country. Late events

events have shaken the faith even of the most credulous, and the defence of the conduct and principles of the French Republic is no longer a favourite theme of eloquence with British patriots. Even Mr. Fox declares that "France has now thrown off the Mask, "if indeed," as he is pleased to add, "she ever did assume it.\*" That the mask was assumed, and that it deceived Mr. Fox, and his adherents, it is very much their interest that we should believe. For what other plea can be found for any part of their public conduct?—It is well, however, if they are even now undeceived, and if they have at length recognized the savage features of that turbulent and sanguinary democracy, through all its flimsy disguises of liberty, philanthropy, and peace.

If any thing be still wanted to strengthen their conversion, it may, perhaps, be found in the decisive refutation of the trite and hackneyed story of a Coalition of Kings, by whose aggression the unoffending French were driven to the necessity of war. The task is not difficult, nor will the discussion be long. The origin, operation, and existence of such a coalition, if ever it did exist, must have been comprised within the compass of a few months. In the beginning of 1791 all the principal powers of Europe were armed against each other. It was not till the autumn of that year that the preliminaries of peace were signed between Russia and the Porte; and in April, 1792, war was declared by France.

At the end of August, 1791, the interview took place at Pilnitz between the Emperor Leopold, and the late King of Prussia. The very terms of the declaration then published by these two sovereigns, respecting the

<sup>\*</sup> See his late speech at the Whig Club.

affairs of France, supply decisive evidence, not only that no hostile confederacy had before that time been entered into, nor indeed any league or concert whatever on the subject, but also that none such was formed at Pilnitz. For this declaration (a paper perfectly frivolous, and nugatory in its tenor and effect,) refers in every part of it to some future concert, the result of an understanding to be established among all the powers of Europe. And the whole of the assurances, weak, and unmeaning as they are, which this instrument contains, are expressly made dependant on that groundless and visionary expectation.

The Marquis de Bouille, an unquestionable witness on this subject, and who came to Pilnitz with the most sanguine ideas of extensive and combined operations which he supposes to be in agitation, states himself + to have been completely undeceived by this declaration. "It amounted," as he justly observes, "to nothing. The two expressions, then, and in that case, positively shewed that the intervention of all the other powers was necessary before the Emperor, or the King of Prussia, would take any offensive and active measures. The views of the Emperor," he adds, "were pacific, while those of the King of Prussia, on the contrary, were entirely hostile."-So far were these sovereigns from having then laid the foundations of an extensive confederacy, that they were not at that moment acting in concert on the subject, nor even agreed in their opinions and views respecting it.

There were other circumstances that might have undeceived a less experienced and penetrating statesman than M. de Bouille. The personal interviews of mo-

+ Bouille's Memoires, P. 423.

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narchs are seldom the occasions chosen for the transactions of important business; nor were the characters of those two sovereigns likely to create an exception to the general rule. The French princes were not invited to this conference, which they would certainly have been, if their cause had been the object of it. No military preparations were then, or long afterwards, made, either by Austria or Prussia. Measures were not taken even for their own defence, much less for commencing hostile operations against France. In Luxembourg itself, Mons. de Bouille tells us, there were not three thousand men. In Flanders the case was still worse—the whole frontier had been dismantled; and even so late as in the spring of the following year it was still found destitute of all means of defence.

The past conduct of the Austrian Government had, indeed, afforded the most abundant evidence that its system was (as M. de Bouille describes it from the mouth of the Emperor himself, and of his principal officers and ministers,) uniformly and invariably pacific. At the time of the arrest of the King of France a decisive moment had been lost. If the Emperor had then followed the example which the King of Prussia had recently set him; if he had then acted in behalf of a brother and ally, as good faith, honour, justice, and policy required, years of calamity and torrents of blood would have been saved to Europe. The regicide party in France, though daring, was as yet comparatively weak. A great body of the people were still attached to the constitution of 1789, which they considered, like some of our English statesmen, as the utmost effort of human wisdom; and the interposition of so powerful an ally would, at that moment, have been decisive in the scale. Faithful to his pacific system, Leopold hesitated and

temporized. He studiously sought for delays which could only be ruinous to himself. For those measures which the crisis required from him alone, he applied to other powers, disunited from him, and divided among themselves. Even to them he proposed only that they should concur with him in useless and degrading representations: and he totally omitted to hold out to them any bond of union, any means of joint co-operation, any object of common interest.

Such was the nature of the circular letter which he wrote from Padua, about the beginning of July, on receiving the first intelligence of the King's arrest. The same character appeared in the declaration published at Pilnitz in August; and still more strongly in the subsequent notification which he made in the November following to all the Courts of Europe, on the occasion of the King's acceptance of the constitution—an act which, in defiance of truth, reason, and common notoriety, he affected to consider as voluntary, and which he assigned as a motive for suspending even the feeble steps which he had already taken towards the establishment of a general concert in Europe, with a view to common security.

By the same principles, of which many other instances might be given, his whole conduct was guided, to the very moment of his death; and no man who reflects upon these particulars can doubt the assertion of the Elector of Mayence, "a prince," as M. de Bouille says, "intimately connected with the cabinet of Vienna," and who said to him, when the French declared war soon after the death of Leopold—", You are happy that the French are the aggressors, OTHERWISE YOU WOULD HAVE HAD NO WAR.\*"

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<sup>\*</sup> Bouille's Memoires, p. 458.

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If then this was the situation and system of Austria, the principal member of this supposed confederacy, what was that of Great Britain, by whom it is so often asserted to have been planned, or, at least, encouraged? It would be easy to multiply proofs of the falsehood of that assertion. Three testimonies, however, may suffice, any one of which would be decisive. They are those of the King of Sweden, of the Emperor Leopold, and of M. Talleyrand, now Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Directory; but at that time employed by his unhappy sovereign to conduct the negociations of France at this Court.

The King of Sweden, as it appears from M. Bouille's Memoirs, really was forming at that period romantic projects of acting in support of monarchy in France. There are in that work several of his letters which prove it; and in one of these, of so late a date as September, 1791,\* it appears that so far from looking to any assistance from England, he entertained serious doubts even of her acquiescence in these designs, and expressly says, "the neutrality of England would be a great point."—And in another, written in the December following, he speaks of the naval preparations of France, without intimating the slightest hope that they would be opposed by this country.

On the 12th of September, the Emperor Leopold, conversing with M. de Bouille, told him that he had received a letter, in which the British Government expressed to him its determination TO OBSERVE THE MOST SCRUPULOUS NEUTRALITY. And in May, 1792, after the declaration of war against Austria, which France affected to justify, on the ground of the pretended con-

<sup>\*</sup> Bouille's Memoires, P. 434. + Ibid, P. 428.

cert against her, Talleyrand being sent over here to ne. gociate in conjunction with Chauvelin, was the beater of a public letter to his Majesty from the King of France, in which the latter, in express words, thanks his Majesty "for not having become a party to the concert formed by certain powers against France."

This examination is surely sufficient. If neither Austria nor England were parties to the pretended confederacy, it is of little importance to examine into the miserable weakness of Spain; to enquire with what views the Empress of Russia excited the King of Sweden to pursue his projects, and at the same moment thwarted the measures he was taking in support of them; \*- or to attempt to dive into the mysterious and contradictory schemes of Prussia. Each of those powers might have its separate objects of pursuit and policy. The Court of Madrid was, however, certainly in no disposition or condition to form confederacies against France; and the two Northern Powers were neither in union with Spain, nor with each other. Of the smaller powers and states of Europe, still less need be said. It is but too evident, that from the commencement of this struggle up to the periods of their successive ruin, they had but one wish, and laboured, but laboured ineffectually, to maintain their peace, and to preserve their existence, by a series of humiliating compliances, such as served only to inflame the arrogance of a government continually increasing in its pretensions, and pursuing, in one unvaried line, its unalterable and inherent enmity against the tranquillity of every state, and the happiness of every nation. I am. &c.

DETECTOR.

4 See Bouille's Memoirs, P. 436.

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Those who are in the habit of looking at our Answers to Corresnondents will see that this is not the first time Perseus has favoured us with his admonitions. In a former communication he objected to Mr. Higgins's illustration of " COCKTAILED MICE," by the Ovidian phrase "Coailibus Muris," informing us, " that MURIS, in the original, was derived from Murus, a Wall, and had nothing to do with mice." We have consulted our Ainsworth, and find the fact to be as he states it. We hardly need add, that his remarks will be carefully treasured up against a subsequent edition.-In his present favour, it will be seen that he again speaks with some acrimony of our favourite We take some credit to ourselves for our impartiality, in publishing so severe a stricture on our own taste and discernment; we might, indeed, indemnify ourselves for it, by publishing a variety of communications, expressive of the pleasure and advantage with which our works, as well as Mr. Higgins's, have been perused, and of the regret which is felt at their discontinuance-but we forbear.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

SIR,

DERSEUS (not Persius, but Gorgonis anguicomæ Perseus superator) begs to be informed, through the medium of your paper, whether you ever communicated to government the existence of a dangerous lodge or encampment of Knight Templars in London, which appears to be of the utmost consequence, as the probable hiding place and focus of action of some Irish delegates or chief conspirators in England? He is sorry to see that their champion, Mr. Higgins (who makes the waiter in the Rovers a Knight Templar) replying to his mistress, "It ought to be still more so, in proportion as it is generally more pure," (viz. his conscience, than that of a prince, implying,

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implying, that a prince's conscience is seldom, if ever. pure;) and continues with enthusiasm, "He who can spurn at wealth, when proffered as the price of crime. is greater than a prince,") which plainly insinuates, that princes are so mean as to get wealth by crimes, has prevailed to make your paper the vehicle of their principles, which tend to undermine morality, religion, and government, by giving publicity to his poisonous fictions; which certainly, to a well-informed mind, may cause a hearty laugh, such as the ludicrous song by Rogero, and the droll idea of placing syllabubs in the bar-room of an inn at Weimar, a drink never made use of, nor even known, in Germany, nor have they any proper bars or bar-rooms there, but kitchens and pantries. Also the pretty anachronisms, which prove that the flights of a libertine are not restrained by common rules, and would fain persuade every body to put himself above them.

As Mr. Higgins seems to be so well acquainted with Germany, he may know something of their Knight Templars, and, perhaps, may have heard of Pascual, who rescued Ben Bina from the daggers and poisons which the conspirators had prepared, when he exposed their mischievous tendency.

Let not the Knight Templars succeed by disseminating their principles, and afterwards, by swearing in the multitude in England, when ripe, as they have done in Ireland; and let the Pascual be found to neutralize their poison, and to oppose their progress. If the occult lodges are not checked, England cannot escape a French revolution (as Barruel observes.)

I have read a very pleasing anecdote in the Times.

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It is in substance as follows:—A drummer being taken prisoner by the rebels in Ireland, being demanded to drum, leaped upon it, and broke it to pieces, exclaiming, "No, the King's drum shall never be so dishonoured, as to beat for the rebels!" It is added, and I repeat it with sorrow, that the inhuman rascals instantly murdered the poor honest lad, whose sentiments proved his noble loyal mind. Such sentiments I should wish to see inculcated in the minds of the nation, as an antidote, and an opposition to the bombastic misguiding jargon of Sir Waiter, Kt. and Co. The finest poetical diction thrown away on mean and vile subjects, as, for instance, that the noble passion of love

"Shrinks shrivell'd shrimps, and opens oysters' hearts,"

beautiful as the thrice-repeated shr may be, does not convey any thing like the pleasure which some of the pretty and striking imitations of Horace, in your paper afford, as Rhodanique potor, rendered thus, "And P—t made merry by Champaign." This is innocent mirth and real wit, without detracting from the greatness of a worthy and able Minister. Also Horace's transformation (poetically) into a swan (the bird, or fowl, of Apollo,) very well imitated, in the Metamorphosis, into a stupid goose, with all its pleasing analogies, &c. is really charming.

But when I read the avowal Mr. H. makes of his end "to unhinge the present notions of men with regard to civil society, and to substitute, in lieu of a sober and regular discharge of the duties, &c. a wild desire of undefinable latitude and extravagance, &c. a contemptuous disgust at all that is, and a persuasion that nothing is as it ought to be—to operate a general discharge of EVERY man from

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every

not help thinking the man must be stark mad, or very blind, who wants thus to plunge us into barbarism, by such disorganizing hellish principles, if he really is in earnest.

Saturday, 23d June, 1798.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

SIR,

I AM indebted to a Member of the National Institute for a description of a very extraordinary plant now growing at Paris. As it was unknown to Tournefort, and has not even been noticed by the laborious Vaillant, in his Botanicon Parisiense, I flatter myself the inclosed account of it will gratify such of your readers as are admirers of the sexual system of Linnæus.

HORTENSIUS.

## DIRECTORI, C. Pentandria. O. Polygynia. L.

CALVX. — Pileus, Ianatus, scaber, campanulatus, ruber, † cauli lignoso, aphyllo, longissimo, erecto, superimpositus. Cauli † liber deest.

COROLLA.

- † The author, very properly, I think, notices the colour both of the Calyx and the Corolla. It should, however, be observed, that this is contrary to the usual practice of botanists, who never notice colour, because they say it makes no part of the character of plants. See Rousseau's second letter on botany.—N. Scriblerus Anti-Jacobinus.
- The French often plant this stem in the ground, as the English do the may-pole. It is singular, that this stalk of the Directoria, though

COROLLA.—Petala quinque, lanata, sericea, plumosa, colore cæruleoalbo-rubro rutidissima. Liliaceæ Capeti corollæ omnino dissimilia.

STAMEN.—Quinque corpuscula, sesquipedalia, carnosa, distincta, retroflexa, tunicata, quinquennalia. Unum sæpissime abortit. Anthera; globosa, unius unciæ plerumque ponderis.—(Vide Pistillum de usu Antheræ ad Fructificationem.)

PISTILLUM.\*—Germen lignosum, clavatum, oblongum, reflexum.—Styli innumerabiles.—Stylus; tubus cylindricus, trium fere pedum longitudinis, teres, lævis. Ad basin, germini affixus. Ligula, coriacea, fibulata, tubo subnectitur. Virga, longa, rigida, stricta, germini inserta, ad apicem styli extendit. Stylo laterale foramen ad basin. Filamenta plura foramen circum ambiunt. Stigma; trigonum, Ensiforme, acuminatum.

Of fructus maturetur, stamen, inclinatum, antheram pistilli stylo inserit. Ibi polline granulato circumfusa paulim requiescit. Mox pollen motu filamentorum foramen laterale circum-ambientium concussum, antheram longé protrudit. Quædam pistilla, germine et stigmate carentia, partes inferiores lignosas, rotatas, habent. His anthera insita aut major communi est, aut gravadi est polline, quod matura demittet, elastice explodens.

Pericarpium.—Biloculare involucium, humi serpens, altero loculamento 250, altero 500, capsulas,

though leafless and rotten, has, in the neologisme of the moderns, acquired the name of a tree; and, though without an inner bark (liber,) is called arbor liber tatis; ut lucus à non lucendo.—N. Scrib.

<sup>\*</sup> Lege, meo periculo pistol lum .- N. Scrib.

<sup>4</sup> Vide Linn. Phil. Bot. P. 53, 56, 90.

appendiculatas, linguiformes, geniculatas, quasdam

etiam campaniferas, continens.

Semina. — Innumerabilia, mucronata, cuspidata, lanceolata, dolabriformia. Directoria caulem scandentem habet, altissima petentem, plantis inferioribus sustinendum. Folia papyriformia, quadrata, lineis variis inscripta. Solo-granifero, vinifero, aurifero, gaudet. Ædes maximas, palatia, templa obumbrat. Gallis notissima est. Horto Luxemburgensi-Parisiensi luxuriat. In aliis Europæ Continentis partibus languescit. In Hollandià et Italià non sine culturà viget. Horto Kewensi, plantis rarioribus abundanti, abest. Unum stamen et quædam capsulæ nuperrimé in Guianam deportatæ sunt. An ibi fructus proferant, in dubio est.

QUALITATES.—Amara, nausea, hæmorroidalis, pur-

gativa.

Usus. — Plantarum medicinalium optima. Calyx insanientibus accommodatissimus pileus. Antheræ maximæ, cultello chirurgico celerius, membrum amputant. Ex minimis antheris anodynæ fiant pilulæ, quæ somnum (æternum, si opis sit) promoveant. Stigmata ad vene-sectionem paratissima. Folia papyriformia sæpissime assignata ad corpora, nimiâ pinguedine superbientia, justo regimine castiganda. Semina dolabriformia morbo-regio laborantibus pro remedio habetur. Capsulæ ursis esca gratissima.\*

Ut omnia uno verbo dicantur, Directoria, apud Francos, (uti Cocos, arbor celeberrimà, apud Indos,)

vistitûs, domûs, cibi, vices supplet.

POETRY.

<sup>\*</sup> Vide the story of the Swiss Bears attempting to devour a Deputy at Paris.

## POETRY.

#### INTRODUCTION TO THE POETRY

OF

#### THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

IN our anxiety to provide for the amusement as well as information of our readers, we have not omitted to make all the inquiries in our power for ascertaining the means of procuring Poetical assistance. And it would give us no small satisfaction to be able to report, that we had succeeded in this point, precisely in the manner which would best have suited our own taste and feelings, as well as those which we wish to cultivate in our readers.

But whether it be that good morals, and what we should call good politics, are inconsistent with the spirit of true poetry;—whether, "the Muses still with freedom. found" have an aversion to regular governments, and require a frame and system of protection less complicated than King, Lords, and Commons;—

and there only—or for whatever other reason it may be, whether physical, or moral, or philosophical, (which last is understood to mean something more than the other.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Whether primordial nonsense springs to life:

<sup>&</sup>quot; In the wild war of democratic strife."

we have not been able to find one good and true poet, of sound principles and sober practice, upon whom we could rely for furnishing us with a handsome quantity of sufficient and approved verse—such verse as our readers might be expected to get by heart, and to sing, as Monge describes the little children of Sparta and Athens singing the songs of freedom, in expectation of the coming of the Great Nation.

In this difficulty, we have had no choice, but either to provide no poetry at all,—a shabby expedient,—or to go to the only market where it is to be had good and ready made, that of the Jacobins—an expedient full of danger, and not to be used, but with the utmost caution and delicacy.

To this latter expedient, however, after mature deliberation, we have determined to have recourse; qualifying it, at the same time, with such precautions as may conduce at once to the safety of our readers' principles, and to the improvement of our own poetry.

For this double purpose, we shall select from time to time from among those effusions of the Jacobin muse, which happen to fall in our way, such pieces as may serve to illustrate some one of the principles on which the poetical, as well as the political doctrine, of the New School is established—prefacing each of them, for our readers' sake, with a short disquisition on the particular tenet intended to be enforced or insinuated in the production before them—and accompanying it with an humble effort of our own, in imitation of the poem itself, and in farther illustration of its principle.

By these means, though we cannot hope to catch the wood-notes wild" of the bards of freedom, we may yet acquire, by dint of repeating after them, a more complete

ness lies, than we could by mere prosaic admiration and if we cannot become poets ourselves, we at least shall have collected the elements of a Jacobin art of poetry for the use of those whose genius may be more capable of turning them to advantage.

It might not be unamusing to trace the springs and principles of this species of poetry, which are to be found, some in the exaggeration, and others in the direct inversion of the sentiments and passions which have, in all ages, animated the breast of the favourite of the muses, and distinguished him from the "vulgar throng."

The poet in all ages has despised riches and grandeur.

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The Jacobin poet improves this sentiment into a hatred of the rich and the great.

The poet of other times has been an enthusiast in the love of his native soil.

The Jacobin poet rejects all restriction in his feelings. His love is enlarged and expanded so as to comprehend all human kind. The love of all human kind is, without doubt, a noble passion; it can hardly be necessary to mention, that its operation extends to freemen, and them only, all over the world.

The old poet was a warrior, at least in imagination; and sung the actions of the heroes of his country, in strains, which "made ambition virtue," and which overwhelmed the horrors of war in its glory.

The Jacobin poet would have no objection to sing battles too—but he would take a distinction. The prowess of Buonaparte, indeed, he might chaunt in his loftiest strain of exultation. There we should

find

find nothing but trophies, and triumphs, and branches of laurel and olive, phalanxes of republicans shouting victory, satellites of despotism biting the ground, and geniusses of liberty planting standards on mountaintops.

But let his own country triumph, or her allies obtain an advantage; — straightway the "beauteous face of war" is changed; the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of victory are kept carefully out of sight—and we are presented with nothing but contusions and amputations, plundered peasants, and deserted looms. Our poet points the thunder of his blank verse at the head of the recruiting serjeant, or roars in dithyrambics against the lieutenants of press-gangs.

But it would be endless to chace the coy muse of Jacobinism through all her characters. Mille habet ornatus. The mille decenter habet, is, perhaps, more questionable. For in whatever disguise she appears, whether of mirth, or of melancholy, of piety, or of tenderness, under all disguises, like Sir John Brute in woman's clothes, she is betrayed by her drunken stagger and ruffian tone.

In the poem which we have selected for the edification of our readers, and our own imitation, this day, the principles which are meant to be inculcated speak so plainly for themselves, that they need no previous introduction.

#### INSCRIPTION

FOR THE APARTMENT IN CHEPSTOW CASTLE, WHERE HENRY MARTEN, THE REGICIDE, WAS IMPRISONED THIRTY YEARS.

For thirty years secluded from mankind Here Marten linger'd. Often have these walls Echoed his footsteps, as with even tread He pac'd around his prison: not to him Did nature's fair varieties exist; He never saw the sun's delightful beams; Save when through you high bars he pour'd a sad And broken splendour. Dost thou ask his crime? He had rebell'd against the King, and sat In judgement on him; for his ardent mind Shap'd goodliest plans of happiness on earth, And peace and liberty. Wild dreams! but such As Plato lov'd; such as with holy zeal Our Milton worshipp'd. Blessed hopes! awhile From man with-held, even to the latter days When Christ shall come, and all things be fulfill'd!

# (IMITATION.)

### INSCRIPTION

FOR THE DOOR OF THE CELL IN NEWGATE, WHERE MRS. BROWNRIGG, THE PRENTICE-CIDE, WAS CONFINED, PREVIOUS TO HER EXECUTION.

For one long term, or e'er her trial came, Here Brownrigg linger'd. Often have these cells Echoed her blasphemies, as with shrill voice

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She screamed for fresh Geneva. Not to her Did the blithe fields of Tothill, or thy street, St. Giles, its fair varieties expand; Till at the last in slow-drawn cart she went To execution. Dost thou ask her crime? She whipp'd two female 'prentices to death, And hid them in the coal-hole. For her mind Shap'd strictest plans of discipline. Sage schemes! Such as Lycurgus taught, when at the shrine Of the orthyan goddess he bade flog The little spartans; such as erst chastised Our Milton, when at college. For this act Did Brownrigg swing. Harsh laws! But time shall come,

When France shall reign, and laws be all repeal'd!

TN the specimen of Jacobin Poetry, which we gave in the preceding article, was developed a principle, perhaps one of the most universally recognized in the Jacobin creed; namely, "that the animadversion of human law upon human actions is, for the most part, nothing but gross oppression; and that, in all cases of the administration of criminal justice, the truly benevolent mind will consider only the severity of the punishment, without any reference to the malignity of the crime." This principle has, of late years, been laboured with extraordinary industry, and brought forward in a variety of shapes, for the edification of the public. It has been inculcated in bulky quartos, and illustrated in popular novels. It remained only to fit it with a poetical dress, which had been attempted in the Inscription for Chepstow

stow Castle, and which (we flatter ourselves) was accomplished in that for Mrs. Brownrigge's cell.

Another principle no less devoutly entertained, and no less sedulously disseminated, is the natural and eternal warfare of the POOR and the RICH. In those orders and gradations of society which are the natural result of the original difference of talents and of industry among mankind, the Jacobin sees nothing but a graduated scale of violence and cruelty. He considers every rich man as an oppressor, and every person in a lower situation as the victim of avarice, and the slave of aristocratical insolence and contempt. These truths he declares loudly, not to excite compassion, nor to soften the consciousness of superiority in the higher, but for the purpose of aggravating discontent in the inferior, orders.

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A human being, in the lowest state of penury and distress is a treasure to a reasoner of this cast—He contemplates, he examines, he turns him in every possible light, with a view of extracting from the variety of his wretchedness new topics of invective against the pride of property. He, indeed, (if he is a true Jacobin,) refrains from relieving the object of his compassionate contemplation; as well knowing that every diminution from the general mass of human misery must proportionably diminish the force of his argument.

This principle is treated at large by many authors. It is versified in sonnets and elegies without end. We trace it particularly by a poem by the same author from whom we borrowed our former illustration of the Jacobin doctrine of crimes and punishments. In this poem the pathos of the matter is not a little relieved by the absurdity of the metre. We shall not think it necessary to transcribe the whole of it, as our imitation does not

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pretend to be so literal as in the last instance, but merely aspires to convey some idea of the manner and sentiment of the original. One stanza, however, we must give, lest we should be suspected of painting from fancy, and not from life.

The learned reader will perceive that the metre is Sapphic, and affords a fine opportunity for his scanning and proving, if he has not forgotten them.

Cold was the night-wind: drifting fast the snows fell, Wide were the downs, and shelterless and naked: When a poor wand'rer struggled on her journey Weary and way-sore.

This is enough: unless the reader should wish to be informed how

Fast o'er the bleak heath rattling drove a Chariot; or how, not long after,

Loud blew the wind, unheard was her complaining on went the Horseman.

We proceed to give our Imitation, which is of the Amæbæan or Collocutory kind.

#### IMITATION.

# SAPPHICS.

# THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

## FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

"Needy knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blast;—your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches!

"Weary knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpikeRoad, what hard work 'tis crying all day, "Knives and
"Scissars to grind O!"

"Tell me, knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives? Did some rich man tyrannically use you? Was it the 'squire? or parson of the parish? Or the attorney?

"Was it the 'squire for killing of his game? or Covetous parson for his tythes distraining? Or roguish lawyer made you lose your little All in a law-suit?

"(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine?)

Drops of compassion tremble on my eye-lids, Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your

Pitiful story."

KNIFE-

#### KNIFE-GRINDER.

Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were

Torn in a scuffle.

"Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the Justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-Stocks for a vagrant.

" I should be glad to drink your honour's health in A pot of beer, if you would give me six-pence; But, for my part, I never love to meddle

With politics. Si

With politics, Sir."

## FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

"I give thee six-pence! I will see thee damn'd first— Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouze to vengeance—

Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,

Spiritless outcast!"

(Kicks the knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.)

# THE INVASION; in ball

OR, THE BRITISH WAR SONG.

To the tune of "Whilst happy in my native land."

WHILST happy in our native land,
So great, so fam'd in story,
Let's join, my friends, with heart and hand
To raise our country's glory:
When Britain calls, her valiant sons
Will rush in crouds to aid her—
Snatch, snatch your musquets, prime your guns,
And crush the fierce invader!
Whilst every Briton's song shall be,
"O give us death—or victory!"

Long had this favour'd isle enjoy'd

True comforts, past expressing,

When France her hellish arts employ'd

To rob us of each blessing:

These from our hearths by force to tear

(Which long we've learn'd to cherish)

Our frantic foes shall vainly dare:

We'll keep 'em, or we'll perish—

And every day our song shall be,

"O give us death—or victory!"

Let France in savage accents sing
In bloody revolution;
We prize our country, love our King,
Adore our constitution;

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For these we'll every danger face,
And quit our rustic labours;
Our ploughs to firelocks shall give place,
Our scythes be changed to sabres.
And, clad in arms, our song shall be,
"O give us death—or victory!"

Soon shall the proud invaders learn,
When bent on blood and plunder,
That British bosoms nobly burn
To brave their cannon's thunder:
Low lie those heads, whose wily arts
Have plann'd the world's undoing!
Our vengeful blades shall reach those hearts
Which seek our country's ruin:
And night and morn our song shall be,
"O give us death—or victory!"

When with French blood our fields manur'd,
The glorious struggle's ended,
We'll sing the dangers we've endur'd,
The blessings we've defended:
O'er the full bowl our feats we'll tell,
Each gallant deed reciting;
And weep o'er those, who nobly fell
Their country's battle fighting—
And ever thence our song shall be,
"'Tis Valour leads to Victory."

# LA SAINTE GUILLOTINE.

## A NEW SONG.

#### ATTEMPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

Tune, "O'er the vine-cover'd hills and gay regions of France."

FROM the blood-bedew'd valleys and mountains of France,
See the genius of Gallic Invasion advance!
Old Ocean shall wast her, unruffled by storm,
While our shores are all lin'd with the friends of reform.\*

Confiscation and murder attend in her train,
With meek-eyed sedition, the daughter of Paine; †
While her sportive poissardes with light footsteps are seen
To dance in a ring round the gay guillotine.

\* See proclamation of the Directory.

LA

to in the Courier of Nov. 30.

† The guillotine at Arras was, as is well known to every Jacobin, painted "Couleur de Rose."

This clamorous, discontented, foolish young man, has a fortune of 18,000l, per annum. He married the daughter of the King's banker. Lord Guildford married another. Strange coincidence! that two of the most inveterate enemies of his Majesty's Ministers should marry the daughters of his Majesty's Banker! It is remarkable that the father and grandfather of the young Baronet were not only Royalists, but Jacobites, which are the antipodes of Jacobins.

To London, "the rich, the defenceless" she comes—Hark! my boys, to the sound of the Jacobin drums! See corruption, prescription, and privilege fly, Pierc'd thro' by the glance of her blood-darting eye. While patriots, from prison and prejudice freed, In soft accents shall lisp the Republican creed, And with tri-colour'd fillets, and cravats of green, Shall croud round the altar of Saint Guillotine.

See the level of freedom sweeps over the land—
The vile aristocracy's doom is at hand!
Not a seat shall be left in a house that we know,
But for Earl Buonaparte and Baron Moreau.—
But the rights of the Commons shall still be respected;
Buonaparte himself shall approve the elected;
And the Speaker shall march with majestical mien,
And make his three bows to the grave guillotine.

Two heads, says our proverb, are better than one, But the Jacobin choice is for five heads or none. By Directories only can liberty thrive, Then down with the One, boys! and up with the Five! How our bishops and judges will stare with amazement, When their heads are thrust out at the national casement? When the national razor has shaved them quite clean, What a handsome oblation to Saint Guillotine.

<sup>†</sup> La petite fenetre and la razoire nationale, fondling expressions applied to the guillotine by the Jacobins in France, and their pupils here.

W E have already hinted at the principle by which the followers of the Jacobinical sect are restrained from the exercise of their own favourite virtue of charity. The force of this prohibition, and the strictness with which it is observed, are strongly exemplified in the following poem. It is the production of the same author whose happy effort in English Sapphics we presumed to imitate; the present effusion is in Dactylics, and equally subject to the laws of Latin prosody.

# THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

Weary way-wanderer, languid and sick at heart, Travelling painfully over the rugged road, Wild visag'd wanderer---ah for thy heavy chance.

We think that we see him fumbling in the pocket of his blue pantaloons; that the splendid shilling is about to make its appearance, and to glitter in the eyes, and glad the heart, of the poor sufferer.—But no such thing—The bard very calmly contemplates her situation, which he describes in a pair of very pathetical stanzas; and, after the following well-imagined topic of consolation, concludes by leaving her to Providence.

Thy husband will never return from the war again;
Cold is thy hopeless heart, even as charity,
Cold are thy famished babes---God help thee, widow'd one!

We conceived that it would be necessary to follow up this general rule with the particular exception, and to point out one of those cases in which the embargo upon

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upon Jacobin bounty is sometimes suspended: with this view we have subjoined the poem of

# THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.

#### DACTYLICS.

Come, little drummer boy, lay down your knapsack here: I am the soldier's friend—here are some books for you; Nice clever books, by TOM PAINE, the philanthropist.

Here's half-a-crown for you—here are some hand-bills

Go-to the barracks, and give all the soldiers some. Tell them the sailors are all in a mutiny.

[Exit drummer boy, with hand-bills and half-crown.—Manet soldier's friend.

Liberty's friends thus all learn to amalgamate, Freedom's volanic explosion prepares itself, Despots shall bow to the fasces of liberty,

Reason, philosophy, "fiddledum piddledum,"
Peace and fraternity, higgledy, piggledy,
Higgledy, piggledy, "fiddledum diddledum."

Et cætera, et cætera, et cætera.

# SONNET TO LIBERTY.

JUST guardian of man's social bliss! for thee
The paths of danger gladly would I tread:
For thee! contented, join the glorious dead,
Who nobly scorn'd a life that was not free!

But worse than death it pains my soul to see
The lord of ruin, by wild uproar led,
Hell's first-born, Anarchy, exalt his head,
And sieze thy throne, and bid us bow the knee!

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What though his iron sceptre blood-imbrued, Crush half the nations with resistless might; Never shall this firm spirit be subdu'd:— In chains, in exile, still the chaunted rite,

O Liberty! to thee shall be renew'd: O still be sea-girt Albion thy delight!

D.

WW E cannot enough congratulate ourselves on having been so fortunate as to fall upon the curious specimens of classical metre and correct sentiment which we made the subject of our late Jacobinical imitations.

The fashion of admiring and imitating these productions has spread in a surprizing degree. Even those who sympathize with the principle of the writer selected as our model seem to have been struck with the ridicule of his poetry.

In the Morning Chronicle came out a sapphic ode, apparently written by a friend and associate of our author, in which he is traverstied most unmercifully. And, to make the joke the more pointed, the learned and judicious Editor contrived to print the ode en masse, without any order of lines, or division of stanza; so that it was not discovered to be verse till the next day, when it was explained in a hobbling erratum.

We hardly know which to consider as the greater object of compassion in this case—the original odist thus parodied

parodied by his friend, or the mortified parodist thus mutilated by his printer. "Et tu, brute!" has probably been echoed from each of these worthies to his murderer, in a tone that might melt the hardest heart to pity.

We cordially wish them joy of each other, and we\* resign the modern Lesbian lyre into their hands without

envy or repining.

Our Author's Dactylics have produced a second imitation (conveyed to us from an unknown hand,) with which we take our leave of this species of poetry also.

# THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

#### DACTYLICS.

"Weary way-wanderer, languid and siek at heart, Travelling painfully over the rugged road; Wild-visaged wanderer, ah! for thy heavy chance."

\* Since writing the above we have received information, which we believe to be correct, that there exists at this moment, in some corner of the English literary world, an ode, Sapphic in metre, and Jacobin in sentiment, beginning with this line,

" Amos, how oft, when we have been at Highgate."

Our readers will, we trust, agree with us, that, notwithstanding our pledge here given, if this performance should chance to fall in our way, flesh and blood may not be able to resist it.

## IMITATION.

#### DACTYLICS

Being the quintessence of all the Dactylics that ever were, or ever will be, written.

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE FOREGOING.

Wearisome sonnetteer, feeble and querulous,
Painfully dragging out thy demo-cratic lays—
Moon-stricken sonnetteer, "ah! for thy heavy chance!"

Sorely thy Dactylics lag on uneven feet:
Slow is the syllable which thou would'st urge to speed,
Lame and o'erburthen'd, and "screaming its wretchedness!"

+ \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Ne'er talk of ears again! look at thy spelling-book;
Dilworth and Dyche are both mad at thy quantities—
Dactylics, call'st thou 'em?—" God help thee, silly
one!"

+ My worthy friend, the bellman, had promised to supply an additional stanza; but the business of assisting the lamp-lighter, chimney-sweeper, &c. with complimentary verses for their worthy masters and mistresses, pressing on him at this season, he was obliged to decline it.

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THE verses which we here present to the Public were written immediately after the Revolution of the Fourth of September.

IPSA mali Hortatrix scelerumque uberrima mater
In se prima suos vertit lymphata furores,
Luctaturque diù secum, et conatibus ægris
Fessa cadit, proprioque-jacet labefacta veneno.
Mox tamen ipsius rursum violentia morbi
Erigit ardentem furiis, ultroque minantem
Spargere bella procul, vastæque incendia cladis,
Civilesque agitare faces, totumque per orbem
Sceptra super Regum et Populorum subdita colla
Ferre pedem, et sanctas Regnorum evertere sedes.

Aspicis! Ipsa sui bacchatur sanguine Regis, Barbaraque ostentans feralis signa triumphi, Mole gigantæa campis prorumpit apertis, Successu scelerum, atque insanis viribus audax.

At quà Pestis atrox rapido se turbine vertit,
Cernis ibi, priscà morum compage solutà,
Procubuisse solo civilis fædera vitæ,
Et quodcunque Fides, quodcunque habet alma verendi
Religio, Pietasque et Legum fræna sacrarum.

Nec spes Pacis adhuc—necdum exsaturata rapinis Effera Bellatrix, fusove expleta cruore. Crescit inextinctus Furor, atque exæstuat ingens Ambitio, immanisque irâ Vindicta ranată Relliquias Soliorum et adhuc restantia Regna Flagitat excidio, prædæque incumbit opimæ. Una etenim in mediis Gens intemerata ruinis
Libertate probă justo libramine rerum
Securum faustis degit sub legibus ævum;
Antiquosque colit mores, et jura Parentum
Ordine firma suo, sanoque intacta vigore,
Servat adhuc, hominumque fidem, curamque Deorum.
Eheu! quanta odiis avidoque alimenta furori!
Quanta profunatas inter spoliabitur aras
Victima! si quando versis Victoria fatis
Annuerit scelus extremum, terrâque subactâ
Impius Oceani sceptrum fædaverit hostis!

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#### TRANSLATION.

PARENT of countless crimes, in headlong rage, War with herself see frantic Gallia wage, 'Till worn and wasted by intestine strife, She falls—her languid pulse scarce quick with life; But soon she feels thro' every trembling vein New strength collected from convulsive pain: Onward she moves, and sounds the dire alarm, And bids insulted nations haste to arm; Spreads wide the waste of war, and hurls the brand Of civil discord o'er each troubled land, While Desolation marks her furious course, And thrones subverted bow beneath her force.

Behold! she pours her monarch's guiltless blood. And quaffs with savage joy the crimson flood; Then, proud the deadly trophies to display Of her foul crime, resistless bursts away. Unaw'd by justice, unappall'd by fear, And runs with giant strength her mad career.

02

Where'en

Where'er her banners float in barbarous pride, Where'er her conquest rolls its sanguine tide, There, the fair fabric of establish'd law, There social order, and religious awe, Sink 'midst the general wreck; indignant there Honour and Virtue fly the tainted air; With those mild duties of domestic life That cheer the parent, that endear the wife, The lingering pangs of kindred grief assuage, Or soothe the sorrows of declining age.

Nor yet can hope presage th' auspicious hour When peace shall check the rage of lawless power; Nor yet th' insatiate thirst of blood is o'er, Nor yet has rapine ravaged every shore. Exhaustless passion feeds th' augmented flame, And wild ambition mocks the voice of shame; Revenge, with haggard look and scowling eyes, Surveys with horrid joy th' expected prize; Broods o'er each remnant of monarchic sway, And dooms to certain death his fancied prey.

For 'midst the ruins of each falling state
One favour'd nation braves the general fate,
One favour'd nation, whose impartial laws
Of sober freedom vindicate the cause;
Her simple manners, 'midst surrounding crimes,
Proclaim the genuine worth of ancient times;
True to herself, unconquerably bold
The rights her valour gain'd she dares uphold;
Still with pure faith her promise dares fulfill,
Still bows submission to th' Almighty will.

Just Heavens! how envy kindles at the sight!
How mad ambition plans the desperate fight!
With what new fury vengeance hastes to pour
Her tribes of rapine from you crouded shore!
Just Heav'ns! how fair a victim at the shrine
Of injur'd freedom shall her life resign,
If e'er propitious to the vows of hate
Unsteady conquest stamp our mournful fate,
If e'er proud France usurp our ancient reign,
And ride triumphant o'er th' insulted main!

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Far hence the unmanly thought—the voice of Fame Wasts o'er the applauding deep her Duncan's name, What tho' the conqueror of th' Italian plains Deem nothing gain'd, while this fair isle remains, Tho' his young breast with rash presumption glow, He braves the vengeance of no vulgar foe: Conqueror no more, full soon his laurel'd pride Shall perish—whelm'd in ocean's angry tide; His broken bands shall rue the fatal day, And scatter'd sleets proclaim Britannia's sway.

A Correspondent has adapted the beautiful poem of the Battle of Sabla, in "Carlyle's specimens of Arabian poetry," to the circumstances of the present moment. We shall always be happy to see the poetry of other times and nations so successfully engaged in the service of our country, and of the present order of society.

ust

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## THE CHOICE.

FROM THE BATTLE OF SABLA, IN CARLYLE'S SPECIMENS OF ARABIAN POETRY.

HAST thou not seen th' insulting foe In fancied triumphs crown'd? And heard their frantic rulers throw These empty threats around?

" Make now your choice! The terms we give "Desponding Britons, hear!

"These fetters on your hands receive, "Or in your hearts the spear."

Can we forget our old renown;
Resign the empire of the sea;
And yield at once our Sovereign's crown,
Our ancient laws and liberty?

Shall thus the fierce destroyer's hand. Pass unresisted o'er our native land? Our country sink, to barb'rous force a prey, And ransom'd England bow to Gallie sway?

- ". Is then the contest o'er?" we cried,
  "And lie we at your feet?
- " And dare you vauntingly decide.
  " The fortune we shall meet?
- " A brighter day we soon shall see;
  " No more the prospect lours;
- " And conquest, peace, and liberty, " Shall gild our future hours."

Yes! we will guard our old renown;
Assert our empire of the sea;
And keep untouch'd our Sovereign's crown,
Our ancient laws and liberty.

Not thus the fierce destroyer's hand Shall scatter ruin o'er this smiling land; No barb'rous force shall here divide its prey; Nor ransom'd England bow to Gallic sway.

The foe advance. In firm array
We'll rush o'er Albion's sands—
Till the red sabre marks our way
Amid their yielding bands!
Then, as they lie in death's cold grasp,
We'll cry, "our choice is made!
"These hands the sabre's hilt shall clasp,
"Your hearts shall feel the blade."

Thus Britons guard their ancient fame,
Assert their empire o'er the sea,
And to the envying world proclaim
One nation still is brave and free—

Resolv'd to conquer or to die True to their King, their laws, their liberty: No barb'rous foe here finds an easy prey— Unransom'd England spurns all foreign sway. without preface or introduction, by a Gentleman of the name of Ireland. We apprehend from the peculiarities of the style that it must be the production of a remote period. We are likewise inclined to imagine, that it may contain allusions to some former event in English history. What that event may have been we must submit to the better judgement and superior information of our readers; from whom we impatiently expect a solution of this interesting question. The Editor has been influenced solely by a sense of its poetical merit.

# THE DUKE AND THE TAXING-MAN.

WHILOME there lived in fair Englande
A Duke of peerless wealth,
And mickle care he took of her
Old constitution's health.

Full fifty thousand pounds and more
To him his vassals paid,
But ne to King, ne Countree, he
Would yield th' assessment made.

The Taxing-man, with grim visage,
Came pricking on the way,
The Taxing-man, with wrothful words,
Thus to the Duke did say:

Lord Duke, Lord Duke, thou'st hid from me,
"As sure as I'm alive,

" Of goodly palfreys seventeen,
" Of varlets twenty-five."

Then out he drew his grey goose quill, Ydipped in ink so black, And solely to Surchage the Duke, I trowe, he was ne slack.

Then 'gan the Duke to looken pale,
And stared as astound,
Twaie coneynge clerks,\* eftsoons he spies
Sitting their board around.

- " O woe is me," then cried the Duke,
  " Ne mortal wight but errs!
- "Yclept Commissioners."

The Duke he hied him to the Board, And straught 'gan for to say,

- " A seely † wight I am, God wot,
  " Ne ken I the right way.
- "These variets twenty-five were ne'er "Liveried in white and red,
- "Withouten this, what signifie "Wages, and board, and bed?

\* Twaie concynge clerks.—Concynge is the participle of the verb to ken or know. It by no means imports what we now denominate a knowing one; on the contrary, twaie concynge clerks means two intelligent and disinterested elergymen.

+ Seely is evidently the original of the modern word silly—A seely wight, however, by no means imports what is now called a silly fellow, but means a man of simplicity of character, devoid of all vanity, and of any strange ill-conducted ambition, which, if successful, would immediately be fatal to the man who indulged it.

" And,

- "And, by St. George, that stout horseman, "My palfreys seventeen,
- " For two years, or perchance for three,
  " I had forgotten clean."
- "Naie," quoth the clerk, "both horse and foot "To hide was thine intent,
- With good advisament.
- Surcharge, surchage, good Taxing-man,
  "Anon our seals we fix,
- " Of sterling pounds, Lord Duke, you pay "
  Three hundred thirty-six."

# EPIGRAM

ON THE PARIS LOAN, CALLED

# THE LOAN UPON ENGLAND.

The Paris cits, a patriotic band, Advance their cash on British freehold land. But let the speculating rogues beware— They've bought the skin—but who's to kill the bear?

A THE MARKET

<sup>+</sup> Good alluisament means—cool consideration.

# ODE TO ANARCHY.

BY A JACOBIN,

BEING AN IMITATION OF HORACE, ODE 25, BOOK 1

O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium !

GODDESS, whose dire terrific power
Spreads, from thy much-lov'd Gallia's plains,
Where'er her blood-stain'd ensigns low'r,
Where'er fell rapine stalks, or barb'rous discord reigns

Thou, who can'st lift to Fortune's height
The wretch by truth and virtue scorn'd,
And crush, with insolent delight,
All whom true merit rais'd, or noble birth adorn'd?

Thee oft the murd'rous band implores,
Swift-darting on its hapless prey:
Thee, wafted from fierce Afric's shores,
The Corsair Chief invokes to speed him on his way.

Thee the wild Indian tribes revere;
Thy charms the roving Arab owns;
Thee Kings, thee tranquil nations fear,
The bane of social bliss, the foe to peaceful thrones.

For, soon as thy loud trumpet calls

To deadly rage, to fierce alarms.

Just order's goodly fabric falls.

Whilst the mad people cries. To arms! to arms!

With thee Proscription, child of strife,
With Death's choice implements, is seen,
Her murd'rer's gun, assassin's knife,
And, "last, not least in love," her darling guillotine.

Fond hope is thine,—the hope of spoil,
And faith—such faith as ruffians keep:
They prosper thy destructive toil,
That makes the widow mourn, the helpless orphan weep.

Then false the hollow friends retire,
Nor yield one sigh to soothe despair;
Whilst crouds triumphant vice admire,
Whilst harlots shine in robes that deck'd the great and
fair.

Guard our fam'd chief to Britain's strand!

Britain, our last, our deadliest foe:

Oh, guard his brave associate band!

A band to slaughter train'd, and "nurs'd in scenes of woe."

What shame, alas! one little isle
Should dare its native laws maintain?
At Gallia's threats serenely smile,
And, scorning her dread pow'r, triumphant rule the main.

For this have guiltless victims died
In crouds at thy ensanguin'd shrine!
For this has recreant Gallia's pride
O'erturn'd religion's fanes, and brav'd the wrath divine!

What throne, what altar, have we spared To spread thy power, thy joys impart?

Ah, then, our faithful toils reward!

And let each faulchion pierce some loyal Briton's heart!

THE following song is recommended to be sung at all Convivial Meetings convened for the purpose of opposing the Assessed Tax Bill. The correspondent who has transmitted it to us informs us that he has tried it with great success among many of his well-disposed neighbours, who had been at first led to apprehend that the 120th part of their income was too great a sacrifice for the preservation of the remainder of their property from French confiscation.

You have heard of Rewbell,
That Demon of Hell,
And of Barras, his brother Director;
Of the canting Lepaux,
And that scoundrel Moreau,
Who betray'd his old friend and protector.

Would you know how these friends,

For their own private ends,

Would subvert our religion and throne?—

Do you doubt of their skill

To change laws at their will?—

You shall hear how they treated their own.

'Twas their pleasure to look,
In a little blue book,
At the code of their fam'd legislation,
That with truth they might say,
In the space of one day
They had broke every law of the nation.

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The first law that they see,
Is, "the press shall be free!"

The next is, "the trial by jury;"
Then, "the people's free choice;"
Then, "the members' free voice"—
When Rewbell exclaim'd in a fury—

- " On a method we'll fall
- "For infringing them all—
  "We'll seize on each printer, and member;
- " No period so fit
- "For a desperate hit,
  "As our old bloody month of September.
- " We'll annul each election
- "Which wants our correction,
  "And name our own creatures in stead.
- "When once we've our will,
- "No blood will we spill,
  "(But let Carnot be knock'd on the head.)
- " To Rochefort we'll drive
- "Our victims alive,
  "And as soon as on board we've got 'em,
- " As we destine the ship
- "For no more than one trip,
  "We can just make a hole in her bottom.
- "By this excellent plan,
- "On the true Rights of Man,
  "When we've founded our Fifth Revolution,
- "Though England's our foe,
- " An army shall go
  - "To improve HER corrupt constitution.

- "We'll address to the nation
- " A fine proclamation,
  - "With offers of friendship so warm-
- "Who can give Buonaparte
- "A welcome so hearty
  - "As the friends of a THOROUGH REFORM?"

## LINES

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1797.

LOUD howls the storm along the neighbouring

Britain indignant hears the frantic roar:
Her generous sons pour forth on every side,
Firm in their country's cause—their country's pride!
See wild invasion threats this envied land:
Swift to defend her springs each social band;
Her white rocks echoing to their chearful cry,
"God and our King," "England and Victory!"

Yes! happy Britain, on thy tranquil coast
No trophies mad philosophy shall boast!
Tho' thy disloyal sons, a feeble band,
Sound the loud blast of treason through the land,
Scoff at thy dangers with unnatural mirth,
And execrate the soil which gave them birth,
With jaundiced eye thy splendid triumphs view,
And give to France, the palm to Britain due:

Or when loud strains of gratulation ring—And lowly bending to the ETERNAL KING,
Thy SOVEREIGN bids a nation's praise arise
In grateful incense to the fav'ring skies—
Cast o'er each solemn scene a scornful glance,
And only sigh for Anarchy and France.

Yes! unsupported treason's standard falls, Sedition vainly on her children calls, While cities, cottages, and camps contend, Their King, their laws, their country to defend.

Raise, Britain, raise thy sea-encircled head, Round the wide world behold thy glory spread, Firm as thy guardian oaks thou still shalt stand, The dread and wonder of each hostile land; While the dire fiends of discord idly rave, And, mad with anguish, curse the severing wave.

Queen of the Ocean, lo! she smiles serene,
'Mid the deep horrors of the dreadful scene;
With heartfelt piety to Heaven she turns—
From Heaven the flame of British courage burns—
She dreads no power but His who rules the ball,
At whose great bidding empires rise and fall;
In Him, on peaceful plain, or tented field
She trusts, secure in His protecting shield—
Gallia, thy threat she scorns—Britain SHALL NEVER
YIELD.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

# TRANSLATION OF THE NEW SONG OF THE " ARMY OF ENGLAND."

# WRITTEN BY THE CI-DEVANT BISHOP OF AUTUN.

With Notes by the Translator.

OOD Republicans all,
The Directory's call
Invites you to visit John Bull;
Oppress'd by the rod
Of a King, and a God,\*
The cup of his misery's full.

Old Johnny shall see
What makes a man FREE;
Not parchments, nor statutes on paper;
And, stript of his riches,
Great charter, and breeches,
Shall cut a FREE citizen's caper.

General Danican, in his Memoirs, tells us, that while he was incommand, a felon who had assumed the name of Brutus, Chief of a Revolutionary Tribunal at Rennes, said to his colleagues, on Good Friday, "Brothers, we must put to death this day, at the same hour the Counter Revolutionist Christ died, that young devotée who was lately arrested:" and this young lady was guillotined accordingly, and her corpse treated with every possible species of indecent insult, to the infinite amusement of a vast multitude of spectators.

Then away, let us over
To Deal, or to Dover—
We laugh at his talking so big;
He's pamper'd with feeding,
And wants a sound bleeding—
Par Dieu! he shall bleed like a pig!

John, tied to the stake,
A grand baiting will make,
When worried by mastiffs of France;
What Republican fun
To see his blood run,
As at Lyons, La Vendée, and Nantz.†

+ The reader will find in the works of Peter Porcupine, (a spirited and instructive writer,) an ample and satisfactory commentary on this and the following stanza. The French themselves inform us, that, by the several modes of destruction here alluded to, upwards. of 30,000 persons were butchered at Lyons, and this once magnificent city almost levelled to the ground, by the command of a wretched actor, (Collot d'Herbois,) whom they had formerly hissed from the stage. From the same authorities we learn, that at Nantz 27,000 persons, of both sexes, were murdered: chiefly by drowning them in plugged boats. The waters of the Loire became putrid, and were forbidden to be drank by the savages who conducted the That at Paris 150,000, and in La Vendee 300,000 persons were destroyed. Upon the whole, the French themselves acknowledge that Two MILIONS of human beings (exclusive of the military) have heen sacrificed to the principles of Equality and the Rights of Man: 250,000 of these are stated to be WOMEN, and 30,000 CHILDREN. In this last number, however, they do not include the unborn; nor those who started from the bodies of their agonizing parents, and were stuck upon the bayonets of those very men who are now to compose the "Army of England," amidst the most savage acclamations.

With grape shot discharges,
And plugs in his barges,
With national razors good store,
We'll pepper, and shave him,
And in the Thames lave him—
How sweetly he'll bellow and roar!

What the villain likes worse,
We'll vomit his purse,
And make it the guineas disgorge;
For your Raphaels and Rubens
We would not give two pence;
Stick, stick to the Pictures of George.

No Venus of stone,
But of good flesh and bone,
Will do for a true Democrat;
When weary with slaughter,
With John's wife and daughter
We'll join in a little chit-chat.

The shop keeping hoard,
The tenant, and lord,
And the merchants,\* are excellent prey,
At our cannon's first thunder,
RAPE, PILLAGE, and PLUNDER
The ORDER still be OF THE DAY.

French

\* At Lyons, Jabogues, the second murderer, (the actor being the first,) in his speech to the Democratic Society, used these words—"Down with the edifices raised for the profit or the pleasure of the rich; down with them ALL. Commerce and Arts are useless to a warlike people, and are the destruction of that SUBLIME EQUALITY which France is determined to spread over the globe."

Such are the consequences of RADICAL REFORM!!! Let any merchant,

French fortunes and lives,
French danghters and wives,
Have FIVE HONEST MEN to defend em;
And Barras and Co.
When to England we go,
Will kindly take John's in commendam.

MUCH cannot be added to the concluding note of our unknown Correspondent (whom we thank for his most excellent Translation;) yet we will take the opportunity his appeal affords to address the following impressive lines from Johnson, to as many of the various ranks of people whom he enumerates, in his concluding note, as may hesitate to answer in the affirmative.

- " That wealth, too sacred for their country's use!
- " That wealth, too pleasing to be lost for freedom!
- "That wealth, which, granted to their virtuous Prince,
- " Had rang'd embattled nations at his side;
- " Thus, thus reserv'd to lure the wolves of France,
- " Adds shame to GRIEF, and infamy to RUIN.
- " Lamenting av'rice now too late discovers
- " Her own neglected in the PUBLIC safety."

merchant, farmer, or landlord: let any husband or father consider this, and then say, "Shall we or shall we not contribute a moderate sum, in proportion to our annual expenditure, for the purpose of preserving ourselves from the fate of Lyons, La Vendée, and Nantz?"

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## TO THE AUTHOR

OF THE

EPISTLE TO THE EDITORS OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

Which appeared in the Morning Chronicle.

NOSTRORUM SERMONUM CANDIDE JUDEX!

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PARD of the borrow'd lyre! to whom belong
The shreds and remnants of each hackney'd song;
Whose verse thy friends in vain for wit explore,
And count but one good line, in eighty-four!
Whoe'er thou art, all hail! thy bitter smile
Gilds our dull page, and cheers our humble toil!

For yet—tho' firm and fearless in the cause
Of pure religion, liberty, and laws,—
Tho' truth approv'd, tho' favouring Virtue smil'd—
Some doubts remain'd:—We yet were UNREVIL'D.

Thanks to thy zeal! those doubts at length are o'er!
Thy suffrage crowns our wish!—We ask no more
To stamp with sterling worth each honest line,
Than censure, cloth'd in vapid verse like thine!

But say—in full-blown honours dost thou sit 'Midst Brooks's Elders on the Bench of Wit, Where H—re, Chief-Justice, frames the stern decree While with their Learned Brother, sages three, F—p—tr—k, T—wnsh—d, Sh—r—d—n, agree?

Or art thou one—the party's flatter'd fool
Train'd in Debrett's, or Ridgeway's civic school—
One, who with rant and fustian daily wears,
Well-natured R-ch-ards-n! thy patient ears;—
Who sees nor taste nor genius in these times,
Save P—r's buzz prose,\* and C—rt-ney's kidnapp'd rhymes? †

Or

\* Buzz Prose.—The learned reader will perceive that this is an elegant menotonymy, by which the quality belonging to the outside of the head is transferred to the inside. Buzz is an epithet usually applied to a large wig. It is here used for swelling, burly, bombastic writing.

There is a picture of Hogarth's, (the Election Ball, we believe,) in which there are a number of hats thrown together in one corner of the room; and it is remarked, as a peculiar excellence, that there is not a hat among them, of which you cannot, to a certainty, point out the owner among the figures dancing, or otherwise distributed through the picture.

We remember to have seen an experiment of this kind tried with the Wig and Writings here alluded to, at one of the Universities. A page, taken from the most happy and elaborate part of the Writings, was laid upon a table in a barber's shop, round which a number of Wigs, of different descriptions and dimensions, were suspended, and, among them, that of the author in question. It was required of a young student, after reading a few sentences in the page, to point out among the Wigs, that which must, of necessity, belong to the head in which such sentences had been engendered. The experiment succeeded to a miracle.—The learned reader will now see all the beauty and propriety of the mentoronymy.

+ Kidnapp'd rhymes.—Kidnapp'd implies something more than stolen. It is, according to an expression of Mr. Sheridan's, (in the Critic,) "using other people's thoughts, as gipsies do stolen children—disfiguring them, to make them pass for their own."

This is a serious charge against an author, and ought to be well supported. To the proof then!

Or is it he,—the youth whose daring soul
With half a mission suoght the frozen pole;—
And then, returning from th' unfinish'd work,
Wrote half a letter,—to demolish Burke?
Studied Burke's manner,—aped his forms of speech;—
Tho' when he strives his metaphors to reach,

In an ode of the late Lord Nugent's are the following spirited lines;—

- " Tho' Cato liv'd-tho' Tully spoke-
- "Tho' Brutus dealt the godlike stroke,
  - "Yet perish'd fated Rome!"

The author, alluded to above, saw these lines, and liked them—as well he might; and as he had a mind to write about Rome himself, he did not scruple to enlist them into his service: but he thought it right to make a small alteration in their appearance, which he managed thus—Speaking of Rome, he says it is the place

" Where Cato liv'd."-

A sober truth: which gets rid at once of all the poetry and spirit of the original, and reduces the sentiment from an example of manners, virtue, patriotism, from the wita exemplar detit of Lord Nugent, to a mere question of inhabitancy. Ubi habitavit Cato—where he was an inhabitant householder, paying scot and lot, and had a house on the right hand side of the way, as you go down ESQUILINE-Hill, just opposite to the poulterer's—But to proceed—

" Where Cato liv'd-where Tully spoke-

"Where Brutus dealt the godlike stroke—
"By WHICH HIS GLORY ROSE!!!"

The last line is not kidnapped.

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We question whether the history of modern literature can produce an instance of a theft so shameless, and turned to so little advantage.

If, however, it be true (as we are informed) that to this author the world is indebted for the invaluable History of Molf Coggin, we acknowledge our obligation to him to be infinite. We have only to exclaim, O! si sic omnia!

One luckless slip his meaning overstrains, And loads the blunderbuss with B-df-d's brains.\*

\* And loads the blunderbuss with B-df-rd's brains.—This line is wholly unintelligible without a note. And we are afraid the note will be wholly incredible, unless the reader can fortunately procure the book to which it refers.

In the "part of a letter," &c. which was published by Mr. Robt. Ad—r, in answer to Mr. Burke's "Letter to the D. of B." nothing is so remarkable as the studious imitation of Mr. Burke's style.

His vehemence, and his passion, and his irony, his wild imagery. his far-sought illustrations, his rolling and lengthened periods, and the short quick pointed sentences in which he often condenses as much wisdom and wit as others would expand through pages, or through volumes—all these are carefully kept in view by his opponent, though not always very artificially copied or applied.

But imitators are liable to be led strangely astray: and never was there an instance of a more complete mistake of a plain meaning, than that which this line is intended to illustrate—a mistake no less than of a coffin for a corpse. This is hard to believe, or to comprehend—but you shall hear.

Mr. Burke, in one of his publications, had talked of the French "UNPLUMBING the dead, in order to destroy the living,"—by which he intended, without doubt, not metaphorically, but literally, stripping the dead of their LEADEN COFFINS, and then making them (not the DEAD but the COFFINS) into bullets"—A circumstance perfectly notorious at the time the book was written.

But this does not satisfy our author. He determines to retort Mr. Burke's own words upon him; and unfortunately "reaching at a metaphor," where Mr. Burke only intended a fact, he falls into the little mistake above-mentioned, and, by a stroke of his pen, transmutes the illustrious Head of the House of Russel into a metal, to which it is not for us to say how near, or how remote, his affinity may possibly have been.—He writes thus—" If Mr. Burke had been content with 'unplumbing' a dead Russel, and hewing HIM (mind! HIM!) into grape and canister, to sweep down the whole generation of his descendants," &c. &c. &c.

The thing is scarcely credible: but IT is so. We write with the book open before us.

Whoe'er

Whoe'er thou art—ne'er may thy patriot fire,
Unfed by praise or patronage expire!
Forbid it. Taste!—with compensation large
Patrician hands thy labours shall o'ercharge!\*
B—df—rd and Wh—tbr—d shall vast sums advance,
The Land and Malt of Jacobin finance!

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Whoe'er thou art!—before thy feet we lay,
With lowly suit, OUR NUMBER OF TO-DAY!
Spurn not our offering with averted eyes!
Let thy pure breath revive th' extinguish'd LIES!
Mistakes, Mis-statements, now so oft o'erthrown,
Rebuild, and prop with nonsense of thy own!
Pervert our meaning, and mis-quote our text—
And FURNISH US A MOTTO FOR THE NEXT!

# A BIT OF AN ODE TO MR. FOX.

In Imitation of the 20th Ode of the 2d Book of Horace.

ON (1) grey-goose quills sublime I'll soar,
To metaphors unreach'd before,
That scare the vulgar reader:
With style well-form'd from Burke's best books—
From rules of grammar (e'en Horn Tooke's)
A bold and free seceder.

\* Qu.—Surcharge?

(1) Non usitatà nec tenui ferar Pennà, biformis per liquidum æthera Vates.

I whom

I (2) whom, dear Fox, you condescend To call your honourable friend, Shall live for everlasting: That (3) Stygian gallery I'll quit, Where Printers croud me, as I sit Half-dead with rage and fasting.

I (4) feel! the growing down descends,
Like goose-skin, to my finger's ends—
Each nail becomes a feather:
My (5) cropp'd head waves with sudden plumes,
Which erst (like B—df—rd's, or his groom's,)
Unpowder'd, brav'd the weather.

I mount, I mount, into the sky,
"Sweet (6) bird," to (7) Petersburgh I'll fly;
Or, if you bid, to Paris;
Fresh missions of the Fox and Goose
Successful treaties may produce;
Tho' Pitt in all miscarries.

(2) Non ego, quem vocas Dilecte, Mæcenas, obibo.

(3) Nec Stygia cohibebor unda.

(4) Jamjam residunt cruribus asperae.
Pelles; et album mutor in alitem.

(5) Superné; nascunturque læves Per digitos humerosque plumæ

Visam gementis littora Bosphori Syrtesque Gætulas, (6) canorus Ales, (7) Hyperboreosque Campos. Scotch, (8) English, Irish Whigs shall read
The pamphlets, letters, odes, I breed,
Charm'd with each bright endeavour:
Alarmists (9) tremble at my strain
E'en (10) Pitt, made candid by champaign,
Shall hail A——r "the clever."

Tho' criticism assail my name,
And luckless blunders blot (11) my fame,
O! (12) make no needless bustle;
As vain and idle it would be
To waste one pitying thought on me,
As to (13) "UNPLUMB a R—ss—ll."

# ALARMING INCREASE OF MINISTERIAL STUPIDITY.

VERSIFIED BY THE ORIGINAL AUTHO'R.

"Your parade of mere patronage"—(think you we're geese
"A munificent mock'ry"—you ne'er mean to pay.

h.

And you say that my epigram's only a "thing,"
Which proves that you felt the said epigram's sting.
I wish you'd not write—but I cannot prevent ye,
As for mottos, good Sirs! I have got'em in plenty—
But with one I remain,

Yours,

Ass IN PRÆSENTI.

# THE ORIGINAL EPIGRAMMATIST.

ONE and three-pence a line. For such verses as mine!

O munificent patrons! O generous foes! See my muse mount the skies! How triumphant she flies,

While M-ra and N-ch-lls are grovelling in prose!

See each Jacobin scribe
How they vie for the bribe!

Tho'.C-rt-n-y detected, stands swelling with rage:

P—rs—ns shews up his lays; H—lcr—ft offers his plays—

Those damn'd in the closet, these damn'd on the stage.

Could S—th—y so traffic, Dactylic, or Sapplic,

Land and Malt could scarce furnish so boundless a sum;
'Twould exhaust, to reward
So prolific a bard,

The treasure of B-df-d, or Wh-tb-d, or Sh-m.

F

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th

One and three-pence in cash,.
For each line of their trash!

What Bank, what Exchequer, can bear this expence?

Pay me quick, Mr. Wr—t,

Ere Gr-th-d and Kn-ht

Make you bankrupt in cash, as THEY'RE bankrupts in sense.

# TO THE EDITOR OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

SIR,

n;

me

YOUR Epigram on selling the Bear's Skin led me, by way of amusement, to examine the history of that fable: and what entertained me most in the inquiry was the discovery, that it has been best versified by two French authors, La Fontaine and Desbillons. Benserade is mentioned also, but his works I do not possess. It is pleasing to see advice, so sensible, given to the French, by writers of their own country. La Fontaine turns it thus:

- " Mais qu'a-t-il dit à l'oreille
- " Car il t'approchoit de bien près
- " Te retournant avec sa serre?
- " Il m'a dit, qu'il ne faut jamais
- "Vendre la peau de l'ours qu'on ne l'ait mis par terre."

Desbillons, in his very terse Latinity, expresses it in the following manner:

- " Me monuit, inquit, ut ne pellem vendere,
- Wiventis ursi collibeat unquam mihi."

Q 3

As far as I can find, Laurentius Abstemius was the first person who gave the fable this particular turn. The Greek fable, attributed to Æsop, makes the Bear advise the man on the ground, "never again to trust a companion who would not stand by him," the other having taken refuge in a tree. This also is the point of the fable, as given by Avianus. But Abstemius has it, "Monuit me, inquit, ne deinceps ursi pellem vendere velim, nisi eum prius ceperim." In the homely style of our countryman John Ogilby, the advice is such as becomes John Bull, to give either to Lewis Baboon, or his successor Tiger Baboon.

He thus began—"Good Sir, what was't the Bear "Spake, when so long he whisper'd in your ear?" Who answer'd—"Bruin said, I did not well, "Before the Bear was slain, his skin to sell."

Nor ought the tame versification of the moral subjoined, to make us despise the good sense of it:

Fortune assists the bold; the valiant man Oft conqueror proves, because he thinks he can: But who too much flattering successes trust, Have fail'd, and found their honour in the dust.

That such may, and such will be, the event of the Gallic boasts, is the wish and the prophecy of every Anti-Jacobin. If you should like to have an English Version of Fontaine's fable at large, I have a rhynting friend who will undertake to furnish one. But, perhaps, quite enough has already been said upon the subject,

B. O. B.

# ACME AND SEPTIMIUS;

OR,

## THE HAPPY UNION.

CELEBRATED AT THE CROWN AND ANCHOR TAVERN-

FOX, (1) with Tooke to grace his side, Thus address'd his blooming bride—

- " Sweet! should I e'er, in power or place,
- " Another Citizen embrace;
- " Should e'er my eyes delight to lock
- " On ought alive, save John Horne Tooke,
- " Doom me to ridicule and ruin,
- " In the coarse hug (2) of Indian Bruin!"

He spoke; (3) and to the left and right, N-rf-lk hiccup'd with delight.

Tooke, (4) his bald head gently moving, On the sweet Patriot's drunken eyes, His wine-empurpled lips applies, And thus returns, in accents loving:

- (1) Acmen Septimius suos amores

  Tenens in gremio, mea, inquit, Acme

  Ni te perdite amo, &c.
- (2) Cæsio veniam obvius Leoni.
- (3) Hoc ut dixit, Amor sinistram, ut antè Dextram, sternuit approbationem.
- (4) At acme levitur caput reflectens
  Et dulcis pueri ebrios ocellos
  Illo purpureo ore suaviata.

Sic, inquit, mea vita-

- " So, my dear(5) Charley, may success
- " At length my ardent wishes bless,
- " And lead, through Discord's low'ring storm,
- " To one grand RADICAL REFORM!
- " As, from this hour I love thee more
- "Than e'er I hated thee before"

He spoke, (6) and to the left and right, N-rf-lk hiccup'd with delight.

With this good omen they proceed; (7)
Fond toasts their mutual passion feed;
In Fox's breast Horne Tooke prevails
Before (8) rich Ireland, † and South Wales! †
And Fox (un-read each other book,)
Is Law and Gospel to Horne Tooke.

When were such kindred souls (9) united! Or wedded pair so much delighted?

- (5) Septimille, &c.
- (6) Hoc ut dixit, Amor sinistram, &c.
- (7) Nunc ab auspicio bono profecti Mutuis animis amant, amantur: Unam Septimius misellus Acmen Mavult quam (8) Syrius Brittanniasque:
- (9) Quis ullos homines beatiores Vidit, quis venerem auspicatiorem?

## i.e. The Clerkship of the Pells in Ireland, and Auditorship of South Wales.

# TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

FOE TO THY COUNTRY'S FOES! 'tis THINE to claim's From Britain's genuine sons a British fame—
Too long French manners our fair isle disgrac'd;
Too long French fashions sham'd our native taste.
Still prone to change, we half-resolv'd to try
The proffer'd charms of French fraternity.

Fair was her form, and Freedom's honour'd name Conceal'd the horrors of her secret shame: She claim'd some kindred with that guardian pow'r, Long worship'd here in Britain's happier hour: Virtue and Peace, she said, were in her train, .The long-lost blessings of Astræa's reign-But soon the Vizor drop'd-her haggard face Betray'd the Fury lurking in the Grace-The false attendants that behind her press'd, In vain disguis'd, the latent guilt confess'd: Peace dropt her snow-white robe, and shudd'ring shew'd Ambition's mantle reeking fresh with blood; Presumptuous Folly stood in Reason's form, Pleas'd with the pow'r to ruin,-not reform; Philosophy, proud phantom, undismay'd, With cold regard the ghastly train survey'd; Saw Persecution g nash her iron teeth, While Atheists preach'd th' eternal sleep of death; Saw Anarchy the social chain unbind, And Discord sour the blood of human kind: Then talk'd of Nature's rights, and equal sway; And saw her system safe—AND STALK'D AWAY!

Foil'd by our ARMS, where'er in ARMS we met, With ARTS LIKE THESE, the foe assails us yet. Hopeless the fort to storm, or to surprize, More secret wiles his envious malice tries; Diseas'd himself, spreads wide his own despair, Pollutes the fount, and taints the wholesome air,

While many a chief, to glory not unknown,
Alarms each hostile shore, and guards our own,
'Tis Thine, the latent treachery to proclaim;
An humbler warfare, but the cause the same.
In vain had Pompey crush'd the Pontic Host,
And chac'd the pirate swarm from ev'ry coast;
Had not the civic consul's watchful eye
Track'd through the windings of conspiracy,
The crew that leagu'd their country to o'erthrow;
The base confederates of a Gallic\* foe:
Expos'd, confounded, sham'd, and forc'd away
The Jacobin Reformer† of his day.

Tis Thine a subtler mischief to pursue, And drag a deeper, darker, plot to view; Whate'er its form, still ready to engage, Detect its malice, or resist its rage; Whether it whispers low, or raves aloud, In sneers profane, or blasphemies avow'd;

\* Conjuravere Cives nobilissimi patriam incendere Gallorum gentem infestissimam nomini Romano in bellum arcessunt—Dux Hostium cum exercitu supra caput est.—Orat. Caton. ap. Sallust.

† Tum Catilina polliceri tabulas novas, proscriptionem locupletium, Magistratus, Sacerdotia, rapines, alia omnia que bellum atque lubido Victorum fert.—Sallust.

Insults

Insults its King, reviles its country's cause,
And, 'scap'd from justice, braves the lenient laws;—
Whate'er the hand in desp'rate faction bold,
By native hate inspir'd, or foreign gold;
Traitors absolv'd, and libellers releas'd,
The recreant Peer, or renegado Priest;
The Sovereign-People's cringing, crafty slave,
The dashing fool, and instigating knave,
Each claims thy care; nor think the labour vain;
VERMIN HAVE SUNK THE SHIP THAT RUL'D THE

'Tis Thine, with Truth's fair shield to ward the blow, And turn the weapon back upon the foe; To trace the skulking fraud, the candid cheat, That can retract the falsehood, yet repeat: To wake the listless slumbering as they lie, Lapt in th' embrace of soft security; To rouze the cold, re-animate the brave, AND SHEW THE CAUTIOUS ALLTHEY HAVE TO SAVE.

Erect that standard Alfred first unfurl'd,
Britain's just pride, the wonder of the world;
Whose staff is freedom's spear, whose blazon'd field
Beams with the Christian Cross, the Regal Shield;
That standard, which the Patriot Barons bore,
Restor'd, from Runimede's resounding shore;
Which since, consign'd to William's guardian hand,
Wav'd in new splendour o'er a grateful land;
Which oft in vain by force, or fraud, assail'd,
Has stood the shock of ages—and prevail'd.

Yes!—the BRIGHT SUN OF BRITAIN yet shall shine. The clouds are earth-born, but his fire divine; That temp'rate splendour, and that genial heat, Shall still illume, and cherish, empire's seat; While the red meteor, whose portentous glare, Shot plagues infectious through the troubled air; Admir'd, or fear'd no more, shall melt away, Lost in the radiance of HIS BRIGHTER DAY!

# LINES

WRITTEN UNDER THE BUST OF CHARLES FOX, AT THE CROWN AND ANCHOR.

T'LL not sell Uncle Noll, Charles Surface cries;-I'll not sell Charley Fox, John Bull replies: Sell him indeed! who'll find me such another?-Fox is above all price; so hold your bother.

Morning Post, Feb. 6.

TO make our readers some amends for this miserable Doggrel, we will present them, in our turn, with some lines written under a Bust, NOT at the Crown and Anchor, by an English Traveller. We believe they are more just, we are certain they are more poetical.

# LINES

WRITTEN UNDER THE BUST OF A CERTA ONCE PLACED BETWEEN THOSE OF DEMOSTHENES AND CICERO.

w si fto doi: W THE Grecian Orator of old, With scorn rejected Philip's laws, Indignant spurn'd at foreign gold, And triumph'd in his country's cause.

A foe

els books on the

A foe to ev'ry wild extreme, Mid civil storms, the Roman sage Repress'd Ambition's frantic scheme, And check'd the madding people's rage.

Their country's peace, and wealth, and fame, With patriot's zeal their labours sought, And Rome's, or Athen's, honour'd name Inspir'd and govern'd ev'ry thought.

Who now, in this presumptuous hour, Aspires to share th' Athenian's praise? -The advocate of foreign pow'r, The Æschines of later days.

What chosen name to Tully's join'd, Is thus announc'd to distant climes? -Behold, to lasting shame consign'd, The Catiline of modern times!

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### THE PROGRESS OF MAN.

### A DIDACTIC POEM.

In forty Cantos, with Notes critical and explanatory: chiefly of a philosophical Tendency.

DEDICATED TO R. P. KNIGHT, ESQ.

### CANTO FIRST.

#### CONTENTS.

The Subject proposed .- Doubts and Waverings .- Queries not to be answered -Formation of the stupendous Whole .- Cosmogony; or the Creation of the World:-The Devil-Man-Various Classes of Being: - Animated Beings - Birds - Fish - Beasts -The influence of the Sexual Appetin -on Tigers-on Whaleson Crimpt Cod-on Perch-on Shrimps-on Oysters.-Various Stations assigned to different Animals :- Birds-Bears-Mackarel.-Bears remarkable for their Fur-Mackarel cried on a Sunday-Birds do not graze-nor Fishes fly-nor Beasts live in the Water.-Plants equally contented with their lot :- Potatoes-Cabbage—Lettuce—Leeks—Cucumbers—Man only discontented -born a Savage; not choosing to continue so, becomes polished -resigns his Liberty-Priest-craft-King-craft-Tyranny of Laws and Institutions .- Savage Life-Description thereof: - The Savage free-roaming Woods-feeds on Hips and Haws-Animal Food-first notion of it from seeing a Tiger tearing his prey-wonders if it be good-resolves to try-makes a Bow and Arrow-kills a Pig-resolves to roast a part of it-lights a Fire -Apostrophe to Fires-Spits and Jacks not yet invented .- Digression-Corinth-Sheffield .- Love the most natural desire after Food.—Savage Courtship.—Concubinage recommended.—Satyrical Reflections on Parents and Children-Husbands and Wives -against Collateral Consanguinity.-Freedom the only Morality. &c. &c. &c.

### CANTO I.

THether some great, supreme, o'er-ruling pow'r Stretch'd forth its arm at nature's natal hour, Compos'd this mighty whole with plastic skill, Wielding the jarring elements at will? Or whether, sprung from Chaos, mingling storm, The mass of matter started into form? Or CHANCE ofer Earth's green lap spontaneous fling The fruits of autumn, and the flow'rs of spring? Whether MATERIAL SUBSTANCE unrefin'd, Owns the strong impulse of instinctive MIND, Which to one centre points diverging lines, Confounds, refracts, invig'rates and combines? Whether the joys of Earth, the hopes of Heav'n, By Man to God, or God to Man were given? If Virtue leads to bliss, or Vice to woe? Who rules ABOVE? or who reside BELOW? Vain questions all—shall man presume to know?

(V. 3.) A modern author, of great penetration and judgement, observes, very shrewdly, that "the cosmogony, or creation of the world, has puzzled the philosophers of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world? Sanconiathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain. The latter has these words—Anarchon ara hai ateleutaion to pan—which imply, that "all things have neither beginning nor end."—See Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.—See also Mr. Knight's Poem on the Progress of Civil Society.

(V. 12.) The influence of mind upon matter—comprehending the whole question of the existence of mind as independent of matter, or as co-existent with it, and of matter considered as an intelligent and self-dependent essence—will make the subject of a larger poem, in 127 books, now preparing under the same Auspices.

(V. 14.) See Godwin's Enquirer.—Darwin's Zoonomia.—Paine—Priestley, &c. &c. &c. Also all the French Encyclopedists.

(V. 16) Quæstio spinosa et contortula.

On all these points, and points obscure as these, Think they who will,—and think whate'er they please!

Let us a plainer, steadier theme pursue—

Mark the grim savage scoop his light canoe;—

Mark the dark rook, on pendant branches hung,

With anxious fondness feed her cawing young;—

Mark the fell leopard through the desert prowl,

Fish prey on fish, and fowl regale on fowl.—

25

How Lybian tigers' chawdrons love assails,

And warms, 'midst seas of ice, the melting whales;—

Cools the crimpt cod, fierce pangs to perch imparts,

Shrinks shrivell'd shrimps, but opens oysters' hearts;—

Then say, how all these things together tend

30

To one great truth, prime object, and good end?

First—to each living thing, whate'er its kind,
Some lot, some part, some station is assign'd.
The feather'd race with pinions skim the air—
Not so the mackarel, and still less the bear:

This roams the wood, carniv'rous, for his prey;
That with soft roe, pursues his watery way;—

(V. 26.) "Add thereto a tiger's chawdron."-Macbeth.

(V. 16, 27.) " In softer notes bids Lybian lions roar,

"And warms the whale on Zembla's frozen shore."

Progress of Civil Society, Book I. line 98.

(V. 29.) "An oyster may be cross'd in love"—Mr. Sheridan's Critic.

(V. 34.) Birds fly.

(V. 35.) But neither fish, nor beasts—particularly as here exemplified.

(V. 36.) The bear.

(V. 37.) The mackarel—There are also hard-roed mackarel. Sed de his alio loco.

This

This slain by hunters, yields his shaggy hide; That, caught by fishers, is on Sundays cried .-Little the free help of nature's weleven

But each contented with his humble sphere, 40 Moves unambitious through the circling year; Nor e'er forgets the fortunes of his race, Nor pines to quit, nor strives to change, his place. Ah! who has seen the mailed lobster rise, Clap his broad wings, and soaring claim the skies? 45 When did the owl, descending from her bow'r, Crop, 'midst the fleecy flocks, the tender flow'r; Or the young heifer plunge with pliant limb In the salt wave, and, fish-like, strive to swim? tron ano-4-mot con spatt

The same of plants—potatoes 'tatoes breed— 50) Uncostly cabbage springs from cabbage-seed; Lettuce to lettuce, leeks to leeks succeed; Nor e'er did cooling cucumbers presume To flow'r like myrtle, or like violets bloom.

(V. 38.) Bear's grease, or fut, is also in great request; being supposed to have a criniparous, or hair-producing, quality.

(V. 39) There is a special Act of Parliament which permits

Kollades faced every and classes in these mana

mackarel to be cried on Sundays.

(V. 45 to 49.) Every animal contented with the lot which it has drawn in life. A fine contrast to man-who is always discon-

(V. 49.) Salt wave-wave of the sea-" briny wave."-Poeta passim.

(V. 50 ) A still stronger contrast, and a greater shame to man, is found in plants; they are contented-he restless and changing. Mens agitat mihi, nec placida contenta quieta est.

(V. 50.) Potatoes 'tatoes breed. Elision for the sake of verse, not meant to imply that the root degenerates .- Not so with man-

on sei le caramon Mox daturos o non ten i sei les ...

Progeniem vitiosiorem.

R 3

of a low. -Man —Man only,—rash, refin'd, presumptuous Man, 55 Starts from his rank, and mars creation's plan. Born the free heir of nature's wide domain, To arts strict limits bounds his narrow'd reign; Resigns his native rights for meaner things, For Faith and Fetters—Laws, and Priests, and Kings. 60

Lo! the rude savage, free from civil strife,
Keeps the smooth tenour of his guiltless life;
Restrain'd by none, save nature's lenient laws,
Quaffs the clear stream, and feeds on hips and haws.
Light to his daily sports behold him rise!
The bloodless banquet health and strength supplies.
Bloodless not long—one morn he haps to stray
Through the lone wood—and close beside the way
Sees the gaunt tiger tear his trembling prey;
Beneath whose gory fangs a leveret bleeds,
Or pig—such pig as fertile China breeds.

Struck with the sight, the wondering savage stands, Rolls his broad eyes, and clasps his lifted hands; Then restless roams—and loaths his wonted food; Shuns the salubrious stream, and thirsts for blood.

By thought matur'd, and quicken'd by desire, New arts, new arms, his wayward wants require.

(V. 61 to 66.) Simple state of savage life—previous to the pastoral, or even the hunter state.

(V. 66.) First savages disciples of Pythagoras.

(V. 67, &c.) Desire of animal food natural only to beasts, or to man in a state of civilized society. First suggested by the circumstance here related.

(V. 71.) Pigs of the Chinese breed most in request.

(V. 76.) First formation of a bow. Introduction of the science of archery.

From

65

7.0

From the tough yew a slender branch he tears,
With self-taught skill the twisted grass prepares;
Th' unfashion'd bow with labouring efforts bends
In circling form, and joins th' unwilling ends.
Next some tall reed he seeks—with sharp-edg'd stone
Shapes the fell dart, and points with whiten'd bone.
Then forth he fares—around in careless play,
Kids, pigs, and lambkins unsuspecting stray.

85
With grim delight he views the sportive band,
Intent on blood, and lifts his murderous hand,
Twangs the bent bow—resounds the fateful dart
Swift-wing'd, and trembles in a porker's heart.

Ah! hapless porker! what can now avail 90 Thy back's stiff bristles, or thy curly tail?
Ah! what avail those eyes so small and round,
Long pendant ears, and snout that loves the ground?

Not unreveng'd thou diest—in after times.

From thy spilt blood shall spring unnumber'd crimes. 95
Soon shall the slaught'rous arms that wrought thy woe,
Improv'd by malice, deal a deadlier blow;
When social Man shall pant for nobler game,
And 'gainst his fellow-man the vengeful weapon aim.

(V. 79.) Grass twisted, used for a string, owing to the want of other materials not yet invented.

(V. 83.) Bone—fish's bone found on the sea-shore, shark's teeth, &c. &c.

(V. 90) Ah! what avails, &c.—See Pope's Description of the Death of a pheasant.

(V. 93.) " With leaden eye that loves the ground."

(V. 94.) The first effusion of blood attended with the most dreadful consequences to mankind

(V. 97.) Social man's wickedness opposed to the simplicity of savage life.

As

As love, as gold, as jealousy inspires,
As wrathful hate, or wild ambition fires,
Urg'd by the stateman's craft, the tyrant's rage,
Embattled nations endless wars shall wage,
Vast seas of blood the ravag'd fields shall stain,
And millions perish—that a King may reign!

For blood once shed, new wants and wishes rise;
Each rising want invention quick supplies.
To roast his victuals is Man's next desire,
So, two dry sticks he rubs, and lights a fire,
Hail fire! &c. &c.

WE premised, that though we should not proceed regularly with the publication of the Didactic Poem, the Progress of Man—a work, which, indeed, both from its bulk, and from the erudite nature of the subject, would hardly suit with the purposes of a weekly paper—we should, nevertheless, give, from time to time, such extracts from it as we thought were likely to be useful to our readers, and as were, in any degree, connected with the topics or events of the times.

The following extract is from the 23d Canto of this admirable and instructive poem—in which the Author (whom, by a series of accidents, which we have neither the space, nor, indeed, the liberty, to enumerate at present, we have discovered to be Mr. Higgins, of St. Mary Axe,) describes the vicious refinement of

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<sup>(</sup>V. 100 and 101.) Different causes of war among men.

<sup>(</sup>V. 109.) Invention of fire—first employed in cookery, and produced by rubbing dry sticks together.

what is called civilized society, in respect to marriage, contends with infinite spirit and philosophy against the factitious sacredness and indissolubility of that institution, and paints, in glowing colours, the happiness and utility (in a moral, as well as political, view,) of an arrangement of an opposite sort, such as prevails in countries which are yet under the influence of pure and unsophisticated nature.

In illustration of his principles upon this subject, the Author alludes to a popular production of the German drama, the title of which is "The Reform'd Housekeeper," which he expresses a hope of seeing transfused into the language of this country. As we are not much conversant with German literature, and still less (such is the course of our occupations) with the British stage, we are not informed how far Mr. Higgins's hopes may have any chance of being realized. The recommendation of so judicious an Author cannot fail to have its weight; and, for our part, were we to have any voice in the matter, we have too great a respect for the order of females from among whom the heroine of the piece in question is selected not to feel very much interested in the events of a drama, any way affecting the reputation of the sisterhood.

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# THE PROGRESS OF MAN. CANTO TWENTY-THIRD.

CONTENTS.

### ON MARRIAGE.

Marriage being indissoluble, the cause of its being so often unhappy .- Nature's Laws not consulted in this point .- Civilized Nations mistaken.-Otaheite-Happiness of the Natives thereof -Visited by Capt. Cook, in his Majesty's ship Endeavour-Character of Capt. Cook .- Address to Circumnavigation -Description of his Majesty's ship Endeavour-Mast, Rigging, Sea-sickness, Prow, Poop, Mess-room-Surgeon's Mate-History of one.- Episode concerning Naval Chirurgery.- Catching 2 Thunny-fish .- Arrival at Otaheite .- Cast Anchor .- Land .-Natives astonished. Love-Liberty-Moral-Natural-Religious-Contrasted with European Manners. - Strictness-License-Doctors' Commons-Dissolubility of Marriage recommended-Illustrated by a Game at Cards-Whist-Cribbage-Partners changed-Why not the same in Marriage?-Illustrated by a River-Love free.-Priests, Kings.-German Drama.-Kotzebue's "Housekeeper Reformed."-To be translated .- Moral Employments of Housekeeping described.-Hottentots sit and stare at each other-Query why?-Address to the Hottentots,-History of the Cape of Good Hope.—Resumé of the Arguments against Marriage. - Conclusion.

#### EXTRACT.

HAIL! beauteous lands (1) that crown the southern seas;

Dear happy seats of liberty and ease!

Hail! whose green coasts the PEACEFUL OCEAN laves,
Incessant washing with his watery waves!

Delicious

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<sup>(1)</sup> The ceremony of invocation (in didactic poems especially) is, in some measure, analogous to the custom of drinking toasts:

Delicious islands! to whose envied shore
Thee, gallant Cook! the ship Endeavour (2) bore.

There laughs the sky, where Zephyr's frolic train, And light-wing'd loves, and blameless pleasures, reign: There, when two souls congenial ties unite, No hireling Bonzes chaunt the mystic rite; Free every thought, each action unconfin'd, And light those fetters which no rivets bind.

There in each grove, each sloping bank along, And flow'rs, and shrubs, and odorous herbs among, Each shepherd (3) clasp'd, with undisguis'd delight, His yielding fair one in the captain's sight; Each yielding fair, as chance or fancy led, Preferr'd new lovers to her sylvan bed.

Learn hence, each nymph, whose free aspiring mind Europe's cold laws, (4) and colder customs (5) bind—

the corporeal representatives of which are always supposed to be absent, and unconscious of the irrigation bestowed upon their names. Hence it is that our author addresses himself to the natives of an island who are not likely to hear, and who, if they did, would not understand him.

(2) His Majesty's ship Endeavour.

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(3) In justice to our author, we must observe, that there is a delicacy in this picture, which the words, in their common acceptation, do not convey. The amours of an English shepherd would probably be preparatory to marriage, (which is contrary to our author's principles,) or they might disgust us by the vulgarity of their object. But in Otaheite, where the place of shepherd is a perfect sinecure, (there being no sheep on the island,) the mind of the reader is not-offended by any disagreeable allusion.

(4) Laws made by Parliament, or Kings.

(5) Customs voted or imposed by ditto, not the customs here alluded to.

O! learn

O! learn what nature's genial laws decree— What Otaheite (6) is, let Britain be!

Of whist or cribbage mark th' amusing game— The Partners changing, but the sport the same; Else would the gamester's anxious ardour cool, Dull every deal, and stagnant every pool. (7)

Yet must one (8) man, with one unceasing WIFE, Play the LONG RUBBER of connubial life.
Yes! human laws, and laws esteem'd divine,
The generous passion straighten and confine;
And, as a stream, when art constrains its course,
Pours it's fierce torrent with augmented force,
So, passion, (9) narrow'd to one channel small,
Unlike the former, does not flow at all.
For Love then only flaps his purple wings,
When uncontroul'd by Priestcraft, or by Kings.

(6) M. Bailly and other astronomers have observed, that, in consequence of the varying obliquity of the ecliptic, the climates of the circumpolar and tropical climates may, in process of time, be materially changed. Perhaps it is not very likely that even by these means Britain may ever become a small island in the South Seas. But this is not the meaning of the verse—the similarity here proposed relates to manners, not to local situation. (Note by the author.)

(7) " Multam accepit rimosa paludem."-Virgil.

(8) The word one here means all the inhabitants of Europe, (excepting the French, who have remedied this inconvenience,) not any particular individual. The author begs leave to disclaim every allusion that can be construed as personal:

(9) As a stream-simile of dissimilitude, a mode of illustration

familiar to the ancients.

creal to

Such

Such the strict rules that in these barbarous climes Choak youth's fair flow'rs, and feelings turn to crimes; And people every walk of polish'd life (10) With that two-headed monster, MAN and WIFE.

Yet bright examples sometimes we observe, Which from the general practice seem to swerve; Such as, presented to Germania's (11) view, A Kotzbue's bold emphatic pencil drew; Such as, translated in some future age, Shall add new glories to the British stage; While the mov'd audience sit in dumb despair, " Like Hottentots, (12) and at each other stare."

With look sedate, and staid beyond her years, In matron weeds a Housekeeper appears. The jingling keys her comely girdle deck-Her 'kerchief colour'd, and her apron check. Can that be Adelaide, that "soul of whim," Reform'd in practice, and in manner prim? On household cares intent, (13) with many a sight She turns the pancake, and she moulds the pie; Melts into sauces rich the savoury ham; From the crush'd berry strains the lucid jam;

(10) Walks of polished life, see "Kensington Gardens," a Poem.

(11) Germania—Germany; a country in Europe, peopled by the Germani; alluded to in Cæsar's Commentary, page 1, vol. ii, edit. prin.-See also several Didactic Poems.

(12) A beautiful figure of German literature. The Hottentots re-

markable for staring at each other-God knows why.

(13) This delightful and instructive picture of domestic life is recommended to all keepers of boarding schools, and other seminaries of the same nature.

Bids

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Bids brandied cherries, (14) by infusion slow, Imbibe new flavour, and their own forego, Sole cordial of her heart, sole solace of her woe! While still responsive to each mournful moan, The saucepan simmers in a softer tone.

### THE VISION.

### ARGUMENT.

Venus is represented as bringing to the Poet, while sleeping, her Son Cupid, with a request that he would teach him Pastoral Poetry—Bion complies, and endeavours to teach him the rise and progress of that art:—Cupid laughs at his instructions, and, in his turn, teaches his Master the Loves of Men and Gods, the Wiles of his Mother, &c.—Pleased with his Lessons, says Bion, I forgot what I lately taught Cupid, and recollect, in its stead, only what Cupid taught me.

# IMITATION, &c. WRITTEN AT ST. ANN'S HILL.

SCARCE had sleep my eyes o'erspread, Ere Alecto sought my bed; In her left hand a torch she shook, And in her right led J—n H—ne T—ke.

O Thou! who well deserv'st the bays, Teach him, she cried, Sedition's lays— She said, and left us; I, poor fool, Began the wily priest to school;

(14) It is a singular quality of brandied cherries, that they exchange their flavour for that of the liquor in which they are immersed.—See Knight's Progress of Civil Society.

Taught

Taught him how M—ra sung of lights
Blown out by troops o' stormy nights;
How E—sk—e, borne on rapture's wings,
At clubs and taverns sweetly sings
Of self—while yawning Whigs attend—
Self first, last, midst, and without end;
How B—df—d pip'd, ill-fatad bard!
Half drown'd, in empty Palace-yard;
How L—sd—ne, nature's simple child,
At B—w—d trills his wood-notes wild—
How these and more (a phrenzied choir)
Sweep with bold hand confusion's lyre,
Till madd'ning crowds around them storm
"For one grand radical reform!"

The stood silent for a while,
Listening with sarcastic smile;
Then in verse of calmest flow,
Sung of treasons, deep and low,
Of rapine, prisons, scaffolds, blood,
Of war against the great and good;
Of Venice, and of Genoa's doom,
And fall of unoffending Rome;
Of monarchs from their station hurl'd,
And one waste, desolated world.

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Charm'd by the magic of his tongue, I lost the strains I lately sung, While those he taught, remain impress'd For ever on my faithful breast.

DORUS.

SOMETHING like the same idea seems to have dictated the following stanzas, which appear to be a loose imitation of the beautiful dialogue of Horace and Lydia, and for which, though confessedly in a lower style of poetry, and conceived rather in the slang, or Brentford dialect, than in the classical doric of the foregoing poem, we have many thanks to return to an ingenious academical correspondent.

# THE NEW COALITION.

- F. When erst I coalesced with North, And brought my Indian bantling forth, In place—I smil'd at faction's storm, Nor dreamt of radical reform.
- T. While yet no patriot project pushing,
  Content I thump'd Old Brentford's cushion,
  I pass'd my life so free and gaily;
  Not dreaming of that d—d Old Bailey.
- F. Well! now my favourite preacher's Nickle, He keeps for Pitt a rod in pickle; His gestures fright th' astonish'd gazers, His sarcasms cut like Packwood's razors.
- T. Thelwall's my man for state alarm;
  I love the rebels of Chalk Farm;
  Rogues that no statutes can subdue,
  Who'd bring the French, and head them too.
- F. A whisper in your ear, J—hn H—rn, For one great end we both were born, Alike we roar, and rant, and bellow—Give us your hand, my honest fellow.

T. Charles,

T. Charles, for a shuffler long I've known thee: But come for once, I'll not disown thee; And since with patriot zeal thou burnest, With thee I'll live-or hang in earnest.

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Hein solls may be mir full, and store, (4)

THITHER, O Bacchus, in thy train, (1) Dost thou transport thy vot'ry's brain With sudden inspiration? Where dost thou bid me quaff my wine, And toast new measures to combine The Great and Little Nation?

Say, in what tavern I shall raise (2) My nightly voice in Charley's praise, And dream of future glories, When F-x, with salutary sway (Terror the Order of the Day) Shall reign o'er K-ng and Tories?

# HOR. LIB. 3. CARM. 25. DITHYRAMBUS.

(1) Quo me Bacche rapis, tui Plenum? quæ in nemora, aut quos agor in specus, Velox mente novâ?

(2) Quibus

note la Antris egregii Cæsaris aûdiar and word of except and The Leer Lernum meditans decusor tombe de se store a sacher 4 . And Stellis inserere, et consilio Jovis?

Parent

es,

My mighty feelings must have way! (3) A toast I'll give-a thing I'll say, As yet unsaid by any-

" Our Sov'reign Lord!"-let those who doubt My honest meaning, here me out-" His Majesty—THE MANY!"

Plain folks may be surpriz'd, and stare, (4) As much surpriz'd—as B—b Ad—r At Russia's wooden houses; And Russian snows, that lie so thick; (5) And Russian boors\* that daily kick, With barbarous foot, their spouses.

What joy, when drunk, at midnight's hour, (6) To stroll thro' Covent-Garden's bow'r Its various charms exploring; And, 'midst its shrubs and vacant stalls, And proud hiazza's crumbling walls, Hear trulls and watchmen snoring!

(3) Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc Indictum ore alio.

(4) Non secus in jugis Exsomnis stupet Evias, Hebrum prospiciens.

(5) Et nive candidam: Thracen, ac pede barbaro Lustratam Rhodopen:

(6) Ut mihi devio

Som two

Velox enelte nove

Rupes, et vacuum nemus Mirari libet!

\* There appears to have been some little mistake in the translator here. Rhodope is not, as he seems to imagine, the name of a woman, but of a mountain, and not in Russia. Possibly, however, the translator may have been misled by the inaccuracy of the traveller here alluded to.

Parent

Parent of wine, and gin, and beer, (7)
The nymphs of Billingsgate you cheer;
Naiads robust and hearty;
As Brookes's chairmen fit to wield
Their stout oak-bludgeons in the field,
To aid our virtuous party.

Mortals! no common voice you hear! (8)
Militia Colonel, Premier Peer,
Lieutenant of a County!
I speak high things! yet, god of wine,
For thee, I fear not to resign
These marks of royal bounty.

POR the authenticity of the inclosed ballad, we refer our readers to a volume of MS. poems discovered upon the removal of some papers, during the late alterations which have taken place at the Tax-Office, in consequence of the report of the Finance Committee.

It has been communicated to our Printer by an ingenious friend of his, who occasionally acts for the Deputy Collector of the Parish of St. Martin in the Fields; but without date, or any other mark, by which

(7) O Naiadum potens

Strack poor is -ke Sme-the-b to

Baccharumque valentium

Proceras manibus vertere fraxinos. I ab galacel oto?

(8) Nil parvum, aut humili modo,

Nil mortale loquar. Dulce periculum est,

O Lanæe sequi deum

Cingentem viridi tempora pampino.

we are enabled to guess at the particular subject of the composition.

# CHEVY CHASE.

GOD prosper long our noble King, Our lives and safeties all: A woeful story late there did In Britain's isle befall.

D—ke Sm—ths—n, of N—rth—mb—rl—nd, A vow to Go D did make; The choicest gifts in fair England, For him and his to take.

- " Excise and Customs, Church and Law, " I've begg'd from Master Rose;
- "The garter too—but still the blues "I'll have, or I'll oppose."
- " Now God be with him," quoth the King, " Sith 'twill no better be;
- " I trust we have within our realm " Five hundred good as he."

And soon a law, like arrow keen,
Or spear or curtal-axe,
Struck poor D—ke Sm—ths—n to the heart,
In shape of powder tax.

Sore leaning on his crutch, he cried,

" Crop, crop, my merry men all; " No guinea for your heads I'll pay,

" Though church and state should fall."

Again the Taxing-man appear'd—
No deadlier foe could be;
A schedule, of a cloth-yard long,
Within his hand bore he.

- "Yield thee, D—ke Sm—ths—n, and behold "The assessment thou must pay;
- "Dogs, horses, houses, coaches, clocks, "And servants in array."
- " Nay," quoth the Duke, " in thy black scroll " Deductions I espye—
- " For those who, poor, and mean, and low, "With children burthen'd lie.
- " And tho' full sixty thousand pounds
  " My vassals pay to me,
- " From Cornwall to Northumberland,
  " Through many a fair county;
- "Yet England's Church, its King, its Laws, "Its cause I value not,
- "Compar'd with this my constant text, "A penny sav'd, is got.
- " No drop of princely P—rcy s blood
  "Through these cold veins doth run;
- "With Hotspur's castles, blazon, name, "I still am poor Sm—ths—n.
- " Let England's youth unite in arms, " And every liberal hand

ain

"With honest zeal subscribe their mite,
"To save their native land:

- " I at St. Martin's vestry board " To swear shall be content,
- " That I have children eight, and claim "Deductions, ten per cent."

God bless us all from factious foes,
And French fraternal kiss;
And grant the King may never make
Another Duke like this.

### ODE TO JACOBINISM.

Daughter of hell, insatiate power,
Destroyer of the human race,
Whose iron scourge and mad'ning hour
Exalt the bad, the good debase;
Thy mystic force, despotic sway,
Courage and innocence dismay,
And patriot monarchs vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpity'd and alone!

When first to scourge the sons of earth,

Thy sire his darling child design'd,

Gallia receiv'd the monstrous birth—

Voltaire inform'd thy infant mind:

Well-chosen nurse! his sophist lore

He bade thee many a year explore;

He mark'd thy progress, firm tho' slow,

And statesmen, princes, leagu'd with their invet'rate foe.

Scar'd

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
The morals (antiquated brood)
Domestic virtue, social joy,
And faith that has for ages stood;
Swift they disperse, and with them go
The friend sincere, the gen'rous foe.
Traitors to God and Man avow'd,
By thee, now rais'd aloft, now crush'd beneath the croud.

Revenge, in blood-stain'd robe array'd,
Immers'd in gloomy joy profound;
Ingratitude, by guilt dismay'd,
With anxious eye wild glancing round,
Still on thy frantic steps attend:
With death, thy victim's only friend,
Injustice, to the truth severe,
And Anguish, dropping still the life-consuming tear.

Oh! swiftly on my country's head,
Destroyer, lay thy ruthless hand,
Nor yet in Gallic terrors clad,
Nor circled by thy Marseilles band,
(As by th' initiate thou art seen)
With thund'ring cannon, guillotine,
With screaming horror's funeral cry,
Fire, rapine, sword, and chains, and ghastly poverty.

Thy sophist veil, dread goddess, wear,
Falsehood insidiously impart;
Thy philosophic train be there,
To taint the mind, corrupt the heart;

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The gen'rous virtues of our isle,

Teach us to hate and to revile;

Our glorious charter's faults to scan,

Time-sanction'd truths despise, and preach thy Rights

of Man.

AN ENGLISH JACOBIN.

# TO THE EDITOR OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

SIR,

Saw, with strong approbation, your specimen of antient Sapphic measure in English, which I think far surpasses all that Abraham Fraunce, Richard Stanyhurst, or Sir Philip Sidney himself, have produced in that style-I mean, of course, your sublime and beautiful Knife-Grinder, of which, it is not too high an encomium to say, that it even rivals the efforts of that fine-ear'd Democratic Poet, Mr. Southey. But, you seem not to be aware, that we have a genuine Sapphic measure belonging to our own language, of which I now send a short specimen; and as it is always prudent, when we can, to forage upon the enemy, I will confess, that I took it from a roll of miscellaneous papers dropped in the Park by some Jacobin. The collection contained several other curious pieces, some not yet decyphered, which, should they prove important, I may perhaps communicate.

'i o built the mind, corrord the heart;

# THE JACOBIN.

I Am a hearty Jacobin,
Who own no God, and dread no sin,
Ready to dash thro' thick and thin
For freedom:

And when the teachers of Chalk Farm
Gave ministers so much alarm,
And preach'd that Kings did only harm,
I fee'd 'em,

By Bedford's cut I've trimm'd my locks,
And coal-black is my knowledge-box,
Callous to all, except hard knocks
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My eye a noble fierceness boasts,
My voice is hollow as a ghost's,
My throat oft wash'd by factious toasts
In humpers.

Whatever is in France, is right;
Terror and blood are my delight;
Parties with us do not excite

Enough rage.

Our boasted laws I hate and curse,
Bad from the first, by age grown worse,
I pant and sigh for univers-\*
al suffrage.

T

Wakefield

<sup>\*</sup> This division of the word is in the true spirit of the English, as well as the ancient, Sapphic.—See the Counter-scuffle, Counter-rat, and other poems in this style.

Wakefield I love—adore Horne Tooke, With pride on Jones and Thelwall look, And hope that they, by hook or crook, Will prosper.

But they deserve the worst of ills, And all th' abuse of all our quills, Who form'd of strong and gagging bills A cross pair.

Extinct since then each speaker's fire,
And silent ev'ry daring lyre,\*
Dum-founded they whom I would hire
To lecture.

Tied-up, alas! is every tongue
On which conviction nightly hung,†
And Thelwall looks, though yet but young,
A spectre.

Huzza! the French will soon invade,
And we shall drive a roaring trade;
To us will ev'ry Gallic blade

Be welcome:

And surely no more joyful sound
To Corresponders can be found;
Unless Marat should through the ground
From Hell come.

B. O. B.

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There is a doubt whether this word should not have been written Lyar.

<sup>†</sup> These words; of conviction, and hanging, have so ominous a sound, it is rather odd they were chosen.

WE cannot better explain to our readers the design of the poem from which the following extracts are taken, than by borrowing the expressions of the author, Mr. Higgins, of St. Mary Axe, in the letter

which accompanied the manuscript.

We must premise, that we had found ourselves called upon to remonstrate with Mr. H. on the freedom of some of the positions laid down in his other Didactic Poem, the Progress of Man; and had, in the course of our remonstrance, hinted something to the disadvantage of the new principles which are now affoat in the world, and which are, in our opinion, working so much prejudice to the happiness of mankind. To this Mr. H. takes occasion to reply—

"What you call the new principles, are, in fact, nothing less than new. They are the principles of primeval nature, the system of original and unadulterated

man.

"If you mean, by my addiction to new principles, that the object which I have in view in my larger work, (meaning the Progress of Man,) and in the several other concomitant and subsidiary Didactic Poems which are necessary to complete my plan, is to restore this first, and pure simplicity; to rescue and recover the interesting nakedness of human nature, by ridding her of the cumbrous establishments which the folly, and pride, and self-interest of the worst part of our species have heaped upon her—You are right—Such is my object. I do not disavow it. Nor is it mine alone. There are abundance of abler hands at work upon it. Encyclopædias, Treatises, Novels, Magazines, Reviews, and New Annual Registers, have, as you are well aware, done their part with activity, and with effect. It remained to bring

the heavy artillery of a Didactic Poem to bear upon the same object.

"If I have selected your paper as the channel for conveying my labours to the public, it was not because I was unaware of the hostility of your principles to mine, of the bigotry of your attachment to 'things as they are'—but because, I will fairly own, I found some sort of cover and disguise necessary for securing the favourable reception of my sentiments; the usual pretexts of humanity, and philanthropy, and fine feeling, by which we have, for some time, obtained a passport to the hearts and understandings of men, being now worn out, or exploded. I could not choose but smile at my success in the first instance, in inducing you to adopt my poem as your own.

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"But you have called for an explanation of these principles of ours, and you have a right to obtain it. Our first principle is, then—the reverse of the trite and dull maxim of Pope—'Whatever is, is right.' We contend, that 'Whatever is, is wrong'—that institutions, civil and religious, that social order, as it is called in your cant, and regular government, and law, and I know not what other fantastic inventions, are but so many cramps and fetters on the free agency of man's natural intellect and moral sensibility; so many badges of his degradation from the primal purity and excellence of his nature.

"Our second principle is, the 'eternal and absolute PERFECTIBILITY of MAN.' We contend that if, as is demonstrable, we have risen from a level with the cabbages of the field to our present comparatively intelligent and dignified state of existence, by the mere exertion of our own energies, we should, if these energies were not repressed and subdued by the operation of prejudice

prejudice and folly, by King-craft and Priest-craft, and the other evils incident to what is called civilized society, continue to exert and expand ourselves in a proportion infinitely greater than any thing of which we yet have any notion—in a ratio hardly capable of being calculated by any science of which we are now masters, but which would, in time, raise man from his present biped state, to a rank more worthy of his endowments and aspirations; to a rank in which he would be, as it were, all MIND, would enjoy unclouded perspicacity and perpetual vitality; feed on OXYGENE, and never DIE, but by his own consent.

" But though the poem of the Progress of Man alone would be sufficient to teach this system, and enforce these doctrines, the whole practical effect of them cannot be expected to be produced but by the gradual perfecting of each of the sublimer sciences—at the husk and shelf of which we are now nibbling, and at the kernel whereof, in our present state, we cannot hope to arrive. These several sciences will be the subjects of the several auxiliary Didactic Poems which I have now in hand, (one of which, entitled the Loves of the Triangles, I herewith transmit to you;) and, for the better arrangement and execution of which, I beseech you to direct your bookseller to furnish me with a handsome Chambers's Dictionary, in order that I may be enabled to go through the several articles alphabetically, beginning with Abracadabra, under the first letter, and going down to Zodiack, which is to be found under the last.

"I am persuaded that there is no science, however abstruse, nay, no Trade nor Manufacture, which may not be taught by a Didactic Poem. In that before you an attempt is made (not unsuccessfully) to enlist the IMAGINATION under the banners of GEOMETRY. Bo-

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rany I found done to my hands. And though the more rigid and unbending stiffness of a mathematical subject does not admit of the same appeals to the warmer passions, which naturally arise out of the sexual (or, as I have heard several worthy gentlewomen of my acquaintance, who delight much in the poem to which I allude, term it, by a slight misnomer no way difficult to be accounted for—the sensual) system of Linnaus;—yet I trust that the range and variety of illustration with which I have endeavoured to ornament and enlighten the arid truths of Euclid and Algebra, will be found to have smoothed the road of demonstration, to have softened the rugged features of elementary propositions, and, as it were, to have strewed the asses bridge with flowers."

Such is the account which Mr. Higgins gives of his own undertaking, and of the motives which have led him to it. For our parts, though we have not the same sanguine persuasion of the absolute perfectibility of our species, and are, at the same time, liable to the imputation of being more satisfied with things as they are, than Mr. Higgins and his associates-yet, as we are in at least the same proportion, less convinced of the practical influence of Didactic Poems, we apprehend little danger to our readers' morals, from laying before them Mr. Higgins's doctrine in its most fascinating shape. The poem abounds, indeed, with beauties of the most striking, various, and vivid imagery, bold and unsparing impersonifications; and similitudes and illustrations, brought from the most ordinary, and the most extraordinary, occurrences of nature, from history and fable, appealing equally to the heart and to the understanding, and calculated to make the subject of which the poem professes to treat, rather amusing than intelligible. We shall be agreeably surprized to hear that it

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it has assisted any young student, at either University, in his mathematical studies.

We need hardly add, that the plates illustrative of this poem (the engravings of which would have been too expensive for our publication) are to be found in Euclid's elements, and other books of a similar nature and tendency.

# THE LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES.

#### A MATHEMATICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL POEM.

INSCRIBED TO DR. DARWIN.

#### ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST CANTO.

Warning to the profane not to approach-Nymphs and Deities of Mathematical Mythology-Cyclois of a pensive disposition-Pendulums, on the contrary, playful-and why?-Sentimental union of the Naiads and Hydrostatics-Marriage of Euclid and Algebra-Pulley the emblem of Mechanics-Optics of a licentious disposition-distinguished by her Telescope and Green Spectacles.-Hyde-Park Gate on a Sunday Morning-Oockneys Coaches .- Didactic Poetry-Nonsensia-Love delights in Angles or Corners-Theory of Fluxions explained-Trochais, the Nymph of the Wheel-Smoke-Jack described-Personification of elementary or culinary Fire.-Little Jack Horner-Story of Cinderella-Rectangle, a Magician, educated by Plato and Menecmus-in love with three Curves at the same time-served by Gins or Genii-transforms himself into a Cone-The Three Curves requite his passion-description of them-Parabola, Hyperbola, and Ellipsis-Asymptotes-Conjugated Axes-Illustrations-Rewbell, Barras, and Lepaux-the Three virtuous Directors-Macbeth and the Three Witches-The Three Fates-The Three Graces-King Lear and his Three Daughters-Catherine Wheel .- Catastrophe of Mr. Gingham, with his Wife and Three Daughters overturned in a one-horse Chaise-Dislocation and Contusion two kindred Fiends-Mail Coaches-Exhortation to Drivers to be careful—Genius of the Post-Office—Invention of Letters

Letters—Digamma—Double Letters—remarkable Direction of one—Hippona, the Goddess of Hack-horses—Anecdote of the Derby Diligence—Parameter and Abscissa unite to overpower the Ordinate, who retreats down the Axis Major, and forms himself into a Square—Isosceles, a Giant—Dr. Rhomboides—Fifth Proposition, or Asses Bridge—Bridge of Lodi—Buonaparte—Raft and Windmills—Exhortation to the recovery of our Freedom—Conclusion.

STAY your rude steps, or e'er your feet invade,
The muses' haunts, ye sons of War and Trade!
Nor you, ye legion fiends of Church and Law,
Pollute these pages with unhallow'd paw!
Debas'd, corrupted, grovelling, and confin'd,
No Definitions touch your senseless mind;
To you, no Postulates prefer their claim,
No ardent Axioms your dull souls inflame;
For you no Tangents touch, no Angles meet,
No Circles join in osculation sweet!

(Line 1 to 4.) Imitated from the introductory couplet to the Economy of Vegetation.

"Stay your rude steps, whose throbbing breasts infold

"The legion fiends of glory and of gold."

This sentiment is here expanded into four lines.

(L. 6.) Definition-A distinct notion explaining the genesis of a thing.—Wolfius.

(L. 7.) Postulate-A self-evident proposition.

(L. 8) Axion-An indemonstrable truth.

(L. g.) Tangents—So called from touching, because they touch circles, and never cut them.

(L. 10.) Circles-See Chambers's Dictionary, article Circle.

(Ditto.) Osculation—For the Os-culation, or kissing of circles and other curves, see Huygens, who has veiled this delicate and inflammatory subject in the decent obscurity of a learned language.

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For me, ye Cissoids, round my temples bend
Your wandering curves; ye Conchoids extend;
Let playful Pendules quick vibration feel,
While silent Cyclois rests upon her wheel;
Let Hydrostatics, simpering as they go,
Lead the light Naiads on fantastic toe;
Let shrill Acoustics tune the tiny lyre;
With Euclid sage fair Algebra conspire;
Th' obedient pulley strong Mechanics ply,
And wanton Optics roll the melting eye!

20

I see the fair fantastic forms appear, The flaunting drapery and the languid leer;

(L 11.) Cissois—A curve, supposed to resemble the sprig of Ivy, from which it has its name, and therefore peculiarly adapted to

poetry.

(L. 12.) Conchois, or Conchylis—a most beautiful and picturesque curve; it bears a fanciful resemblance to a Conch shell. The Conchois is capable of infinite extension, and presents a striking analogy between the animal and mathematical creation. Every individual of this species, containing within itself a series of young Conchoids for several generations, in the same manner as the Aphides, and other insect tribes, are observed to do.

(L. 15.) Hydrostatics—Water has been supposed, by several of our philosophers, to be capable of the passion of love. Some later experiments appear to favour this idea—water, when prest by a moderate degree of heat, has been observed to simper, or simmer, (as it is more usually called.) The same does not hold true of any other

clement.

(L. 17.) Accoustics-The doctrine or theory of sound.

(L. 18.) Euclid and Algebra—The loves and nuptials of these two interesting personages, forming a considerable epis-ode in the third canto, are purposely omitted here.

(L. 19.) Pulley-So called from our Saxon word pull, signifying

to pull or draw.

Fair

Fair Sylphish forms—who, tall, erect, and slim,
Dart the keen glance, and stretch the length of limb;
To viewless harpings weave the meanless dance,
Wave the gay wreath, and titter as they prance.

Such rich confusion charms the ravish'd sight,
When vernal Sabbaths to the park invite;
Mounts the thick dust, the coaches croud along,
Presses round Grosvenor-gate the impatient throng; 30
White-muslin'd misses and mammas are seen
Link'd with gay cockneys, glittering o'er the green:
The rising breeze unnumber'd charms displays,
And the tight ancle strikes th' astonish'd gaze.

But chief, thou Nurse of the Didactic Muse,
Divine Nonsensia, all thy soul infuse;
The charms of secants and of tangents tell
How loves and graces in an angle dwell;
How slow progressive points protract the line,
As pendant spiders spin the filmy twine;

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(L. 23.) Fair Sylphish forms—Vide modern prints of nymphs and shepherds dancing to nothing at all.

(L. 27.) Such rich confusion—Imitated from the following genteel and sprightly lines of the first canto of the Loves of the Plants:—

" So bright its folding canopy withdrawn,

" Glides the gilt landau o'er the velvet lawn,

" Of beaux and belles displays the glittering throng,

" And soft airs fan them as they glide along."

(L. 38.) Angle-Gratus puellæ risus ab Angulo.-Hor.

(L. 39.) How slow progressive points—The author has reserved the picturesque imagery which the Theory of Fluxions naturally suggested for his Algebraic Garden; where the fluents are described as rolling with an even current between a margin of curves of the higher order, over a pebbly channel, inlaid with Differential Calculi.

In the following six lines he has confined himself to a strict explanation Mow lengthen'd lines, impetuous sweeping round, Spread the wide plane, and mark its circling bound: How planes, their substance with their motion grown, Form the huge cube, the cylinder, the cone.

Lol

planation of the theory, according to which Lines are supposed to be generated by the motion of Points-Planes by the lateral motion of Lines and Solids from Planes, by a similar process.—Quere-Whether a practical application of this theory would not enable us to account for the Genesis, or original formation of Space itself, in the same manner in which Dr. Darwin has traced the whole of the organized creation to his Six Filaments-Vide Zoonomia. We may conceive the whole of our present universe to have been originally concentrated in a single point. We may conceive this primeval Point, or Punctum Saliens of the universe, envolving itself by its own energies, to have moved forwards in a right line, ad infinitum, till it grew tired-After which the right line which it had generated would begin to put itself in motion in a lateral direction, describing an Area of infinite extent. This Area, as soon as it became conscious of its own existence, would begin to ascend or decend, according as its specific gravity might determine it, forming an immense solid space, filled with Vacuum, and capable of containing the present existing universe.

Space being thus obtained, and presenting a suitable Nidus, or receptacle for the generation of Chaotic Matter, an immense deposit of it would gradually be accumulated:—After which, the Filament of fire being produced in the chaotic mass, by an idiosyncracy, or self-formed habit analogous to fermentation, explosion would take place; suns would be shot from the central chaos—planets from suns, and satellites from planets. In this state of things the Filament of organization would begin to exert itself, in those independent masses which, in proportion to their bulk, exposed the greatest surface to the action of light and heat. This Filament, after an infinite series of ages, would begin to ramify, and its viviparous offspring would diversify their forms and habits, so as to accommodate themselves to the various incurabula which nature had prepared for them. Upon this view of things, it seems highly probable that the first effort of Nature terminated in the production of Vegetables, and

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Lo! where the chimney's sooty tube ascends,
The fair Trochais from the corner bends!
Her coal-black eyes upturn'd, incessant mark
The eddying smoke, quick flame, and volant spark;
Mark with quick ken, where flashing in between
Her much-lov'd smoke-jack glimmers thro' the scene; 50
Mark how his various parts together tend,
Point to one purpose—in one object end:
The spiral grooves in smooth meanders flow,
Drags the long chain, the polish'd axles glow,
While slowly circumvolves the piece of beef below:

The conscious fire with bickering radiance burns,
Eyes the rich joint, and roasts it as it turns.

that these, being abandoned to their own energies, by degrees detached themselves from the surface of the earth, and supplied themselves with wings or feet, according as their different propensities determined them, in favour of arial or terrestrial existence. Others, by an inherent disposition to society and civilization, and by a stronger effort of volition, would become Men. These, in time, would restrict themselves to the use of their hind feet; their tails would gradually rub off, by sitting in their caves or huts, as soon as they arrived at a domesticated state: they would invent language, and the use of fire, with our present, and hitherto imperfect, system of society. In the mean while, the fuci and algae, with the corallines and madrepores, would transform themselves into fish, and would gradually populate all the sub-marine portion of the globe.

(L. 46.) Trochais—The Nymph of the Wheel, supposed to be in love with Smoke-Jack.

(L. 56.) The conscious fire—The sylphs and genii of the different elements have a variety of innocent occupations assigned them: those of Fire are supposed to divert themselves with writing the name of Kunkel in phosphorus. See Economy of Vegetation.

with townshall if his brook after

" Or mark with shining letters Kunkel's name

" In the slow phosphor's self-consuming flame."

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So youthful Horner roll'd the roguish eye,
Cull'd the dark plum from out his Christmas pye,
And cried, in self-applause—"How good a boy am I." 60

So, the sad victim of domestic spite,
Fair Cinderella, past the wintry night,
In the lone chimney's darksome nook immur'd,
Her form disfigur'd, and her charms obscur'd.
Sudden her god-mother appears in sight,
65
Lifts the charm'd rod, and chaunts the mystic rite;
The chaunted rite the maid attentive hears,
And feels new ear-rings deck her listening ears;
While 'midst her towering tresses, aptly set,
Shines bright, with quivering glance, the smart aigrette;
70

Brocaded silks the splendid dress complete, And the glass slipper grasps her fairy feet. Six cock-tail'd mice transport her to the ball, And liveried lizards wait upon her call.

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Alas!

(L. 68.) Listening ears—Listening, and therefore, peculiarly suited to a pair of diamong ear-rings. See the description of Nebuchadnezzar, in his transformed state.

Nor flattery's self can pierce his pendant ears.

In poetical diction, a person is said to 'breathe the BLUE air,' and to 'drink the HOARSE wave!'—not that the colour of the sky, or the noise of the water, has any reference to drinking or breathing, but because the poet obtains the advantage of thus describing his subject under a double relation, in the same manner in which material objects present themselves to our different senses at the same time.

(L. 73.) Cochtail'd mice—Coctilibus Muris. Ovid. There is reason to believe, that the murine, or mouse species, were anciently much more numerous than at the present day. It appears, from the sequel of the line, that Semiramis surrounded the city of Babylon with a number of these animals.

Dicitur altam
Coctilibus Muris cinxisse Semiramis Urbem,

U

Alas! that partial Science should approve
The sly Rectangle's too licentious love!
For three bright nymphs the wily wizard burns;—
Three bright-ey'd nymphs requite his flame by turns.
Strange force of magic skill! combin'd of yore
With Plato's science, and Menecmus' lore.
80
In Afric's schools, amid those sultry sands
High on its base where Pompey's pillar stands,

It is not easy at present to form any conjecture with respect to the end, whether of ornament or of defence, which they could be supposed to answer. I should be inclined to believe that, in this instance, the mice were dead, and that so vast a collection of them must have been furnished by way of tribute, to free the country from these destructive animals. This superabundance of the murine race must have been owing to their immense fecundity, and to the comparatively tardy reproduction of the feline species. The traces of this disproportion are to be found in the early history of every country. The ancient laws of Wales estimate a Cat at the price of as much corn as would be sufficient to cover her, if she were suspended by the tail, with her fore feet touching the ground.—See Howel Dha - In Germany it is recorded that an army of rats, a larger animal of the mus tribe, were employed as the ministers of divine vengeance against a feudal tyrant; and the commercial legend of our own Whittington might probably be traced to an equally authentic origin.

(L. 76.) Rectangle—" A figure which has one angle, or more, of ninety degrees."—Johnson's Dictionary. It here means a right-angled triangle, which is therefore incapable of having more than one angle of ninety degrees, but which may, according to our author's Prosopopaia, be supposed to be in love with three, or any greater number of Nymphs.

L. 80.) Plato's and Menecmus' lore—Proclus attributes the discovery of the Conic Sections to Plato, but obscurely. Eratosthenes seems to adjudge it to Menecmus. "Neque Menecmes necesse erit in cons secare ternarios."—Vide Montucla. From Greece they were carried to Alexandria, where (according to our author's beautiful faction) Rectangle either did or might learn magic.

This

This learnt the Seer; and learnt, alas! too well, Each scribbled Talisman, and smoky spell:
What mutter'd charms, what soul-subduing arts
Fell Zatanai to his sons imparts.

85

Gins—black and huge! who on Dom-Daniel's cave
Writhe your scorch'd limbs on sulphur's azure wave,
Or, shivering yell, amidst eternal snow
Where cloud-cap'd Caf protrudes his granite toes:
90
(Bound by his will, Judæa's fabled King,
Lord of Aladdin's lamp and mystic ring.)
Gins! YE remember, for YOUR toil convey'd
Whate'er of drugs the powerful charm could aid;

(L. 86.) Zatanai—Supposed to be the same with Satan—Vide the New Arabian Nights, translated by Cazotte, author of "Le Diable amoureux."

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(L. 87.) Gins-the eastern name for Genii.-Vide Tales of ditto.

(Ditto.) Dom-Daniel—a sub-marine palace near Tunis, where Za-tanai usually held his court.—Vide New Arabian Nights.

(L. 83.) Sulphur—A substance which, when cold, reflects the yellow rays, and is therefore said to be yellow. When raised to a temperature at which it attracts oxygene, (a process usually called burning,) it emits a blue flame. This may be beautifully exemplified, and at a moderate expence, by igniting those fasciculi of brimstone matches, frequently sold (so frequently, indeed, as to form one of the London cries,) by women of an advanced age in this metropolis. They will be found to yield an azure, or blue light.

(L. 90.) Caf—The Indian caucasus—Vide Bailly's Lettres sur l'Atlantide, in which he proves that this was the native country of Gog and Magog, (now resident in Guildhall,) as well as of the Peris, or fairies, of the Asiatic romances.

(I. 91.) Judæa's fabled King—Mr. Higgins does not mean to deny that Solomon was really King of Judæa. The epithet fabled applies to that empire over the Genii, which the retrospective generosity of the Arabian fabulists has bestowed upon this Monarch.

U 2

Air,

Air, earth and sea ye search'd, and where below
Flame embryo lavas, young volcanoes glow—
Gins! ye beheld appall'd, th' enchanter's hand
Wave in dark air th' hypothenusal wand;
Saw him the mystic circle trace, and wheel
With head erect, and far extended heel;
Saw him, with speed that mock'd the dazzled eye,
Self-whirl'd, in quick gyrations eddying fly:
Till done the potent spell—behold him grown
Fair Venus' emblem—the Phœnician Cone.

Triumphs

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(L. 96.) Young volcanos.—The genesis of burning mountains was never, till lately, well explained. Those with which we are best acquainted are certainly not vivaparous; it is therefore probable that there exists, in the centre of the earth, a considerable reservoir of their eggs, which, during the obstetrical convulsions of general earthquakes, produce new volcanos.

(L. 100.) Far extended heel-The personification of the Triangle, besides answering a poetical purpose, was necessary to illustrate Mr. Higgins's philosophical opinions. The ancient mathematicians conceived that a Cone was generated by the revolution of a Triangle; but this, as our author justly observes, would be impossible, without supposing in the Triangle that expansive nisus, discovered by Blumenbach, and improved by Darwin, which is peculiar to animated matter, and which alone explains the whole mystery of organization. Our enchanter sits on the ground, with his heels stretched out, his head erect, his wand (or hypothenuse) resting on the extremities of his feet and the tip of his nose, (as is finely expressed in the engraving in the original work,) and revolves upon his bottom with great velocity. His skin, by magical means, has acquired an indefinite power of expansion, as well as that of assimilating to itself all the azote of the air which he decomposes by expiration from his lungs-an immense quantity, and which, in our present unimproved and un-economical mode of breathing, is quite thrown away-by this simple process the transformation is very naturally accounted for.

(L. 104.) Phanician Cone—It was under this shape that Venus was worshipped in Phanicia. Mr. Higgins thinks it was the Venus Urania,

Triumphs the Seer, and now secure observes 105
The kindling passions of the rival Curves.

And first, the fair Parabola behold,
Her timid arms, with virgin blush, unfold!
Though, on one focus fix'd, her eyes betray
A heart that glows with love's resistless sway;
Ilo
Though, climbing oft, she strive with bolder grace
Round his tall neck to clasp her fond embrace,
Still e'er she reach it, from his polish'd side
Her trembling hands in devious tangents glide.

Not thus Hyperbola—with subtlest art

The blue-eyed wanton plays her changeful part;

Quick as her conjugated axes move

Through every posture of luxurious love,

Her sportive limbs with easiest grace expand;

Her charms unveil'd, provoke the lover's hand:— 120

Unveil'd, except in many a filmy ray

Where light Asymptotes o'er her bosom play,

Nor touch her glowing skin, nor intercept the day.

Urania, or Celestial Venus; in allusion to which, he supposes that the Phœnician grocers first introduced the practice of preserving sugar loaves in blue or sky-coloured paper—He also believes that the conical form of the original grenadiers' caps was typical of the loves of Mars and Venus.

(L. 107.) Parabola—The curve described by projectiles of all sorts, as bombs, shuttle-cocks, &c.

(L. 115.) Hyperbola—Not figuratively speaking, as in rhetoric, but mathematically; and therefore blue-eyed.

(L. 122.) Asymptotes—" Lines which, though they may approach still nearer together, till they are nearer than the least assignable distance, yet, being still produced infinitely, will never meet."—Johnson's Dictionary.

Yet

Yet why, Ellipsis, at thy fate repine?

More lasting bliss, securer joys are thine.

125
Though to each fair his treach'rous wish may stray,
Though each, in turn, may seize a transient sway,
'Tis thine, with mild coercion, to restrain,
Twine round his struggling heart, and bind with endless chain.

Thus, happy France! in thy regenerate land, Where Taste with Rapine saunters hand in hand; Where, nursed in seats of innocence and bliss, Reform greets Terror with fraternal kiss; Where mild Philosophy first taught to scan The wrongs of Providence and rights of Man; 135 Where Memory broods o'er Freedom's earlier scene, The lanthern bright, and brighter guillotine; Three gentle swains evolve their longing arms, And woo the young Republic's virgin charms, And though proud Barras with the fair succeed, 140 Though not in vain th' attorney Rewbell plead, Oft doth th' impartial nymph their love forego, To clasp thy crooked shoulders, blest Lepaux!

So, with dark dirge athwart the blasted heath,

Three Sister Witches hail'd th' appall'd Macbeth.

So, the three Fates beneath grim Pluto's roof, Strain the dun warp, and weave the murky woof; 'Till deadly Atropos with fatal sheers Slits the thin promise of th' expected years,

(L. 124.) Ellipsis—A curve, the revolution of which on its axis produces an ellipsoid, or solid, resembling the eggs of birds, particularly those of the gallinaceous tribe. Ellipsis is the only curve that embraces the cone.

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While 'midst the dungeon's gloom or battle's din, 150 Ambition's victims perish, as they spin.

Thus, the three Graces on th' Idalian green,
Bow with deft homage to Cythera's Queen;
Her polish'd arms with pearly bracelets deck,
Part her light locks, and bare her ivory neck;
Round her fair form etherial odours throw,
And teach th' unconscious zephyrs where to blow;
Floats the thin gauze, and glittering as they play,
The bright folds flutter in phlogistic day.

So, with his Daughters three, th' unscepter'd Lear 160 Heav'd the loud sigh, and pour'd the glistering tear; His Daughters three, save one alone, conspire (Rich in his gifts) to spurn their generous sire; Bid the rude storm his hoary tresses drench, Stint the spare meal, the hundred knights retrench; 165 Mock his mad sorrow, and with alter'd mien Renounce the Daughter and assert the Queen. A father's griefs his feeble frame convulse, Rack his white head, and fire his fev'rous pulse; Till kind Cordelia sooths his soul to rest, And folds the Parent-Monarch to her breast.

THE frequent solicitations which we have received for a continuation of the Loves of the Triangles, have induced us to lay before the public (with Mr. Higgins's

(L. 161.) Glistering tear.—This is not a medical metaphor. The word glistering is here used as the participle of the verb to glister, and is not in any way connected with the substantive of the same name. "All that glitters is not gold"—are the words of our old, but immortal, bard.

permission)

permission) the concluding lines of the canto. The catastrophe of Mr. and Mrs. Gingham, and the episode of Hippona, contained, in our apprehension, several reflections of too free a nature. The conspiracy of Paramater and Abscissa, against the Ordinate, is writen in a strain of poetry so very splendid and dazzling, as not to suit the more tranquil majesty of diction, which our readers admire in Mr. Higgins. We have therefore begun our extract with the Loves of the Giant Isosceles, and the picture of the Asses' Bridge, and its several illustrations.

#### EXTRACT.

Twas thine alone, O youth of giant frame, Isosceles! that rebel heart to tame! In vain coy Mathesis thy presence flies: Still turn her fond hallucinating eyes; Thrills with Galvanic fires each tortuous nerve, Throb her blue veins, and dies her cold reserve.

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"Isosceles"—An equi-crural triangle—It is represented as a giant; because Mr. Higgins says he has observed that procerity is much promoted by the equal length of the legs, more especially when they are long legs.

" Mathesis"—The doctrine of mathematics—Pope calls her mad

Mathesis .- Vide Johnson's Dictionary.

"Hallucinating"—The disorder with which Mathesis is affected is a disease of increased volition, called erotomania, or sentimental love. It is the fourth species of the second genus of the first order and third class; in consequence of which Mr. Hackman shot Miss Ray in the lobby of the play-house.—Vide Zoonomia, Vol. II. pages 363, 365.

"Galvanic fires"—Dr. Galvani is a celebrated philosopher at Turin. He has proved that the electric fluid is the proximate cause of nervous sensibility; and Mr. Higgins is of opinion, that, by means of this discovery, the sphere of our disagreeable sensations may be, in future, considerably enlarged. "Since dead frogs

(says

Yet strives the fair, till in the giant's breast
She sees the mutual passion flame confess'd:
Where'er he moves, she sees his tall limbs trace
Internal angles equal at the base;
Again she doubts him: but produced at will,
She sees th' external angles equal still.

Say, blest Isosceles! what favouring pow'r, Or love or chance, at night's auspicious hour, While to the asses'-bridge entranc'd you stray'd, Led to the asses'-bridge th' enamour'd maid? The asses'-bridge, for ages doom'd to hear The deaf'ning surge assault his wooden ear, With joy repeats sweet sounds of mutual bliss, The soft susurrant sigh, and gently murmuring kiss.

So thy dark arches, London bridge, bestride Indignant Thames, and part his angry tide.

(says he) are awakened by this fluid, to such a degree of posthumous sensibility, as to jump out of the glass in which they are placed, why not men, who are sometimes so much more sensible when alive? And if so, why not employ this new stimulus to deter mankind from dying (which they so pertinaciously continue to do) of various old-fashioned diseases, notwithstanding all the brilliant discoveries of modern philosophy, and the example of Count Cagliostro?"

"Internal angles," &c.—This is an exact versification of Euclid's 5th Theorem.—Vide Euclid in loco.

"Asses' bridge"—Pons Asinorem—The name usually given to the before-mentioned theorem—though, as Mr. Higgins thinks, absurdly. He says, that having frequently watched companies of asses during their passage of a bridge, he never discovered in them any symptoms of geometrical instinct upon the occasion. But he thinks that with Spanish asses, which are much larger (vide Townsend's Travels through Spain) the case may possibly be different.

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frogs (says There oft,—returning from those green retreats,
Where fair Vauxhallia decks her sylvan seats;
Where each spruce nymph, from city compters free,
Sips the froth'd syllabub, or fragrant tea;
While with sliced ham, scraped beef, and burnt champagne,

Her 'prentice lover soothes his amorous pain;—
There oft, in well-trimm'd wherry, glide along
Smart beaux and giggling belles, a glittering throng;
Smells the tarr'd rope—with undulation fine
Flaps the loose sail—the silken awnings shine;
"Shoot we the bridge!"—the vent'rous boatmen cry—
"Shoot we the bridge!"—th' exulting fare reply.
—Down the steep fall the headlong waters go,
Curls the white foam, the breakers roar below;
The veering helm the dext'rous steersman stops,
Shifts the thin oar, the fluttering canvas drops;
Then, with clos'd eyes, clench'd hands, and quick-drawn breath,

Darts at the central arch, nor heeds the gulph beneath.

—Full 'gainst the pier the unsteady timbers knock,

The loose planks starting own the impetuous shock;

The shifted oar, dropt sail, and steadied helm,

With angry surge the closing waters whelm—

-Laughs the glad Thames, and clasps each fair one's charms

That screams and scrambles in his oozy arms.

-Drench'd each smart garb, and clogg'd each struggling limb,

Far o'er the stream the cocknies sink or swim;

<sup>&</sup>quot;Fare"—A person, or any number of persons, conveyed in a hired vehicle by land or water.

While each badg'd boatman, clinging to his oar, Bounds o'er the buoyant wave, and climbs the applauding shore.

So, towering Alp! from thy majectic ridge
Young Freedom gaz'd on Lodi's blood-stain'd bridge;
Saw, in thick throngs, conflicting armies rush,
Ranks close on ranks, and squadrons squadrons crush;
Burst in bright radiance through the battle's storm,
Wav'd her broad hands, display'd her awful form;
Bade at her feet regenerate nations bow,
And twin'd the wreath round Buonaparte's brow.
—Quick with new lights, fresh hopes, and alter'd zeal,
The slaves of despots dropp'd the soften'd steel;
Exulting Victory crown'd her favourite child,
And freed Liguria clapp'd her hands and smil'd.

Nor long the time, e'er Britain's shore shall greet
The warrior-sage, with gratulation sweet:
Eager to grasp the wreath of naval fame,
The Great Republic plans the floating frame!
—O'er the huge plain gigantic Terror stalks,
And counts with joy the close-compacted balks:
Of young-ey'd Massacres, the cherub crew,
Round their grim chief the mimic task pursue;

"Badged Boatmen"—Boatmen sometimes wear a badge, to distinguish them; especially those who belong to the Watermen's Company.

"Alp or Atps"—A ridge of mountains which separate the North of Italy from the South of Germany. They are evidently primeval and volcanic, consisting of granite, toadstone, and basalt, and several other substances, containing animal and vegetable recrements, and affording numberless undoubted proofs of the infinite antiquity of the earth, and of the consequent falsehood of the Mosaic Chronology.

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Turn the stiff screw, apply the strengthening clamp,
Drive the long bolt, or fix the stubborn cramp,
Lash the reluctant beam, the cable splice,
Join the firm dove-tail with adjustment nice,
Thro' yawning fissures urge the willing wedge,
Or give the smoothing adze a sharper edge,
—Or grouped in fairy's bands, with playful care,
The unconscious bullet to the furnace bear,
Or gaily tittering, tip the match with fire,
Prime the big mortar, bid the shell aspire;
Applaud, with tiny hands, and laughing eyes,
And watch the bright destruction as it flies.

Now the fierce forges gleam with angry glare—
The wind-mill waves his woven wings in air;
Swells the proud sail, the exulting streamers fly,
Their nimble fins unnumber'd paddles ply:
—Ye soft airs breathe, ye gentle billows waft,
And, fraught with Freedom, bear th' expected Raft!
—Perch'd on her back, behold the patriot train,
Muir, Ashley, Barlow, Tone, O'Connor, Paine;
While Tandy's hand directs the blood-empurpled rein.

Canto 2d. 1. 297.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Turn the stiff screw," &c.—The harmony and imagery of these lines are imperfectly imitated from the following exquisite passage in the Economy of Vegetation:—

<sup>&</sup>quot;Gnomes, as you now dissect, with hammers fine,

<sup>&</sup>quot;The Granite rock, the nodul'd flint calcine;

<sup>&</sup>quot; Grind with strong arm, the circling chertz betwixt,

<sup>&</sup>quot;Your pure Ka-o-lins and Pe-tunt-ses mixt.

<sup>&</sup>quot;The Windmill," &c.—This line affords a striking instance of the sound conveying an echo to the sense. I would defy the most unfeeling reader to repeat it over, without accompanying it by some correspondent gesture imitative of the action described.

Ye Imps of Murder, guard her angel form,
Check the rude surge, and chase the hovering storm;
Shield from contusive rocks her timber limbs,
And guide the sweet Enthusiast as she swims;
—And now, with web-foot oars, she gains the land,
And foreign footsteps press the yielding sand;
—The communes spread, the gay departments smile,
Fair freedom's plant o'ershades the laughing isle:
Fir'd with new hopes, th' exulting peasant sees
The Gallic streamer woo the British breeze;
While, pleas'd to watch its undulating charms,
The smiling infant spreads his little arms.

Ye Sylphs of Death, on demon pinions flit Where the tall guillotine is rais'd for Pitt: To the pois'd plank tie fast the monster's back, Close the nice slider, ope th' expectant sack;

- "Sweet enthusiast," &c.—A term usually applied in allegoric and technical poetry, to any person or object to which no other qualification can be assigned.—Chambers's Dictionary.
- "The Smiling Infant."—Infancy is particularly interested in the diffusion of the new principles.—See the Bloody Buoy—see also the following description and prediction:
  - " Here Time's huge fingers grasp his giant mace,
  - " And dash proud superstition from her base;
  - Rend her strong towers and gorgeous fanes, &c.
  - " While each light moment, as it passes by,
  - " With feathery foot and pleasure-twinkling eye,
  - " Feeds from its baby-hand with many a kiss
  - " The callow nestlings of domestic bliss."

Botanic Garden.

"The monster's back."—Le Monstre Pitt, l'ennemi du genre humain.—See Debatés of the Legislators of the Great Nation passim. Then twitch, with fairy hands, the frolic pin— Down falls the impatient axe with deafening din; The liberated head rolls off below, And simpering Freedom hails the happy blow!

### BRISSOT'S GHOST.

A S at the Shakspeare tavern dining,
O'er the well-replenish'd board
Patriotic chiefs reclining,
Quick and large libations pour'd;
While, in fancy, great and glorious,
'Midst the democratic storm,
Fox's crew, with shouts victorious,
Drank to radical reform!

Sudden up the stair-case sounding
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then, each guest with fear confounding,
A grim train of ghosts appear'd:
Each a head with anguish gasping,
(Himself a trunk deform'd with gore,)
In his hand, terrific, clasping,
Stalk'd across the wine-stain'd floor.

On them gleam'd the lamp's blue lustre,
When stern Brissot's grizly shade
His sad bands was seen to muster,
And his bleeding troops array'd.
Through the drunken croud he hied him,
Where the Chieftain safe enthron'd,
There, his shadowy trunks beside him,
Thus in threatening accents groan'd.

" Heed,

- " Heed, oh heed our fatal story,
  " (I am Brissot's injur'd ghost,)
- "You, who hope to purchase glory "In that field where I was lost!
- "Tho' dread Pitt's expected Ruin
  "Now your soul with triumph cheers,
- "When you think on our undoing,
  "You will mix your hopes with fears.
- "See these helpless headless spectres
  "Wandering through the midnight gloom:
- " Mark their Jacobinic lectures
  " Echoing from their silent tomb.
- "These, thy soul with terror filling,
  "Once were patriots fierce and bold—
- " (Each his head with gore distilling "Shakes, the whilst his tale is told.)
- " Some from that dread engine's carving "In vain contriv'd their heads to save—
- " See Barbaroux and Petion\* starving "In the Languedocian cave!
- "See in a higgler's + hapless cuckold, "How Louvet's soaring spirit lay!
- "How virtuous Roland, hapless cuckold, Blew, what brains he had, away.
- \* Such was the end of these worthies. They were found starved to death in a cave in Languedoc.—Vide Barrere's Reports.
  - + See Louvet's Recit de mes Perils.
- ‡ The virtuous Roland. This philosophic coxcomb is the idol of those who admire the French Revolution up to a certain point.

- " How beneath the pow'r of Marat "Condorcet, blaspheming, fell,
- " Begg'd some laudanum of Garat,\*
  - " Drank; -and slept, -to wake in hell!
- " Oh that with worthier souls uniting
- "I in my country's cause had shone!
  "Had died my Sovereign's battle fighting,
  - " Or nobly propt his sinking throne!-
- " But hold!—I scent the gales of morning—
  " Covent-Garden's clock strikes one!
- " Heed, oh heed my earnest warning,
  " Ere England is, like France, undone!
- " To St. Stephen's quick repairing, "Your dissembling mania end;
- " And your errors past, forswearing,
  - " Stand at length your country's friend!"

\* This little anecdote is not generally known. It is strikingly pathetic. Garat has recorded this circumstance in a very eloquent sentence—"O toi qui arretas la main, avec la quelle tu traçais le progres de l'esprit humain pour porter sur tes levres le breuvage mortel d'autres pensées, et d'autres sentimens, ont incliné ta volenté vers le tombeau, dans ta derniere deliberation.—(Garat, it seems, did not choose to poison himself.)—Tu as rendu a la liberté eternelle ton ame Republicaine par ce poison qui avait été partagé entre nous comme le pain entre des freres."

"Oh you, who with that hand which was tracing the progress of the human mind, approached the mortal mixture to your lips—it was by other thoughts and other sentiments that your judgement was at length determined in that last deliberated act—You restored your republican spirit to an eternal freedom, by that poison which we had shared together, like a morsel of bread between two bro-

thers."

THE gallant defence of the Isles of St. Marcou, would justify a more serious celebration than is attempted in the following Poem; and the modest and unassuming manner in which Lieutenant Price gives the account of services so highly meritorious, adds to the hope which we entertain, that he will meet a more solid reward, than any verse of our's, or of our Corresdent's, could bestow.

Citizen Muskein, if he understands Horace, and can read English, will be amply rewarded for the victory, of which he has, no doubt, by this time, made a pompous report to the Directory, by the perusal of the following imitation of the 14th ode of the 1st book, for which we have to return our thanks to a classical correspondent.

# A CONSOLATORY ADDRESS TO HIS GUN-BOATS. BY CITIZEN MUSKEIN.

O NAVIS REFERENT IN MARE TE NOVI FLUCTUS.

O Gentle Gun-boats, whom the Seine Discharg'd from Havre to the main; Now leaky, creaking, blood bespatter'd, With rudders broken, canvas shatter'd-

O tempt

O Navis referent in mare te novi Fluctus-O quid agis?-fortiter occupa Portum: Nonne vides, ut Nudum remigio latus, Et malus celeri saucius Africo Antennæque gemant? Ac sine funibus

Children

O tempt the treach'rous sea no more, But gallantly regain the shore.

Vix durare carinæ
Possint imperiosius
Æquor? Non tibi sunt integra lintea;
Non Dii, quos iterum pressa voces malo;
Quamvis pontica pinus,
Silvæ filia nobilis,
Jactes et genus et nomen inutile.
Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
Fidit. Tu nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave,
Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium,
Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis
Interfusa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.

\* Stone-better known by the name of Williams.

Children

<sup>+</sup> We decline printing this rhyme at length, from obvious reasons of delicacy; at the same time that it is so accurate a translation of pictus puppibus, that we know not how to suppress it, without doing the utmost injustics to the general spirit of the poem.

Children of Muskein's anxious care,
Source of my hope and my despair,
Gun-boats—unless you mean hereafter
To furnish food for British laughter—
Sweet Gun-boats, with your gallant crew,
Tempt not the rocks of Saint Marcou;
Beware the Badger's bloody pennant,
And that d—d invalid Lieutenant!

# ODE TO THE DIRECTOR MERLIN.

HORACE, B. 1. 0. 5.

WHO now from Naples, Rome, or Berlin, Creeps to thy blood-stain'd den, O Merlin, With diplomatic gold? to whom Dost thou give audience en costume?

King-Citizen!—How sure each state,
That bribes thy love, shall feel thy hate;
Shall see the democratic storm
Her commerce, laws, and arts deform.

How

#### AD PYRRHAM.

Quis multà gracilis te puer in rosà
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam,
Simplex Munditiis? Heu quoties fidem
Mutatosque Deos flebit, et aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabiter insolens,

How credulous, to hope the bribe Could purchase peace from Merlin's tribe! Whom, faithless as the waves or wind, No oaths restrain, no treaties bind.

For us—beneath you sacred ROOF,
The Naval Flags and arms of proof
By British valour nobly bought,
Shew how true safety must be sought!

# ODE TO MY COUNTRY.

MDCCXCVIII.

S. 1.

BRITONS! hands and hearts prepare;
The angry tempest threatens nigh,
Deep-toned thunders roll in air,
Lightnings thwart the livid sky;
Thron'd upon the winged storm,
Fell Desolation rears her ghastly form,
Waves her black signal to her hell-born brood,
And lures them thus with promis'd blood:

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aureâ:
Qui semper vacuam semper amabilem
Sperat: nescius auræ
Fallacis. Miseri, quibus
Intentata nites. Me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

A. 1. " Drive,

#### A. 1.

"Drive, my sons, the storm amain!
"Lo, the hated, envied land,

"Where Piety and Order reign,

"And Freedom dares maintain her stand.

" Have you not sworn, by night and hell,

"These from the earth for ever to expell?

"Rush on, resistless, to your destin'd prey,

"Death and rapine point the way."

### E. 1.

Britons! stand firm! with stout and dauntless heart
Meet unappall'd the threatening boaster's rage;
Yours is the great, the unconquerable part
For your lov'd hearths and altars to engage,
And sacred Liberty, more dear than life—
Yours be the triumph in the glorious strife.
Shall theft and murder braver deeds excite
Than honest scorn of shame and heavenly love of right?

# S. 2.

Turn the bright historic page!

Still in Glory's tented field
Albion's arms for many an age
Have taught proud Gallia's bands to yield.

Are not We the sons of those
Whose steel-clad sires pursued th' insulting foes
E'en to the centre of their wide domain,
And bow'd them to a Briton's reign?\*

#### A. 2.

Kings in modest triumph led,
Graced the SABLE VICTOR'S arms;†
His conquering lance, the battle's dread;—
His courtesy the conquer'd charms.

<sup>\*</sup> Hen. VI, crowned at Paris. + The Black Prince.

The lion-heart soft pity knows,
To raise with soothing cares his prostrate foes;
The vanquish'd head true valour ne'er opprest,
Nor shunn'd to succour the distrest.

E. 2.

Spirit of great Elizabeth! inspire

High thoughts, high deeds, worthy our ancient fame;
Breathe through our ardent ranks the patriot fire

Kindled at freedom's ever hallow'd flame;
Baffled and scorn'd, the Iberian tyrant found,
Though half a world his iron sceptre bound,
The gallant Amazon could sweep away,
Arm'd with her people's love, the "Invincible" array.\*

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S. 3.

The BOLD USURPER† firmly held
The sword, by splendid treasons gain'd;
And Gallia's fiery genius quell'd,
And Spain's presumptuous claims restrain'd:
When lust of sway by flattery fed,‡
To vent'rous deeds the youthful Monarch led,
In the full flow of victory's swelling tide
Britain check'd his power and pride.

A. 3.

To the great Batavian's name ||

Ceaseless hymns of triumph raise!

Scourge of tyrants, let his fame
Live in songs of grateful praise.

Thy turrets, Blenheim, glittering to the sun.

Tell of bright fields from warlike Gallia won;

Tell how the mighty Monarch mourn'd in vain.

His impious wish the world to chain.

<sup>\*</sup> The Spanish Armada. + Oliver Cromwell. ‡ Louis XIV.

William III. § Blenheim, Ramilies, &c. &c.

E. 3. And

E. 3.

And ye fam'd heroes, late retir'd to heaven,
Whose sitting glories still the skies illume,
Bend from the blissful seats to virtue given—
Avert your long defended country's doom.
Earth from her utmost bounds shall wondering tell
How victory's meed ye gain'd, or conquering fell;
Britain's dread thunders bore from pole to pole,
Wherever man is found, or refluent oceans roll.

S. 4.

Names embalm'd in honour's shrine,
Sacred to immortal praise,
Patterns of glory, born to shine
In breathing arts or pictur'd lays:
See Wolfe, by yielding numbers prest,
Expiring smile, and sink on Victory's breast!
See Minden's plains and Biscay's billowy bay
Deeds of deathless fame display.

A. 4

O! tread with awe the sacred gloom,
Patriot Virtue's last retreat;
Where Glory, on the trophied tomb
Joys their merit to repeat;
There Chatham lies, whose master-hand
Guided, through seven bright years, the mighty band,
That round his urn, where grateful memory weeps,
Each in his hallow'd marble sleeps.

E. 4.

Her brand accurs'd when civil discord hurl'd,\*
Britain alone th' united world withstood,
Rodney his fortune-favour'd sails unfurl'd,
And led three nation's chiefs to Thames's flood.

\* American War.

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Firm

Firm on his rock the Veteran Hero† stands;

Beneath his feet unheeded thunders roar;

Smiling in scorn he sees the glittering bands

Fly with repulse and shame old Calpe's hopeless shore.

S. 5.

Heirs or partners of their toils,

Matchless heroes still we own;

Crown'd with honourable spoils

From the leagued nations won.

On their high prows they proudly stand

The god-like guardians of their native land;

Lords of the mighty deep triumphant ride,

Wealth and victory at their side.

A. 5.

Loyal, bold, and generous bands,
Strenuous in their country's cause,
Guard their cultivated lands,
Their altars, liberties, and laws.
On his firm deep-founded throne
Great Brunswick sits, a name to fear unknown;
With brow erect commands the glorious strife,
Unaw'd, and prodigal of life.

E. 5.

Sons of fair Freedom's long-descended line,

To Gallia's yoke shall Briton's bend the neck—

No; in her cause though fate and hell combine

To bury all in universal wreck,

Of this fair isle to make one dreary waste,

Her greatness in her ruins only traced:

Arts, commerce, arms, sunk in one common grave—

The man who dares to die, will never live a slave.

\* Lord Heathfield.

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### ELEGY.

ON THE DEATH OF JEAN BON ST. ANDRE.

THE following exquisite tribute to the memory of an unfortunate Republican is written with such a touching sensibility, that those who can command salt tears must prepare to shed them. The narrative is simple, and unaffected; the event in itself interesting; the moral obvious and awful. - We have only to observe, that as this account of the transaction is taken from the French papers, it may possibly be somewhat partial.— The Dey's own statement of the affair has not yet been received. Every friend of humanity will join with us in expressing a candid and benevolent hope that this business may not tend to kindle the flames of war between these two unchristian powers; but that, by mutual concession and accommodation, they may come to some point (short of the restoration of Jean Bon's head to his shoulders, which, in this stage of the discussion, is hardly practicable,) by which the peace of the Pagan world For our part we pretend not to may be preserved. decide from which quarter the concessions ought principally to be made. It is but candid to allow that there are probably faults on both sides, in this, as in most other cases. For the character of the Dey we profess a sincere respect on the one hand; and, on the other, we should naturally have wished that the head of Jean Bon St. André should have been reserved for his own guillotine.

And thought the Consu

EGY

# ELEGY: OR, DIRGE.

ALL in the town of Tunis,
In Africa the torrid,
On a Frenchman of rank
Was play'd such a prank,
As Lepaux must think quite horrid.

No story half so shocking,
By kitchen-fire or laundry,
Was ever heard tell,—
As that which befell
The great Jean Bon St. André.

Poor John was a gallant captain,
In battles much delighting;
He fled full soon
On the First of June—
But he bade the rest keep fighting

To Paris then returning,
Recover'd from his panic,
He translated the plan
Of Paine's Rights of Man,
Into language Mauritanic.

He went to teach at Tunis—
Where as Consul he was settled—
Amongst other things,
"That the People are Kings!"
Whereat the Dey was nettled.

The Moors being rather stupid,
And in temper somewhat mulish,
Understood not a word
Of the doctrine they heard,
And thought the Consul foolish.

He form'd a Club of Brothers, And mov'd some resolutions—

" Ho! ho! (says the Dey,)

" So this is the way

" That the French make Revolutions."

The Dey then gave his orders In Arabic and Persian—

" Let no more be said-

" But bring me his head!-

" These clubs are my aversion."

The Consul quoted Wicquefort,
And Puffendorff and Grotius;
And prov'd from Vattel
Exceeding well,
Such a deed would be quite atrocious.

'Twould have mov'd a Christian's bowels
To hear the doubts he stated;—
But the Moors they did
As they were bid,
And strangled him while he prated.

His head with sharp-edg'd sabre They sever'd from his shoulders, And stuck it on high, Where it caught the eye, And astonished all beholders.

This sure is a doleful story
As e'er you heard or read of;

If at Tunis you prate
Of matters of state,
Anon they cut your head off!

But we hear the French Directors
Have thought the point so knotty;
That the Dey having shewn
He dislikes Jean Bon,
They'll send him Bernadotte.

On recurring to the French papers, to verify our correspondent's statement of this singular adventure of Jean Bon St. André, we discovered, to our great mortification, that it happened at Algiers, and not at Tunis. We should have corrected this mistake, but for two reasons—first, that Algiers would not stand in the verse; and, secondly, that we are informed\_by the young man who conducts the geographical department of the Morning Chronicle, that both the towns are in Africa, or Asia, (he is not quite certain which,) and, what is more to the purpose, that both are peopled by Moors. Tunis, therefore, may stand.

# ODE TO LORD M-RA.

If on your head (1) some vengeance fell, M—ra for every tale you tell
The listening Lords to cozen;
If but one whisker lost its hue
Chang'd (like Moll. Coggin's tail) to blue
I'd hear them by the dozen.

### HORACE.-ODE VIII. BOOK II.

AD BARINOM.

(1) Ulla si juris tibi pegerati Pæna, Barine, nocuisset unquam, Dente si nigro fieres vel uno

Turpior ungui,

But still, howe'er you draw your bow, (2)
Your charms improve, your triumphs grow,
New grace adorns your figure;
More stiff your boots, more black your stock,
Your hat assumes a prouder cock,
Like Pistol's (if 'twere bigger.)

Tell then your stories, strange and new,
Your father's fame (3) shall vouch them true;
So shall the Dublin papers:
Swear by the stars (4) that saw the sight,
That infant thousands die each night,
While troops blow out their tapers.

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Sh—br—h (5) shall cheer you with a smile,

M—cph—rs—n (6) simpering all the while,

With B—st—rd (6) and with Bruin: (6)

And fierce N—ch—ll, (7) who wields at will

Th' emphatic stick or powerful quill,

To prove his country's ruin.

Crederem. (2) Sed tu simul obligásti
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multo, juvenumque prodis
Publica cura

(3) Expedit matris cineris opertos
Fallere, et toto (4) taciturna noctis
Signa cum cœlo, gelidâque Divos
Morte carentes.

Ridet hoc inquam (5) Venus ipsa, rident Simplices (6) Nymphæ; ferus et (7) Cupido, Semper ardentes acuens sagitas

Cote cruentà

Adde quod pabes tibi crescit omnis

Each day new followers (8) croud your board,
And lean expectants hail my Lord
With adoration fervent:
Old Th—rl—w, (9) tho' he swore by G—
No more to own a master's nod,
Is still your humble servant.

Old P—lt—n—y (10) too your influence feels, And asks from you th' Exchequer Seals, To tax and save the nation: T—ke trembles,\* lest your potent charms Should lure C—s F—x (11) from his fond arms, To your Administration.

Our ingenious Correspondent, Mr. Higgins, has not been idle. The deserved popularity of the extracts, which we have been enabled to give from his two Didactic Poems, the Progress of Man, and the Loves of the Triangles, has obtained for us the communication of several other works which he has in

(8) Servitus crescit nova; nec (9) priores Impiæ tectum dominæ relinquunt

Sæpe minati.

Te suis matres metuunt juvencis Te (10) senes parci, miseræque (11) nuper Virginis nuptae, tua ne retardet

Aura Maritos.

\* The trepidation of Mr. T—ke, though natural, was not necessary; as it appeared from the ever-memorable "Letter to Mr. Mac Mahon," (which was published about this time in the Morning Chronicle, and threw the whole town into paroxysms of laughter,) that in the Administration which his Lordship was so gravely employed in forming, Mr. Fox was to have no place!

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hand, all framed upon the same principle, and directed to the same end. The propagation of the new system of Philosophy forms, as he has himself candidly avowed to us, the main object of all his writings. A system comprehending not politics only, and religion, but morals and manners, and generally whatever goes to the composition or holding together of human society; in all of which a total change and revolution is absolutely necessary (as he contends) for the advancement of our common nature to its true dignity, and to the summit of that perfection which the combination of matter, called Man, is, by its innate energies capable of attaining.

Of this system, while the sublimer and more scientific branches are to be taught by the splendid and striking medium of Didactic Poetry, or ratiocination in rhyme, illustrated with such paintings and portraitures of essences and their attributes, as may lay hold of the imagination, while they perplex the judgement—the more ordinary parts, such as relate to the conduct of common life, and the regulation of social feelings, are naturally the subject of a less elevated style of writing—of a style which speaks to the eye, as well as to the ear—in short, of dramatic poetry and scenic representation.

"With this view," says, Mr. Higgins, (for we love to quote the very words of this extraordinary and indefatigable writer,) in a letter dated from his study in St. Mary Axe, the window of which looks upon the parishpump—" with this view I have turned my thoughts more particularly to the German Stage, and have composed, in imitation of the most popular pieces of that country, which have already met with so general reception and admiration in this, a play: which, if it has a proper run, will, I think, do much to unhinge the pre-

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sent notions of men with regard to the obligations of civil society, and to substitute in lieu of a sober contentment, and regular discharge of the duties incident to each man's particular situation, a wild desire of undefinable latitude and extravagance; an aspiration after shapeless somethings, that can neither be described nor understood, a contemptuous disgust at all that is, and a persuasion that nothing is as it ought to be-to operate, in short, a general discharge of every man (in his own estimation) from every thing that laws divine or human; that local customs, immemorial habits, and multiplied examples impose upon him; and to set them about doing what they like, where they like, when they like, and how they like-without reference to any law, but their own will, or to any consideration of how others may be affected by their conduct.

"When this is done, my dear Sir," continues Mr. H. (for he writes very confidentially)—" you see that a great step is gained towards the dissolution of the frame of every existing community. I say nothing of Governments, as their fall is, of course, implicated in that of the social system.—And you have long known, that I hold every Government (that acts by coercion and restriction—by laws made by the few to bind the many,) as a malum in se—an evil to be eradicated—a nuisance to be abated, by force, if force be practicable, if not, by the artillery of reason—by pamphlets, speeches, toasts at club-dinners, and though last, not least, Didactic Poems.

"But where would be the advantage of the destruction of this or that Government if the form of society itself were to be suffered to continue such, as that another must necessarily arise out of it, and over it?— Society, my dear Sir, in its present state, is a hydra.

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Cut off one head—another presently sprouts out, and your labour is to begin again. At best, you can only hope to find it a polypus—where, by cutting off the head, you are sometimes fortunate enough to find a tail (which answers all the same purposes) spring up in its place. This, we know, has been the case in France—the only country in which the great experiment of regeneration has been tried with any thing like a fair chance of success.

"Destroy the frame of society—decompose its parts—and set the elements fighting one against another, insulated and individual, every man for himself (stripped of prejudice, of bigotry, and of feeling for others,) against the remainder of his species;—and there is then some hope of a totally new order of things—of a radical reform in the present corrupt system of the world.

"The German Theatre appears to proceed on this judicious plan. And I have endeavoured to contribute my mite towards extending its effect, and its popularity. There is one obvious advantage attending this mode of teaching—that it can proportion the infractions of law, religion, or morality, which it recommends, to the capacity of a reader or spectator. If you tell a student, or an apprentice, or a merchant's clerk, of the virtue of a Brutus, or of the splendour of a La Fayette, you may excite his desire to be equally conspicuous; but how is he to set about it? Where is he to find the tyrant to murder? How is he to provide the monarch to be imprisoned, and the national guards to be reviewed on a white horse?—But paint the beauties of forgery to him in glowing colours—shew him that the presumption of virtue is in favour of rapine, and occasional murder on the highway, and he presently understands you. The highway is at hand—the till or the counter is within reach.

reach. These haberdashers' heroics 'come home to the business, and the bosom of men.' And you may readily make ten foothads, where you would not have materials

nor opportunity for a single tyrannicide.

" The subject of the piece which I herewith transmit to you, is taken from common or middling life; and its merit is that of teaching the most lofty truths in the most humble style, and deducing them from the most ordinary occurrences. Its moral is obvious and easy, and is one frequently inculcated by the German Dramas, which I have had the good fortune to see; being no other than 'the reciprocal duties of one or more husbands to one or more wives,' and ' to the children who may happen to. arise out of this complicated and endearing connection.' The plot, indeed, is formed by the combination of the plots of two of the most popular of these plays (in the same way as Terence was wont to combine two stories of Menander's.) The characters are such as the admirers of these plays will recognize for their familiar acquaintances. There are the usual ingredients of imprisonments, post-houses, and horns, and appeals to angels and devils. I have omitted only the swearing, to which English ears are not yet sufficiently accustomed.

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" I transmit at the same time a Prologue, which, in some degree, breaks the matter to the audience. About the song of Rogero, at the end of the first act, I am less anxious than about any other part of the performance, as it is, in fact, literally translated from the composition of a young German friend of mine, an Illumine, of whom I bought the original for three and sixpence. It will be a satisfaction to those of your readers, who may not at the first sight hit upon the tune, to learn, that it is setting by a hand of the first eminence.—I send

also a rough sketch of the plot, and a few occasional notes.—The geography is by the young Gentleman of the Morning Chronicle."

# THE ROVERS:

OR.

### THE DOUBLE ARRANGEMENT.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONA.

Prior of the Abbey of Quedlinburgh—very corpulent and cruel.

Rogero—a prisoner in the Abbey, in love with Matilda Pottingen.

Casimere—a Polish Emigrant, in Dembrowsky's legion—married to

Cecilia, but having several children by Matilda.

Puddingfield and Beefington—English Noblemen, exiled by the

tyranny of King John, previous to the signature of Magna Charter.

Roderic, Count of Saxe Weimar—a bloody tyrant, with red hair, and amorous complexion.

Gaspar—the minister of the Count; author of Rogero's confinement.

Young Pottingen-brother to Matilda.

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rho rn, end also Matilda Pottingen-in love with Rogero, and mother to Casimere's children.

Cecilia Muckinfeldt-wife to Casimere.

Landlady, Waiter, Grenadiers, Troubadours, &c. &c.

Pantalowsky and Britchinda-children of Matilda, by Casimere.

Joachim, Jabel, and Amarantha-children of Matilda, by Rogero.

Children of Casimere and Cecilia, with their respective nurses.

Several Children; fathers and mothers unknown.

The scene lies in the town of Weimar, and the neighbourhood of the Abbey of Quedlinburgh.

Time, from the 12th to the present century.

## PROLOGUE in Character.

TOO long the triumphs of our early times,
With civil discord, and with regal crimes,
Have stain'd these boards; while Shakspeare's pen has
shewn

Thoughts, manners, men, to modern days unknown. Too long have Rome and Athens been the rage;

(applause.)

And classic buskins soil'd a British stage.

To-night our bard, who scorns pedantic rules,
His plot has borrow'd from the German schools;
—The German schools—where no dull maxims bind
The bold expansion of th' electric mind.
Fix'd to no period, circled by no space,
He leaps the flaming bounds of time and place.
Round the dark confines of the forest raves,
With gentle Robbers (1) stocks his gloomy caves;
Tells how prime Ministers (2) are shocking things,
And reigning Dukes as bad as tyrant Kings;

(1) See the "Robbers," a German tragedy, in which Robbery is put in so fascinating a light, that the whole of a German University went upon the highway in consequence of it.

(2) See "Cabal and Love," a German tragedy—very severe against Prime Ministers, and reigning Dukes of Brunswick. This admirable performance very judiciously reprobates the hire of German troops for the American war, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth—a practice which would undoubtedly have been highly discreditable to that wise and patriotic Princess, not to say, wholly unnecessary, there being no American war at that particular time.

How to two swains, (3) one nymph her vows may give, And how two damsels (4) with one lover live! Delicious scenes!—such scenes our Bard displays, Which, crown'd with German, sue for British, praise.

Slow are the steeds, that thro' Germania's roads
With hempen rein the slumb'ring post-boy goads.
Slow is the slumb'ring post-boy, who proceeds
Thro' deep sands floundering, on these tardy steeds;
More slow, more tedious, from his husky throat
Twangs through the twisted horn the struggling note.

These truths confess'd—Oh! yet, yetravell'dfew, Germania's plays with eyes unjaundic'd view!
View and approve!—though in each passage fine
The faint translation (5) mock the genuine line,
Tho' the nice ear the erring sight belie,
For U twice dotted is pronounced like I. (6) (applause.)

(3 and 4) See the "Stranger; or, Reform'd Housekeeper," in which the former of these morals is beautifully illustrated;—and, "Stella," a genteel German comedy, which ends with placing a man bodkin between two wives, like Thames between his two banks, in the Critic. Nothing can be more edifying than these two dramas. I am shocked to hear that there are some people who think them ridiculous.

(5 and 6.) These are the warnings very properly given to readers, to beware how they judge of what they cannot understand. Thus, if the translation runs, "lightning of my soul, fulguration of angels, sulphur of hell;" we should recollect that this is not coarse or strange in the German language, when applied by a lover to his mistress; but the English has nothing precisely parallel to the original MUYLY-CHAUSE ARCHANGELICHEN, which means rather emanation of the archangelican nature—or to smellmynkern vankelper, which, if literally rendered, would signify—made of stuff of the same odour whereof the devil makes flambeaus.—See Schüttenbrüch on the German Idiom.

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Yet oft the scene shall Nature's fire impart, Warm from the breast, and glowing to the heart?

Ye TRAVELL'D FEW, attend!—On you our Bard Builds his fond hope! Do you his genius guard!

(applause.)

Nor let succeeding generations say

—A British Audience damn'd a German Play!

(Loud and continued applauses.)

Flash of lightening.—The ghost of Prologue's Grandmother, by the Father's side, appears to soft music, in a white tiffany riding-hood. Prologue kneels to receive her blessing, which she gives in a solemn and affecting manner, the audience clapping and crying all the while.—Prologue and his Grandmother sink through the trap door.

### ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene represents a room at an inn, at Weimar—On one side of the stage the bar-room, with jellies, lemons in nets, syllabubs, and part of a cold roast fowl, &c.—On the opposite side, a window looking into the street, through which persons (inhabitants of Weimar) are seen passing to and fro in apparent agitation—Matilda appears in a great coat and riding habit, seated at the corner of the dinner table, which is covered with a clean huckaback cloth—plates and napkins, with buck's-horn handled knives and forks, are laid, as if for four persons.

Matilda.—Is it impossible that I can have dinner sooner?

Landlady.—Madam, the Brunswick post-waggon is not yet come in, and the ordinary is never before two o'clock.

Matilda

Matilda—(with a look expressive of disappointment, but immediately recomposing herself.) Well, then, I must have patience—(exit Landlady.) Oh Casimere!—How often have the thoughts of thee served to amuse these moments of expectation!—What a difference, alas!—Dinner—it is taken away as soon as over, and we regret it not!—It returns again with the return of appetite.—The beef of to-morrow will succeed to the mutton of to-day, as the mutton of to-day succeeded to the veal of yesterday. But when once the heart has been occupied by a beloved object, in vain would we attempt to supply the chasm by another. How easily are our desires transferred from dish to dish!—Love only, dear, delusive, delightful love, restrains our wandering appetites, and confines them to a particular gratification!

Post-horn blows. Re-enter Landlady.

Landlady.—Madam, the post-waggon is just come in with only a single gentlewoman.

Matilda.—Then shew her up—and let us have dinner instantly, (Landlady going;) and remember—after a moment's recollection, and with great earnestness)—remember the toasted cheese. (Exit Landlady.)

Cecilia enters, in a brown cloth riding-dress, as if just alighted from the post-waggon.

Matilda.—Madam, you seem to have had an unpleasant-journey, if I may judge from the dust on your riding-habit.

Cecilia.—The way was dusty, Madam, but the weather was delightful. It recalled to me those blissful moments when the rays of desire first vibrated thro' my soul.

Matilda—(aside.)—Thank Heaven! I have at last Z 2 found

Cecilia.—The dawn of life—when this blossom— (putting her hand upon her heart,) first expanded its petals

to the penetrating dart of love!

Matilda.—Yes—the time—the golden time, when the first beams of the morning meet and embrace one another!—The blooming blue upon the yet unplucked plum!—....

Cecilia.—Your countenance grows animated, my

dear madam.

Matilda.—And your's too is glowing with illumina-

Cecilia.—I had long been looking out for a congenial spirit!—my heart was withered—but the beams of your's have re-kindled it.

Matilda.—A sudden thought strikes me—Let us swear an eternal friendship.

Cecilia.—Let us agree to live together!

Matilda.—Willingly.—(With rapidity and earnestness.)

Cecilia.—Let us embrace. —(They embrace.)

Matilda.—Yes; I too have lov'd!—You, too, like me, have been forsaken!—(Doubtingly, and as if with a desire to be informed.)

Cecilia.-Too true!

Both.—Ah these men! These men!

Landlady enters, and places a leg of mutton on the table, with sour crout and pruin sauce—then a small dish of black puddings.—Cecilia and Matilda appear to take no notice of her.

Matilda.—Oh Casimere!

Cecilia.

Cecilia—(aside.)—Casimere! That name!—Oh my heart, how is it distracted with anxiety!

Matilda.—Heavens! madam, you turn pale,

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Cecilia. — Nothing—a slight megrim—with your leave, I will retire—

Matilda.—I will attend you.—(Exeunt Matilda and Cecilia.—Manent Landlady and Waiter, with the dinner on the table.)

Landlady.—Have you carried the dinner to the prisoner in the vaults of the abbey?

Waiter.—Yes.—Peas soup, as usual—with the scrag end of a neck of mutton.—The emissary of the Count was here again this morning, and offered me a large sum of money if I would consent to poison him.

Landlady. - Which you refused? (with hesitation and anxiety.)

Waiter.—Can you doubt it? (with indignation.)

Landlady—(recovering herself, and drawing up with an expression of dignity.) The conscience of a poor man is as valuable to him as that of a Prince. . . .

Waiter.—It ought to be still more so, in proportion as it is generally more pure.

Landlady.—Thou says't truly, Job.

Waiter—(with enthusiasm.) He who can spurn at wealth when proffered as the price of crime, is greater than a Prince.

Post-horn blows.—Enter Casimere (in a travelling dress—a light blue great coat with large metal buttons—his hair in a long queue, but twisted at the end; a large Kevenhuller hat; a cane in his hand.)

Casimere.—Here, Waiter, pull off my boots, and bring me a pair of slippers. (Exit Waiter.) And Z 3 hark'ye,

hark'ye, my lad, a bason of water, (rubbing his hands) and a bit of soap—I have not washed since I began my journey.

Waiter-(answering from behind the door.) Yes, Sir.

Casimere.—Well, Landlady, what company are we to have?

Landlady.—Only two gentlewomen, Sir.—They are just stept into the next room—they will be back again in a minute.

Casimere.—Where do they come from?

(All this while the Waiter re-enters with the bason and water. Casimere pulls off his boots, takes a napkin from the table, and washes his face and hands.)

Landlady.—There is one of them I think comes from Nuremburgh.

Casimere—(aside.)—From Nuremburgh—(with eager-ness)—Her name.

Landlady.-Matilda.

Casimere—(aside.) How does this ideot woman torment me!—What else?

Landlady.-I can't recollect.

Casimere.—Oh agony! (in a paroxysm of agitation.)

Waiter.—See here, her name upon the travelling trunk—Matilda Pottingen.

Casimere.—Ecstacy! Ecstacy! (Embracing the Waiter.)
Landlady.—You seem to be acquainted with the lady
—shall I call her?

Casimere.—Instantly—instantly—tell her—her lov'd, her long lost—tell her—

Landlady.—Shall I tell her dinner is ready?

Casimere.—Do so—and in the mean while I will look after my portmanteau. (Exeunt severally.)

Scene changes to a subterraneous vault in the abbey of Quedlin-burgh; with coffins, 'scutcheons, death's heads and cross-bones.—Toads, and other loathsome reptiles are seen traversing the obscurer parts of the stage.—Rogero appears, in chains, in a suit of rusty armour, with his beard grown, and a cap of grotesque form upon his head.—Beside him a crock, or pitcher, supposed to contain his daily allowance of sustenance.—A long silence, during which the wind is heard to whistle through the caverns.—Rogero rises, and comes slowly forward, with his arms folded.

Eleven years! It is now eleven years since I was first immured in this living sepulchre—the cruelty of a minister—the perfidy of a monk—yes, Matilda! for thy sake-alive amidst the dead-chained-coffined-confined—cut off from the converse of my fellow-men. Soft!—what have we here? (stumbles over a bundle of sticks.) This cavern is so dark, that I can scarcely distinguish the objects under my feet. Oh!-the register of my captivity-Let me see, how stands the account? (takes up the sticks, and turns them over with a melancholy air; then stands silent for a few moments, as if absorbed in calculation.) - Eleven years and fifteen days! -Hah! the twenty-eighth of August! How does the recollection of it vibrate on my heart! It was on this day that I took my last leave of my Matilda. It was a summer evening—her melting hand seemed to dissolve in mine, as I prest it to my bosom-some demon whispered me that I should never see her more. I stood gazing on the hated vehicle which was conveying her away for ever.—The tears were petrified under my eye-lids.—My heart was crystallized with agony. Anon-I looked along the road. The diligence seemed to diminish every instant.

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instant. I felt my heart beat against its prison, as if anxious to leap out and overtake it. My soul whirled round as I watched the rotation of the hinder wheels. A long trail of glory followed after her, and mingled with the dust-it was the emanation of divinity, luminous with love and beauty-like the splendor of the setting sun-but it told me that the sun of my joys was sunk for ever. Yes, here in the depths of an eternal dungeon-in the nursing cradle of hell-the suburb of perdition-in a nest of demons, where despair in vain sits brooding over the putrid eggs of hope; where agony woos the embrace of death; where patience, beside the bottomless pool of despondency, sits angling for impossibilities. Yet even here, to behold her, to embrace her. Yes, Matilda, whether in this dark abode, amidst toads and spiders, or in a royal palace, amidst the more loathsome reptiles of a court, would be indifferent to me-angels would shower down their hymns of gratulation upon our heads-while fiends would envy the eternity of suffering love. . . . . Soft, what air was that? It seemed a sound of more than human warblings? Again-(listens attentively for some minutes.)-Only the wind-it is well, however-it reminds me of that melancholy air which has so often solaced the hours of my captivity. Let me see whether the damps of this dungeon have not yet injured my guitar. (Takes his guitar, tunes it, and begins the following air, with a full accompaniment of violins from the orchestra.)

### SONG BY ROGERO.

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon, that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U—
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—niversity of Gottingen.

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(Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds—

Sweet kerchief, check'd with heav'nly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in!—
Alas! Matilda then was true!—
At least I thought so at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

(At the repetition of this line Rogero clanks his chains in cadence.)

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew
Her neat post-waggon trotting in!
Ye bore Matilda from my view.
Forlorn I languish'd at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!

This blood my veins is clotting in,
My years are many—they were few.

When first I enter'd at the U—

—niversity of Gottingen—

niversity of Gottingen.

There

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet! sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my Tutor, Law Professor at the U—
niversity of Gottingen—
niversity of Gottingen.—

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,

That kings and priests are plotting in:

Here doom'd to starve on water-gru—
—el\* never shall I see the U—
—niversity of Gottingen!—
—niversity of Gottingen!—

(During the last stanza Rogero dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison; and, finally, so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops—the music still continuing to play, till it is wholly fallen.)

END OF ACT I.

\* A manifest error—since it appears from the Waiter's conversation, (p. 257,) that Rogero was not doomed to starve on water-gruel, but on peas-soup; which is a much better thing. Possibly the length of Rogero's imprisonment had impaired his memory; or he might wish to make things appear worse than they really were; which is very natural, I think, in such a case as this poor unfortunate gentleman's.

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WE have received, in the course of the last week, several long, and, to say the truth, dull letters, from unknown hands, reflecting, in very severe terms, on Mr. Higgins, for having, as it is affirmed, attempted to pass upon the world, as a faithful sample of the productions of the German Theatre, a performance no way resembling any of those pieces which have of late excited, and which bid fair to engross, the admiration of the British public.

As we cannot but consider ourselves as the guardians of Mr. Higgins's literary reputation, in respect to every work of his which is conveyed to the world through the medium of our paper, (though, what we think of the danger of his principles, we have already sufficiently explained for ourselves, and have, we trust, succeeded in putting our readers upon their guard against them)—we hold ourselves bound not only to justify the fidelity of the imitation—but (contrary to our original intention) to give a farther specimen of it in our present number, in order to bring the question more fairly to issue between our author and his calumniators.

In the first place, we are to observe that Mr. Higgins professes to have taken his notion of German plays wholly from the translations which have appeared in our language.—If they are totally dissimilar from the originals, Mr. H. may undoubtedly have been led into error; but the fault is in the translators, not in him. That he does not differ widely from the models which he proposed to himself, we have it in our power to prove satisfactorily; and might have done so in our last number, by subjoining to each particular passage of his play the scene in some one or other of the German plays, which he had in view when he wrote it. These parallel

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parallel passages were faithfully pointed out to us by Mr. H. with that candour which marks his character;—and if they were suppressed by us, (as in truth they were,) on our heads be the blame, whatever it may be. Little, indeed, did we think of the imputation which the omission would bring upon Mr. H. as, in fact, our principal reason for it was the apprehension that, from the extreme closeness of the imitation in most instances, he would lose in praise for invention more than he would gain in credit for fidelity.

The meeting between Matilda and Cecilia, for example, in the first act of the "Rovers," and their sudden intimacy, has been censured as unnatural. Be it so. It is taken, almost word for word, from "Stella," a German (or professedly a German) piece, now much in vogue; from which also the catastrophe of Mr. Higgins's play is in part borrowed, so far as relates to the agreement to which the ladies come, as the reader will see by and by, to share Casimere between them.

The dinner scene is copied partly from the published translation of the "Stranger," and partly from the first scene of "Stella." The song of Rogero, with which the first act concludes, is admitted, on all hands, to be in the very first taste; and if no German original is to be found for it, so much the worse for the credit of German literature.

An objection has been made, by one anonymous letter writer, to the names of Puddingfield and Beefington, as little likely to have been assigned to English characters by any author of taste and discernment. In answer to this objection, we have, in the first place, to admit that a small, and, we hope, not unwarrantable, alteration has been made by us since the MS. has been in our hands. These names stood originally Puddincrantz and Beefinstern.

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Beefinstern, which sounded to our ears as being liable, especially the latter, to a ridiculous inflection—a difficulty that could only be removed by furnishing them with English terminations. With regard to the more substantial syllables of the names, our author proceeded, in all probability, on the authority of Goldoni, who, though not a German, is an Italian writer of considerable reputation; and who, having heard that the English were distinguished for their love of liberty and beef, has judiciously compounded the two words runnymede and beef, and thereby produced an English Nobleman, whom he styles Lord Runnybeef.

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To dwell no longer on particular passages—the best way, perhaps, of explaining the whole scope and view of Mr. H.'s imitation, will be to transcribe the short sketch of the plot which that gentleman transmitted to us, together with his drama; and which it is, perhaps, the more necessary to do, as the limits of our paper not allowing of the publication of the whole piece, some general knowledge of its main design may be acceptable to our readers, in order to enable them to judge of the several extracts which we lay before them.

#### PLOT.

Rogero, son of the late Minister of the Count of Saxe Weimar, having, while he was at college, fallen desperately in love with Matilda Pottingen, daughter of his tutor, Doctor Engelbertus Pottingen, professor of civil law, and Matilda evidently returning his passion, the Doctor, to prevent ill consequences, sends his daughter on a visit to her aunt in Wetteravia, where she becomes acquainted with Casimere, a Polish officer, who happens to be quartered near her aunt's, and has several children by him.

Roderic, Count of Saxe Weimar, a Prince of a tyrannical and licentious disposition, has, for his Prime Minister and Favourite, Gasper, a crafty villain, who had risen to his post by first ruining, and then putting to death, Rogero's father.—Gaspar, apprehensive of

the power and popularity which the young Rogero may enjoy at his return to Court, seizes the occasion of his intrigue with Matilda, (of which he is apprized officially by Doctor Pottingen,) to procure from his master an order for the recall of Rogero from college, and for committing him to the care of the Prior of the Abbey of Quedlinburgh, a priest, rapacious, savage, and sensual, and devoted to Gaspar's interests—sending, at the same time, private orders to the Prior to confine him in a dungeon.

Here Rogero languishes many years. His daily sustenance is administered to him through a grated opening at the top of a cavern, by the landlady of the Golden Eagle, at Weimar, with whom Gaspar contracts, in the Prince's name, for his support, intending, and more than once endeavouring, to corrupt the waiter to mingle poison with the food, in order that he may get rid of Rogero for ever.

In the mean time Casimere, having been called away from the neighbourhood of Matilda's residence to other quarters, becomes enamoured of, and marries Cecilia, by whom he has a family, and whom he likewise deserts, after a few years co-habitation, on pretence of business which calls him to Kamschatka.

Doctor Pottingen, now grown old and infirm, and feeling the want of his daughter's society, sends young Pottingen in search of her, with strict injunctions not to return without her; and to bring with her either her present lover, Casimere, or, should that not be possible, Rogero himself, if he can find him; the Doctor having set his heart upon seeing his children comfortably settled before his death. Matilda, about the same period, quits her aunt's in search of Casimere; and Cecilia having been advertised, (by an anonymous letter,) of the falsehood of his Kamschatka journey, sets out in the post-waggon on a similar pursuit.

It is at this point of time the play opens—with the accidental meeting of Cecilia and Matilda, at the inn at Weimar. Casimere arrives there soon after, and falls in first with Matilda, and then with Cecilia. Successive eclaircissements take place, and an arrangement is finally made, by which the two ladies are to live jointly with Casimere.

Young Pottingen, wearied with a few weeks' search, during which he has not been able to find either of the objects of it, resolves to stop at Weimar, and wait events there. It so happens that he takes up his lodging in the same house with Puddincrantz and Beefingstern, two English Noblemen, whom the tyranny of King John

has obliged to fly from their country; and who, after wandering about the Continent for some time, have fixed their residence at Weimar.

The news of the signature of Magna Charta arriving, determines Pudd. and Beef. to return to England. Young Pottingen opens his case to them, and entreats them to stay and assist them in the object of his search. This they refuse; but coming to the inn where they are to set off for Hamburgh, they meet Casimere, from whom they had both received many civilities in Poland.

Casimere, by this time, tired of his "Double Arrangement," and having learnt from the waiter that Rogero is confined in the vaults of the neighbouring abbey for love, resolves to attempt his rescue, and to make over Matilda to him as the price of his deliverance. He communicates his scheme to Puddingfield and Beefington, who agree to assist him; as also does young Pottingen. The Waiter of the improving to be a Knight Templar in disguise, is appointed leader of the expedition. A band of Troubadours, who happen to be returning from the Crusades, and a company of Austrian and Prussian grenadiers returning from the Seven Years' War, are engaged as troops.

The attack on the abbey is made with great success. The Count of Weimar and Gaspar, who are feasting with the Prior, are seized and beheaded in the refectory. The prior is thrown into the dungeon, from which Rogero is rescued. Matilda and Cecilia rush in. The former recognizes Rogero, and agrees to live with him. The children are produced on all sides—and young Pottingen is commissioned to write to his father, the Doctor, to detail the joyful events which have taken place, and to invite him to Weimar to partake of the general felicity.

# THE ROVERS;

OR,

### THE DOUBLE ARRANGEMENT.

### ACT II.

Scene—a room in an ordinary lodging-house at Weimar.—
Puddingfield and Beefington discovered, sitting at a small deal table, and playing at All-fours. Young PotA a 2 tingen,

tingen, at another table in the corner of the room, with a pipe in his mouth, and a Saxon mug, of a singular shape, beside him, which he repeatedly applies to his lips, turning back his head, and casting his eyes towards the firmament—at the last trial he holds the mug for some moments in a directly inverted position; then he replaces it on the table, with an air of dejection, and gradually sinks into a profound slumber.—The pipe falls from his hand, and is broken.

Beefington.-I beg.

Puddingfield.—(Deals three cards to Beefington.)—Are you satisfied?

Beefington.-Enough. What have you?

Puddingfield.-High-low-and the game.

Beefington.—Damnation! 'Tis my deal. (Deals—turns up a knave.) One for his heels! (triumphantly.)

Puddingfield.—Is king highest?

- Beefington.—No, (sternly.) The game is mine—the knave gives it me.

" Puddingfield.—Are knaves so prosperous?

Beefington.—Aye, marry are they, in this world. They have the game in their hands. Your kings are but moddies\* to them.

Puddingfield.—Ha! ha! ha!—still the same proud spirit, Beefington, which procured thee thine exile from England.

\* This is an excellent joke in German; the point and spirit of which is but ill-rendered in a translation. A Noddy, the reader will observe, has two significations—the one a knave at all-fours; the other a fool or booby. See the translation of Count Benyowsky, or the Conspiracy of Kamschatka, a German tragi-comi-comi-tragedy; where the play opens with a scene of a game at chess, (from which the whole of this scene is copied,) and a joke of the same point and merriment about Pawns (i. e.) Boors being a match for Kings.

Beefington.

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Beefington.—England! my native land!—when shall I revisit thee? (during this time Puddenfield deals, and begins to arrange his hand.)

Beefington continues)—Phoo—hang All-fours; what are they to a mind ill at ease? Can they care the heartache? Can they soothe banishment? Can they lighten ignominy? Can All-fours do this? O! my Puddingfield, thy limber and lightsome spirit bounds up against affliction, with the elasticity of a well-bent bow; but mine—O! mine—(falls into an agony, and sinks back in his chair. Young Pottingen, awakened by the noise, rises, and advances with a grave demeanour towards Beefington and Puddingfield. The former begins to recover.)

Y. Pot.—What is the matter, comrades;\*—you seem agitated? Have you lost or won?

Beefington.-Lost. I have lost my country.

Y. Pot.—And I my sister. I came hither in search of her.

Beefington .- O, England!

Y. Pott.-O, Matilda!

Beefington.—Exiled by the tyranny of an usurper, I seek the means of revenge, and of restoration to my country.

Y. Pott.—Oppressed by the tyranny of an abbot, persecuted by the jealousy of a Count, the betrothed husband of my sister languishes in a loathsome captivity—her lover is fled no one knows whither—and I, her brother, am torn from my paternal roof, and from my

<sup>\*</sup> This word, in the original, is strictly fellow-lodgers.—" Co-occupants of the same room, in a house lett out at a small rent by the week."—There is no single word in English which expresses so complicated a relation, except perhaps the cant term of chum, formerly in use at our Universities.

studies in chirurgery, to seek him and her, I know not where—to rescue Rogero, I know not how. Comrades, your counsel—my search fruitless—my money gone—my baggage stolen! What am I to do?—In yonder abbey—in these dank, dark vaults, there my friends—there lies Rogero—there Matilda's heart—

#### SCENE II.

Enter Waiter.—Sir, here is a person who desires to speak with you.

Beef.—(Goes to the door, and returns with a letter, which he opens—On perusing it, his countenance becomes illuminated, and expands prodigiously)—Ah, my friend, what joy! (Turning to Puddingfield.)

Puddingfield.—What? tell me-let your Pudding-field partake it.

Beefington.—See here—(produces a printed paper.)

Puddingfield .- What? - (with impatience.)

Beefington.—(In a significant tone.)—A newspaper!

Puddingfield.—Hah, what says't thou!—a newspaper!

Beefington. — Yes, Puddingfield, and see here—
(shews it partially)—from England.

Puddingfield .- (With extreme earnestness.) Its name?

Beefington.—The Daily Advertiser—

Puddingfield.—Oh ecstasy!

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Beefington.—(With a dignified severity.)—Puddingfield, calm yourself—repress those transports—remember that you are a man.

Puddingfield.—(After a pause with suppressed emotion)—Well, I will be—I am calm—yet tell me, Beefington, does it contain any news?

Beefington.—Glorious news, my dear Puddingfield—the Barons are victorious—King John has been defeated—Magna Charta, that venerable immemorial inheritance

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of Britons, was signed last Friday was three weeks, the third of July, Old Style.

Puddingfield.—I can scarce believe my ears—but let me satisfy my eyes—shew me the paragraph.

Beefington.—Here it is, just above the advertise-

Puddingfield — (reads) — " The great demand for Packwood's Razor Straps"—

Beefington.—'Pshaw! What, ever blundering—you drive me from my patience—see here, at the head of the column.

Puddingfield-(reads)-

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- " A hireling print, devoted to the court,
- " Has dared to question our veracity
- "Respecting the events of yesterday;
- "But, by to-day's accounts, our information
- "Appears to have been perfectly correct.—
- "The charter of our liberties received
- "The Royal signature at five o'clock,
- "When messengers were instantly dispatch'd
- "To Cardinal Pandulfo; and their Majesties,
- " After partaking of a cold collation,
- "Returned to Windsor."-I am satisfied.

Beefington.—Yet here again—there are some farther particulars—(turns to another part of the paper)—"Extract of a letter from Egham—my dear friend, we are all here in high spirits—the interesting event which took place this morning at Runnymede, in the neighbourhood of this town"—

Puddingfield—Hah! Runnymede—enough—no more—my doubts are vanished—then are we free indeed!—

Beefington.—I have, besides, a letter in my pocket from our friend the immortal Bacon, who has been appointed pointed Chancellor. Our outlawry is reversed! What says my friend—shall we return by the next packet?

Puddingfield.—Instantly! instantly!
Both.—Liberty! Adelaide! Revenge!

(Exeunt—Young Pottingen following, and waving his hat, but obviously without much consciousness of the meaning of what has passed.)

Scene changes to the outside of the abbey. A summer's evening-moonlight.

Companies of Austrian and Prussian grenadiers march across the stage, confusedly, as if returning from the seven years war. Shouts and martial music.

The abbey gates are opened.—The Monks are seen passing in procession, with the Prior at their head. The choir is heard chaunting vespers. After which a pause.—Then a bell is heard, as if ringing for supper. Soon after, a noise of singing and jollity.

Enter from the abbey, pushed out of the gates by the porter, a Troubadour, with a bundle under his cloak, and a lady under his arm—Troubadour seems much in liquor, but caresses the Female Minstrel.

Fem. Minstrel.—Trust me, Gieronymo, thou seemest melancholy. What hast thou got under thy cloak?

Troubadour.—'Pshaw, women will be enquiring. Melancholy! Not I. I will sing thee a song, and the subject of it shall be thy question—" What have I got under my cloak?" It is a riddle, Margaret—I learnt it of an almanack-maker at Gotha—If thou guessest it after the first stanza, thou shalt have never a drop for thy pains. Hear me—and, d'ye mark! twirl thy thingumbob while I sing.

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Female Minstrel.—'Tis a pretty tune, and hum dolefully. (Plays on her Balalaika.\*)

(Troubadour sings.)

I bear a secret comfort here,

(Putting his hand on the bundle, but without shewing it.)

A joy I'll ne'er impart; It is not wine, it is not beer, But it consoles my heart.

Female Minstrel.—(Interrupting him.) I'll be haug'd if you don't mean the bottle of cherry-brandy that you stole out of the vaults in the abbey cellar.

Troubadour.—I mean! Peace, wench, thou disturbest

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(Fem. Minst. attempts to lay hold on the bottle. Troubadour pushes her aside, and continues singing, without interruption.)

This cherry-bounce, this lov'd noyeau,
My drink for ever be;
But, sweet my love, thy wish forego;
I'll give no drop to thee!

(Both together.)

Troub. That cherry-bounce that loved noyeau.

Troub That cherry-bounce that loved noyeau.

Troub Thy drink for ever be;

Troub. But, sweet my love thy wish forego!

Troub. I hor keep it all for Me!

Thee!

Exeunt,

<sup>\*</sup> The Balalaika is a Russian instrument, resembling a guitar.—
See the play of Count Benyowsky," rendered into English.

Exeunt, struggling for the bottle, but without anger or animosity, the Fem. Minst. appearing by degrees to obtain a superiority in the contest.

END OF ACT II.

Act the Third—contains the ecclair cissements and final arrangement, between Casimere, Matilda, and Cecilia! which so nearly resemble the concluding act of "Stella," that we forbear to lay it before our readers.

### ACT IV.

Scene—The inn door—Diligence drawn up. Casimere appears superintending the package of his portmanteaus, and giving directions to the porters.

Enter Beefington and Puddingfield.

Puddingfield.—Well, Coachey, have you got two inside places?

Coachman.-Yes, your honour.

Pudd. seems to be struck with Casimere's appearance. He surveys him earnestly, without paying any attention to the coachman, then doubtingly pronounces—Casimere!

· Casi. turning round rapidly, recognizes Puddingfield, and embraces him.

Casimere.-My Puddingfield!

Puddingfield.—My Casimere!

Casimere.—What Beefington too! (discovering him)—Then is my joy complete.

Beefington.—Our fellow-traveller, as it seems?

Casimere.—Yes, Beefington — but, wherefore to Hamburgh?

Beefington.

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Beefington.—Oh, Casimere\*—to fly—to fly—to return—England—our country—Magna Charta—it is liberated—a new æra—House of Commons—Opposition—

Casimere.—What a contrast! your are flying to liberty, and your home—I, driven from my home by tyranny, am exposed to domestic slavery in a foreign country.

Beefington .- How domestic slavery?

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Casimere.—Too true—two wives—(slowly, and with a dejected air—then after a pause)—you knew my Cecilia? Puddingfield.—Yes, five years ago.

Casimere.—Soon after that period I went upon a visit to a lady in Wetteravia—My Matilda was under her protection—alighting at a peasant's cabin, I saw her on a charitable visit, spreading bread and butter for the children, in a light blue riding-habit. The simplicity of her appearance—the fineness of the weather—all conspired to interest me—my heart moved to hers, as if by a magnetic sympathy—we wept, embraced, and went home together—she became the mother of my Pantalowsky. But five years of enjoyment have not stifled the reproaches of my conscience—her Rogero is languishing in captivity—if I could restore her to him!

Beefington.—Let us rescue him.

Casimere.—Will, without power,† is like children playing at soldiers.

\* See "Count Benyowsky; or, the Conspiracy of Kamschatka," where Crustiew, an old gentleman of much sagacity, talks the following nonsense:—

Crustiew—(with youthful energy, and an air of secrecy and confidence)—"To fly, to fly, to the isles of Marian—the island of Tinian—a terrestrial Paradise. Free—free—a mild climate—a new-created sun—wholesome fruits—harmless inhabitants—and liberty—tranquillity."

† See "Count Benyowsky," as before.

Beefington.

Beefington.—Courage without power,\* is like a consumptive running footman.

Casimere.—Courage without power, is a contradiction.† Ten brave men might set all Quedlinburgh at defiance.

Beefington.—Ten brave men—but where are they to be found?

Casimere.—I will tell you—marked you the Waiter?

Beefington.—The Waiter?—(doubtingly.)

Casimere.—(In a confidential tone)—No waiter, but a Knight Templar. Returning from the crusade, he found his order dissolved, and his person proscribed. He dissembled his rank, and embraced the profession of a waiter. I have made sure of him already. There are, besides, an Austrian and a Prussian grenadier. I have made them abjure their national enmity, and they have sworn to fight henceforth in the cause of freedom. These, with Young Pottingen, the Waiter, and ourselves, make seven. The Troubadour, with his two attendant Minstrels, will complete the ten.

Beefington.—Now then for the execution (with en-thusiasm.)

Puddingfield.—Yes, my boys — for the execution (clapping them on the back.)

Waiter.—But hist! we are observed.

Troubadour.-Let us by a song conceal our purposes.

Long to the later of the later of

<sup>\*</sup> See " Count Benyowsky."

<sup>†</sup> See "Count Benyowsky" again. From which play this and the preceding references are taken word for word. We acquit the Germans of such reprobate silly stuff. It must be the translator's.

RECITATIVE, ACCOMPANIED.\*

Casimere.—Hist! hist! nor let the airs that blow
From night's cold lungs, our purpose know!

Puddingfield.-Let Silence, mother of the dumb

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Beefington.-Press on each lip her palsied thumb!

Waiter.—Let Privacy, allied to sin,

That loves to haunt the tranquil inn-

Grenadier & And Conscience start, when we shall view Troubadour. The mighty deed we mean to do!

General Chorus-Con Spirito.

Then friendship swear, ye faithful bands, Swear to save a shackled hero! See where you abbey frowning stands! Rescue, rescue, brave Rogero!

Casimere.—Thrall'd in a monkish tyrant's fetters
Shall great Rogero hopeless lie?
Young Pot.—In my pocket I have letters,
Saying, "help me, or I die!"

Allegro Allegretto.

Cass.—Beef.—Pud.—Grens.

Troub.—Wait.—and Pot.

With enthusiasm - - - Let us fly, let us fly,

Let us help, ere he die!

(Exeunt omnes, waving their hats.)

Scene—the abbey gate, with ditches, drawbridges, and spikes.

—Time—about an hour before sun rise. The conspirators appear, as if in ambuscade, whispering, and consulting

<sup>\*</sup> We believe this song to be copied, with a small variation in metre and meaning, from a song in "Count Benyowsky; or, the Conspiracy of Kamschatka,"—where the conspirators join in chorus, for fear of being overheard.

B b together,

together, in expectation of the signal for attack .- The Waiter is habited as a Knight Templar, in the dress of his order, with the cross on his breast, and the scallop on his shoulder. Puddingfield and Beefington armed with blunderbusses and pocket-pistols; the grenadiers in their proper uniforms. The Troubadour, with his attendant Minstrels, bring up the rear-Martial music-The conspirators come forward, and present themselves before the gate of the abbey. Alarum-Firing of histols-The convent appear in arms upon the walls. The drawbridge is let down-A body of choristers and lay-brothers attempt a sally, but are beaten back, and the verger killed. The besieged attempt to raise the drawbridge. Puddingfield and Beefington press forward with alacrity, throw themselves upon the drawbridge, and, by the exertion of their weight, preserve it in a state of depression - The other besiegers join them, and attempt to force the entrance, but without effect. Puddingfield makes the signal for the battering ram. Enter Quintius Curtius and Marcus Curius Dentatus, in their proper military habits, preceded by the Roman Eagle—The rest of their legion are employed in bringing forward a battering ram, which plays for a few minutes to slow time, till the entrance is forced. After a short resistance, the besiegers rush in with shouts of victory.

Scene changes to the interior of the abbey. The inhabitants of the convent are seen flying in all directions.

(Prior is brought forward between two grenadiers.)

The Count of Weimar, who had been found feasting in the refectory, is brought in manacled. He appears transported with rage, and gnaws his chains. The Prior remains insensible, as if stupified with grief. Beefington takes the

the keys of the dungeon, which are hanging at the Prior's girdle, and makes a sign for them both to be led away into confinement—Exeunt Prior and Count, properly guarded. The rest of the conspirators disperse in search of the dungeon where Rogero is confined.

END OF ACT IV.

## IMITATION OF CATULLUS.

AN AFFECTIONATE EFFUSION OF CITIZEN MUSKEIN, TO HAVRE-DE-GRACE.

RAIREST of cities, (1) which the Seine Surveys 'twixt Paris and the main, Sweet Havre! sweetest Havre, hail! How gladly with my tatter'd sail, (2) Yet trembling from this wild adventure, Do I thy friendly harbour enter!

Well—now I've leisure, let me see
What boats have left me; one, two, three—
Bravo! the better half remain;
And all my heroes are not slain.
And, if my senses don't deceive,
I am too safe(3)—yes, I believe

#### AD SIRMIONEM PENINSULAM.

(1) Peninsularum Sirmio, Insularumque,
Ocelle! quascunque in liquentibus stagnis,
Marique vasto fert uterque Neptunus;
(2) Quam te libenter, quamque lætus inviso,
Vix mi ipse credens Thyniam, atque Bythynos
Liquisse campos, (3) et videre te in tuto.

B b 2

Without

Without a wound I reach thy shore;
(For I have felt myself all o'er)
I've all my limbs, and, be it spoken
With honest triumph, no bone broken—

How pleasing is the sweet transition (4)
From this vile gun-boat expedition;
From winds and waves, and wounds and scars,
From British soldiers, British tars,
To his own house, where, free from danger,
Muskein may live at rack and manger;
May stretch his limbs in his own cot,(5)
Thankful he has not gone to pot;
Nor for the bubble glory strive,
But bless himself that he's alive!

Havre, (6) sweet Havre! hail again,
O! bid thy sons, (a frolic train, (7)
Who under Chenier welcom'd in
With dance and song, the guillotine,)
In long procession seek the strand;
For Muskein now prepares to land,
'Scap'd, Heaven knows how, from that curs'd crew
That haunt the rocks of Saint Marcou.

(4) O quid solutis est beatius curis, Quom mens onus reponit, ac peregrino Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,

(5) Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.
(6) Salve! O venusta Sirmio! atque hero gaude!
Gaudete! vosque Lydiæ lacus undæ!
Ridete (7) quicquid est domi cachinnorum!

FTER the splendid account of Buonaparte's suc-The cesses in the East, it is some consolation to us to have to state, not only from authority, but in verse, that our Government has not been behind hand with that of France; but that, aware of the wise and enterprising spirit of the enemy, and of the danger which might arise to our distant possessions from the export of learning and learned men being entirely in their hands, Ministers have long ago determined on an expedition of a similar nature, and have actually embarked at Portsmouth, on board one of the East-India Company's ships, taken up for that purpose (the ship Capricorn, Mr. Thomas Truman, commander,) several tons of Savans, the growth of this country. The whole was conducted with the utmost secrecy and dispatch, and it was not till we were favoured with the following copy of a letter (obligingly communicated to us by the Tunisian gentleman to whom it is addressed,) that we had any suspicion of the extent and nature of the design, or indeed of any such design being in contemplation.

The several great names which are combined to render this expedition the most surprizing and splendid ever undertaken, could not, indeed, have been spared from the country to which they are an ornament, for any other purpose, than one the most obviously connected with the interests of the empire, and the most widely beneficial to mankind.

The secrecy with which they have been withdrawn from the British public, without being so much as missed or enquired after, reflects the highest honour on the planners of the enterprize. Even the celebrity of Dr. P. has not led to any discovery or investigation; and the

B b 3

silent admirers of that great man have never once thought of asking what was become of him, till it is now all at once come to light that he has been for weeks past on ship-board, the brightest star in the bright constellation of talents, which stud the quarter-deck of the Capricorn,—Mr. T. Truman, (as before-mentioned) commander.

The resignation of the late worthy president of a certain Agricultural Board, might, indeed, have taught mankind to look for some extraordinary event in the world of science and adventure; and those who had the good fortune to see the deportation from his house, of the several wonderful anomalies which had for years formed its most distinguished inmates,—the stuffed ram, the dried boar, the cow with three horns, and other fanciful productions of a like nature, could not but speculate, with some degree of seriousness, on the purpose of their removal, and on the place of their destination.

It now appears that there was, in truth, no light object in view. They were destined, with the rest of the Savans, on whom this country prides itself, (and long may it have reason to indulge the honest exultation,) to undertake a voyage of no less grandeur than peril; to counteract the designs of the Directory, and to frustrate or forestall the conquests of Buonaparte.

The young gentleman who writes the following letter to his friend in London, is, as may be seen, interpreter to the expedition. We have understood, farther, that he is nearly connected with the young man who writes for the Morning Chronicle, and conducts the critical, argumentative, and geographical departments.—Some say it is the young man himself, who has assumed

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a feigned name, and, under the disguise of a Turkish dress and circumcision, is gone, at the express instigation of his employers, to improve himself in geographical knowledge. We have our doubts upon this subject, as we think we recognize the style of this deplorable young man, in an article of last week's Morning Chronicle. Be that as it may, the information contained in the following letter may be depended upon.

We cannot take leave of the subject without remarking what a fine contrast and companion the vessel and cargo, described in the following poem, affords to the "Navis Stultifera," the "Shippe of Fooles" of the celebrated Barclay; and we cannot forbear hoping, that the Argenis of an author of the same name may furnish a hint for an account of this stupendous expedition in a learned language, from the only pen which, in modern days, is capable of writing Latin with a purity and elegance worthy of so exalted a theme; and that the author of a classical preface may become the writer of a no less celebrated voyage.

# TRANSLATION OF A LETTER,

(IN ORIENTAL CHARACTERS,)

From BAWBA-DARA-ADUL-PHOOLA, Dragomán to the Expedition, to NEEK-AWL-ARETCHID-KOOEZ, Secretary to the Tunisian Embassy.

#### DEAR NEEK-AWL,

You'll rejoice, that at length I am able
To date these few lines from the captain's own table,
Mr. Truman himself, of his proper suggestion,
Has in favour of science decided the question;

So we walk the main deck, and are mess'd with the captain:

I leave you to judge of the joy we are wrapt in.

At Spithead they embark'd us; how precious a cargo! And we sail'd before day, to escape the embargo. There was Sh-b-h, the wonderful mathematician; And D-rw-n, the poet, the sage and physician; There was B-dd-s, and Bru-n, and G-dw-n, whose trust is,

He may part with his work on political justice To some Iman or Bonze, or Judaical Rabbin, And with huge quarto volumes he piles up the cabbin, There was great Dr. P-r, whom we style Bellendenus: The doctor and I have a hammock between us-'Tis a little unpleasant thus crouding together, On account of the motion, and heat of the weather; Two souls in one birth they oblige us to cram, But Sir John will insist on a place for his Ram. Though the doctor, I find, is determin'd to think 'Tis the animal's hide that occasions the stink; In spite of th' experienced opinion of Truman, Who contends that the scent is exclusively human, But B-dd-s and D-rw-n engage to repair This slight inconvenience with oxygene air.

Whither bound? (youwillask)—'tisa question, my friend, On which I long doubted: my doubt's at an end. To Arabia the stony, Sabæa the gummy, To the land where each man that you meet is a mummy; To the mouths of the Nile, to the banks of Araxes, To the red, and the yellow, the white, and the black seas, With telescopes, globes, and a quadrant, and sextant, And the works of all authors whose writings are extant;

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With surveys and plans, topographical maps,
Theodolites, watches, spring-guns, and steel traps,
Phials, crucibles, air-pumps, electric machinery,
And pencils for painting the natives and scenery.
In short, we are sent to oppose all we know,
To the knowledge and mischievous arts of the foe,
Who, though placing in arms a well-grounded reliance,
Go to war with a flying artill'ry of science.

The French Savants, it seems, recommended this measure

With a view to replenish the national treasure.

First, the trueRights of Man they will preach in all places,
But chief (when 'tis found) in the Egyptian Oasis:
And this doctrine, 'tis hoped, in a very few weeks
Will persuade the wild Arabs to murder their Sheiks,
And, to aid the Great Nation's beneficent plans,
Plunder pyramids, catacombs, towns, caravans,
Then enlist under Arcole's gallant commander,
Who will conquer the world like his model Iskander.
His army each day growing bolder and finer,
With the Turcoman tribes he subdues Asia Minor,
Beats Paul and his Scythians, his journey pursues
'Cross the Indus, with tribes of Armenians, and Jews,
And Bucharians, and Affinghans, and Persians, and
Tartars,

Chokes the wretched Mogul in his grand-mother's garters,

And will hang him to dry in the Luxembourg Hall, 'Midst the plunder of Carthage, and spoils of Bengal.

Such, we hear, was the plan: but, I trust, if we meet 'em,

That, Savant to Savant, our cargo will beat 'em.

Our

Our plan of proceeding, I'll presently tell:— But soft—I am call'd—I must bid you farewell;— To attend on our Savants my pen I resign— For, it seems, that they duck them on crossing the Line.

We deeply regret this interruption of our oriental poet, and the more so, as the prose letters which we have received from a less learned correspondent do not enable us to explain the tactics of our Belligerent philosophers so distinctly as we could have wished. pears in general, that the learned doctor who has the honour of sharing the hammock of the amiable oriental, trusted principally to his superior knowledge in the Greek language, by means of which he hoped to entangle his antagonists in inextricable confusion. Dr. D-n proposed (as might be expected) his celebrated experiment of the Ice-island, which, being towed on the coast of Africa, could not fail of spoiling the climate, and immediately terrifying and embarrassing the sailors of Buonaparte's fleet, accustomed to the mild temperature and gentle gales of the Mediterranean, and therefore ill qualified to struggle with this new importation of tempests. Dr. B-s was satisfied with the project of communicating to Buonaparte a consumption, of the same nature with that which he formerly tried on himself, but superior in virulence, and therefore calculated to make the most rapid and fatal ravages in the hectic constitution of the Gallic hero. The rest of the plan is quite unintelligible, excepting a hint about Sir J. S.'s intention of proceeding with his ram to the celebrated Oasis, and of bringing away, for the convenience of the Bank, the treasures contained in the temple of Jupiter Ammon.

# ODE TO A JACOBIN.

FROM SUCKLING'S ODE TO A LOVER.

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One wavering thought; if e'er his word
Has from one crime thy soul deterr'd:

Know this,

Thou think'st amiss;

And to think true,

Thou must renounce Him all, and think anew.

If startled at the guillotine
Trembling thou touch the dread machine;
If, leading sainted Louis to it,
Thy steps drew back, thy heart did rue it—
Know this,
Thou think'st amiss:
And to think true,
Must rise above weak remorse, and think anew.

If, callous, thou dost not mistake,
And murder for mild mercy's sake,
And think thou follow'st pity's call
When slaughter'd thousands round thee fall:
Know this,
Thou think'st amiss;
And to think true,
Must conquer prejudice, and think anew.

If when good men are to be slain,
Thou hear'st them plead, nor plead in vain;
Or, when thou answer'st, if it be
With one jot of humanity;

Know this,
Thou think'st amiss;
And to think true,
Must pardon leave to fools, and think anew.

If when all kings, priests, nobles hated,
Lie heedless, thy revenge is sated,
Nor thirsts to load the reeking block
With heads from thine own murd'rous flock;
Know this,
Thou think'st amiss;

And to think true,
Thou must go on in blood, and think anew.

If thus, by love of executions,
Thou prov'st thee fit for revolutions;
Yet, one atchiev'd, to that art true,
Nor would'st begin to change anew;

Know this,
Thou think'st amiss:
Deem, to think true,
All constitutions bad, but those bran new.

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THE following popular song is said to be in great vogue among the loyal troops in the North of Ireland. The air, and the turn of the composition, are highly original. It is attributed (as our correspondent informs us,) to a Fifer in the Drumballyroney Volunteers.

### BALLYNAHINCH.

# annual Sound Hat A NEW SONG. I wood adov 1

A certain great statesman, whom all of us know,
In a certain assembly, no long while ago,
Declar'd from this maxim he never would flinch,
"That no town was so loyal as Ballynahinch."

ecoséléption, baperina, tener se 40 de arridest, coarité la proui-

The great statesman, it seems, had perus'd all their faces, And been mightily struck with their loyal grimaces; While each townsman had sung, like a throstle or finch, "We are all of us loyal at Ballynahinch."

The great statesman return'd to his speeches and readings; And the Ballynahinchers resum'd their proceedings; They had most of them sworn, "we'll be true to the Frinch,\*"

So loyal a town was this Ballynahinch!

Determin'd their landlord's fine words to make good, They hid pikes in his haggard, cut staves in his wood; And attack'd the King's troops—the assertion to clinch, That no town is so loyal as Ballynahinch.

\* Hibernice pro French.

O! had we but trusted the *rebel's* professions, Met their cannon with smiles, and their pikes with concessions:

Tho' they still took an ell, when we gave them an inch, They would all have been loyal—like Ballynahinch.

### VIRI ERUDITI,

SI vobis hocce poematium, de navali laude Britanniæ, paucis annis ante conscriptum, nuperrimè recensitum atque emendatum, forté arrideat, quærite in proximis vestris tabulis locum quendam secretum atque securum, ubi repositum suâ sorte perfruatur. Quod si in me hanc gratiam contuleritis, devinctus vobis ero et astrictus beneficio.

ETONENSIS.

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SUCCESSU si freta brevi, fatisque secundis, Europæ sub pace vetet requiescere gentes, Inque dies ruat ulteriús furialibus armis Gallia, tota instans á sedibus eruere imis Fundamenta, quibus cultæ Commercia vitæ Firmant se subnixa;—tuisne, Britannia, regnis Ecquid ab hoste times; dum te tua saxa tuentur, Dum pelagus te vorticibus spumantibus ambit?

Tu medio stabilita mari, atque ingentibus undis Cincta sedes; nec tu angusto, Vulcania tanquam Trinacris, interclusa sinu; nec faucibus arctis Septa freti brevis, impositisque coercita claustris. Liberiora Tibi spatia, et porrecta sine ullo Limite regna patent (quantum neque maxima quondam Carthago, aut Phænissa Tyros, ditissimma tellus Imperium asseruit) confiniaque ultima mundi.

Ergone

Ergone formidabis adhuc, ne se inferat olim, Et campis impuné tuis superingruat hostis? Usque adeone parum est, quod laté littora cernas Præruptis turrita jugis, protentaque longo Circuitu, & tutos passim præbentia portus? Præsertim australes ad aquas, Damnoniaque arva, Aut ubi Vecta viret, secessusque insula fidos Efficit objectu laterum; saxosave Dubris Velivolum laté pelagus, camposque liquentis Aeria, adversasque aspectat desuper oras.

th

Nec levibus sanè auguriis, aut omine nullo
Auguror hinc fore perpetuum per secula nomen:
Dum nautis tam firma tuis, tam prodiga vitæ
Pectora, inexpletà succensa cupidine famæ,
Nesciaque ignavè indigna formidine flecti
Nec turpi flectenda metu; dum maxima quereus,
Majestate excelsa sua, atque ingentibus umbris,
Erigitur, vasto nodosa atque aspera trunco;
Silvarum regina. Hæc formidabilis olim
Noctem inter mediam nimborum, hyemesque sonantes
Ardua se attollit super æquora, quam neque fluctus
Spumosi attenuat furor, aut violentia venti
Frangere, et in medio potis est disrumpere ponto.

Hinc domita dare jura mari, sceptrumque volentis Oceani servare tuum est: alienaque sese Submittunt signa, et Britonum vexilla verentur; Securusque tibi extremis mercator ab Indis Divitias vehit, et magnæ spolia annua terræ.

Viribus his innixa, saloque accincta frementi Tu media inter bella sedes, ignara malorum, Quæ tolerant obsessæ urbes, cúm jam hostica clausus Fulminat ad portas acies, vallataque circum Castra locat, sævisque aditus circumsidet armis.

Cc2

Talia

Talia sunt tibi perpetuæ fundamina famæ, Ante alias diis cara, Britannia! Prælia cerno Inclyta, perpetuos testes quid maxima victrix, Quid possis preclara tuo, maris arbitra, ponto.

Hæc inter sanctus æternå laude calendas
Servandas recolo, quibus illa, immane minata
Gentibus excidium, totum grassata per orbem
Dusaque jam imperis intactum amplectier æquor,
Illa odiis lymphata, et libertate recenti
Gallia, disjectam ferali funere classem
Indoluit devicta, et non reparabile vulnus.
Tempore quo instructas vidit longo ordine puppes
Rostrata certare acie, et concurrere ad arma.
Ætheraque impulsu tremere, Uxantisque per undas
Lugubre lumen agi, atque rubentem fulgure fumum.

Cerno triumphatas aciès, quo tempore Iberum Disjectos fastus, lacerisque aplustria velis Horruit oceanus—quali formidine gades Intremere, ut fractà classem se mole moventem Hospitium petere, et portus videre relictos!

Quid referam, NOBIS quæ nuper adorea risit, Te rursús superante, dies, cum decolor ibat Sanguine Belgarum Rhenus, fluctusque minores Volvebat, frustrá indignans polluta cruore Ostia, & Angliaco tremefactas fulmine rupes.

Cerno pias ædes procúl, & regalia quondam Atria, cæruleis quæ preterlabitur undis Velivolus Thamesis; materno ubi denique nautas Excipis amplexu; virtus quoscumque virilis Per pelagi impulerit discrimina, quælibet ausos Pro Patriâ. Hic rude donantur, dulcique senescunt

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Hospitio emeriti, placidâque quiete potiti Vulnera præteritos jactant testantia casus.

Macte ideo decus Oceani! Macte omne per ævum Victrix, æquoreo stabilita Britannia regno; Littoribusque tuis ne propugnacula tantúm Præsidio fore, nec saxi munimina credas, Nec tantúm quæ mille acies in utrumque parantur Aut patriam tutari, aut non superesse cadenti; Invictæ quantúm metuenda tonitrua Classis, Angliacæ Classis;—quæ majestate verenda Ultrix, inconcussa, diú dominabitur orbi, Hostibus invidiosa tuis, et sæpe triumphis Nobilitata novis, pelagi Regina subacti.

We trust our ingenious correspondent will not consider us as influenced in the speedy insertion of his little poem by the bribe which he so flatteringly holds out to us. Though we are said by our antagonists to be courtiers, we can assure him we are uncorruptible; at least, by any other boon than what his verses themselves contain, sterling merit; and the praises and triumphs of a country endeared to us by every tie of gratitude and affection.

# NEW MORALITY.

To animate the weak, unite the wise;
To trace the deep infection, that pervades
The crouded town, and taints the rural shades;
To mark how wide extends the mighty waste
O'er the fair realms of science, learning, taste:

To drive and scatter all the brood of lies,
And chace the varying falsehood as it flies;
The long arrears of Ridicule to pay,
To drag reluctant dullness back to day;
Much yet remains.—To you these themes belong,
Ye favour'd sons of virtue, and of song!

Say, is the field too narrow? Are the times Barren of folly, and devoid of crimes?

Yet, venial vices, in a milder age,
Could rouze the warmth of Pope's satyric rage:
The doating miser, and the lavish heir,
The follies, and the foibles of the fair,
Sir Job, Sir Balaam, and old Euclid's thrift,
And Sappho's diamonds, with her dirty shift,
Blunt, Charteris, Hopkins,—meaner subjects fir'd
The keen-ey'd poet; while the muse inspir'd
Her ardent child,—entwining, as he sate,
His laurell'd chaplet with the thorns of hate.

But say,—indignant does the muse retire, Her shrine deserted, and extinct its fire? No pious hand to feed the sacred flame, No raptur'd soul a poet's charge to claim?

Bethink thee, G—ff—rd; when some future age
Shall trace the promise of thy playful page;—

"The hand which brush'd a swarm of fools away
"Should rouze to grasp a more reluctant prey!"
Think then, will pleaded indolence excuse
The tame secession of thy languid muse?

Ah! where is now that promise? why so long Sleep the keen shafts of satyr and of song?

Oh!

Oh! come, with taste and virtue at thy side,
With ardent zeal inflam'd, and patriot pride;
With keen poetic glance direct the blow,
And empty all thy quiver on the foe—
No pause—no rest—'till weltering on the ground
The poisonous hydra lies, and pierc'd with many a
wound. (1)

Thou too—the nameless bard—whose honest zeal
For law, for morals, for the public weal,
Pours down impetuous on thy country's foes
The stream of verse, and many-languag'd prose;
Thou too—though oft thy ill-advis'd dislike
The guiltless head with random censure strike—
Though quaint allusions, vague and undefin'd,
Play faintly round the ear, but mock the mind,—
50
Through the mix'd mass yet taste and learning shine,
And manly vigour stamps the nervous line;
And patriot rage the generous verse inspires,
And wakes and points the desultory fires.

Yet more remain unknown—for who can tell
What bashful genius in some rural cell,
As year to year, and day succeeds to day,
In joyless leisures wastes his life away?
In him the flame of early fancy shone;
His genuine worth his old companions own;

(1) This compliment to Wm. Gifford, Esq. the author of "The Baviad and Mæviad," is not better expressed than deserved. It may, perhaps, be asked, in this place, by some, whether this exhortation to continued exertion, until the Hydra of Jacobinism had received his death-blow, might not, with propriety, be retorted on the bards themselves, who ceased their labours, before that hydra was balf defeated?—Editor.

In childhood and in youth their chief confess'd, His master's pride, his pattern to the rest. Now, far aloof retiring from the strife Of busy talents, and of active life, As, from the loop-holes of retreat, he views Our stage, verse, pamphlets, politics, and news, He loaths the world,—or with reflection sad Concludes it irrecoverably mad; Of taste, of learning, morals, all bereft, No hope, no prospect to redeem it left.

70

Awake! for shame! or e'er thy nobler sense
Sink in th' oblivious pool of indolence!
Must wit be found alone on falsehood's side,
Unknown to truth, to virtue unally'd?
Arise! nor scorn thy country's just alarms;
Wield in her cause thy long-neglected arms—
Of lofty satyr pour th' indignant strain,
Leagued with her friends, and ardent to maintain
'Gainst learning's, virtue's, truth's, religion's foes,
A kingdom's safety, and the world's repose.

80

If vice appal thee—if thou view with awe Insults that brave, and erimes that 'scape the law, Yet may the specious bastard brood, which claim. A spurious homage under virtue's name, Sprung from a parent, nurse of thousand crimes, The new philosophy of modern times—Yet, these may rouze thee—with unsparing hand. Oh, lash the vile impostures from the land!

First, stern Philanthropy—not she, who dries The orphan's tears, and wipes the widow's eyes; Not she, who, sainted charity her guide, Of British bounty pours the annual tide—

90

But

But French Philanthropy—whose boundless mind Glows with the general love of all mankind. Philanthropy—beneath whose baneful sway Each patriot passion sinks, and dies away.

Taught in her school t' imbibe thy mawkish strain, Condorcet, filter'd through the dregs of Paine, Each pedant prig disowns a Briton's part, And plucks the name of England from his heart.

What shall a name, a word, a sound, controul
Th' aspiring thought, and cramp th' expansive soul?
Shall one half-peopled island's rocky round
A love that glows for all creation, bound?
And social charities contract the plan
Fram'd for thy freedom, universal man?
No—through the extended globe his feelings run
As broad and general as th' unbounded sun!
No narrow bigot he—his reason'd view
Thy interests, England, ranks with thine Peru—
110
France at our doors, he sees no danger nigh,
But heaves for Turkey's woes th' impartial sigh;
A steady patriot of the world alone,
The friend of every country—but his own.

Next comes a gentler virtue—ah! beware

Lest the harsh verse her shrinking softness scare.

Visit her not too roughly—the warm sigh

Dwells on her lips—the tear-drop gems her eye.

Sweet Sensibility, that dwells enshrin'd

In the fine foldings of the feeling mind—

With delicate Mimosa's sense endu'd,

That shrinks instinctive from a hand too rude:

Or, like the Pimpornel, whose prescient flow'r

Shuts her soft leaves at evening's chilly hour.

Sweet

Sweet child of sickly fancy—her of yore From her lov'd France Rousseau to exile bore; And while 'midst lakes and mountains wild he ran Full of himself, and shunn'd the haunts of man, Taught her o'er each lone vale and alpine steep To hisp the stories of his wrongs, and weep; 130 Taught her to cherish still in either eye, Of tender tears a plentiful supply, And pour them in the brooks that babbled by-Taught her to meet by rule her feelings strong, False by degrees, and exquisitely wrong. For the crush'd beetle, first—the widow'd dove, And all the warbled sorrows of the grove. Next for poor suffring guilt-and, last of all, For parents, friends, a king, and country's fall.

Mark her fair votaries-prodigal of grief, 140 With cureless pangs, and woes that mock relief, Droop in soft sorrow o'er a faded flow'r; O'er a dead jack-ass (2) pour the peerless show'r-But hear unmov'd of Loire's ensanguin'd flood, Choak'd up with slain; -of Lyons drench'd in blood; Of crimes that blot the age, the world with shame, Foul crimes, but sicklied o'er with freedom's name; Altars and thrones subverted, social life Trampled to earth—the husband from the wife, Parent from child, with ruthless fury torn-150 Of talents, honour, virtue, wit, forlorn, In friendless exile—of the wise and good Staining the daily scaffold with their blood-Of savage cruelties, that scare the mind-The rage of madness with hell's lust combin'dOf hearts torn reeking from the mangled breast, They hear—and hope that ALL IS FOR THE BEST.

Fond hope!—but, Justice sanctifies the pray'r— Justice-here satyr strike, 'twere sin to spare-Not she in British courts that takes her stand, 160 The dawdling balance dangling in her hand, Adjusting punishments to fraud and vice With scrup'lous quirks, and disquisition nice-But firm, erect, with keen reverted glance Th' avenging angel of regen'rate France, Who visits ancient sins on modern times. And punishes the Pope for Cæsar's crimes (3) Such is the lib'ral justice which presides In these our days, and modern patriots guides-Justice, whose blood-stain'd book one sole decree, .170 One statute fills—" the people shall be free." Free by what means?-by folly, madness, guilt, By boundless rapines, blood in oceans spilt; By confiscation, in whose sweeping toils The poor man's pittance, with the rich man's spoils, Mix'd in one common mass, are swept away-To glut the short-liv'd tyrant of the day.

(3) The manes of Vercengetorix are supposed to have been very much gratified by the invasion of Italy and the plunder of the Roman territory. The defeat of the Burgundians is to be revenged on the modern inhabitants of Switzerland.—But the Swiss were a free people, defending their liberties against a tyrant. Moreover, they happened to be in alliance with France at the time. No matter, Burgundy is since become a province of France, and the French have acquired a property in all the injuries and defeats which the people of that country may have sustained, together with a title to revenge and retaliation, to be exercised in the present, or any future centuries, as may be found most glorious and convenient.

By

By laws, religion, morals all o'erthrown,

—Rouze then, ye sovereign people, claim your own;

The licence that enthrals, the truth that blinds,

180

The wealth that starves you, and the pow'r that grinds.

—So Justice bids.—'Twas her enlighten'd doom,

Louis, thy head devoted to the tomb!

'Twas Justice claim'd, in that accursed hour,

The fatal forfeit of too lenient pow'r.

—Mourn for the man we may;—but for the King,—

Freedom, oh! Freedom's such a charming thing!

"Much may be said on both sides."—Hark! I hear
A well-known voice that murmurs in my ear,—
The voice of Candour.—Hail! most solemn sage,
Thou driv'ling virtue of this moral age,
Candour, which softens party's headlong rage.

Candour,—which spares its foes; nor e'er descends
With bigot zeal to combat for its friends.
Candour,—which loves in see-saw strain to tell
Of acting foolishly, but meaning well;
Too nice to praise by wholesale, or to blame,
Convinc'd that all men's motives are the same;
And finds, with keen discriminating sight,
Black's not so black;—nor white so very white.

200

"Fox, to be sure, was vehement and wrong:-

"But then Pitt's words, you'll own, were rather strong.

" Great men will have their foibles—'twas just so

"With Fox and Pitt full forty years ago;

"So Walpole, Pulteney; -factions in all times

" Have had their follies, Ministers their crimes."

Give me th' avow'd, th' erect, the manly foe Bold I can meet,—perhaps, may turn his blow; But of all plagues, good Heav'n, thy wrath can send, Save, save, oh! save me from the candid friend! 210

"Barras loves plunder,—Merlin takes a bribe,—
"What then?—Shall Candour these good men proscribe?

" No! ere we join the loud-accusing throng,

" Prove, -not the facts, -but, that they thought them wrong.

"Why hang O'Quigley?—he, misguided man,
"In sober thought his country's weal might plan;
"And, though his deep-laid treason sapp'd the throne,
"Might act from taste in morals, all his own."

Peace to such reasoners!—let them have their way; Shut their dull eyes against the blaze of day.— 220 Priestley's a saint, and Stone a patriot still; And La Fayette a hero, if they will.

I love the bold uncompromising mind,
Whose principles are fix'd, whose views defin'd:
Who, sick of modern cant, discredits quite
All taste in morals, innate sense of right,
And nature's impulse, all uncheck'd by art,
And feelings fine, that float about the heart:—
Content, for good men's guidance, bad men's awe,
On moral truth to rest, and gospel law.

230
Who owns, when traitors feel th' avenging rod,
Just retribution, and the hand of God;
Who hears the groans through Olmutz' roofs that ring,
Of him who chain'd, and who betray'd his King—
Hears unappall'd:—though freedom's zealots preach—
Unmov'd, unsoften'd by F—tzp—tr—ck's speech. (4)

(4) General Fitzpatrick.-EDITOR.

at

Dd

That

That speech on which the melting Commons hung,

While truths divine came mended from his tongue"—
How loving husband clings to duteous wife,—
How pure religion soothes the ills of life,—
240
How popish ladies trust their pious fears
And naughty actions in their chaplain's ears.—
Half novel and half sermon on it flow'd;
With pious zeal THE Opposition glow'd;
And as o'er each the soft infection crept,
Sigh'd as he whin'd, and as he whimper'd, wept;
E'en C—w—n (5) dropt a sentimental tear,
And stout St. A—dr—w (6) yelp'd a softer "hear!"

Parent of crimes and fashions! which in vain
Our colder servile spirits would attain,
250
How do we ape thee, France! but bungling still
Disgrace the pattern by our want of skill.
The borrow'd step our aukward gait reveals:
(As clumsy C—rtn—y (7) mars the verse he steals.)
How do we ape thee, France! nor claim alone
Thy arts, thy tastes, thy morals for our own,
But to thy Worthies render homage due,
Their (8) "hair-breadth 'scapes," with anxious interest view;

Statesmen and heroines whom this age adores, Though plainer times would call them rogues and whores.

(5) J. C. Curwen, Esq. Member for Carlisle,—EDITOR.

(6) St. Andrew St. John, Member for Bedfordshire. - EDITOR.

(7) John Courtney, Esq. Member for Appleby.—EDITOR.

(8) See Récit de mes Perils, by Louvet. Memoirs d'un Detenu, by Riousse. The avidity with which these productions were read; might, we should hope, be accounted for upon principles of mere curiosity, (as we read the Newgate Calendar and the History of the Buccaneers,) not from any interest in favour of a set of wretches, infinitely more detestable than all the robbers and pirates that ever existed.

See

See Louvet, patriot, pamphleteer, and sage, 261 Tempering with amorous fire his virtuous rage. Form'd for all tasks, his various talents see-The luscious novel, the severe decree— Then mark him welt'ring in his nasty stye, Bare his lewd transports to the public eye-Not his the love in silent groves that strays, Quits the rude world, and shuns the vulgar gaze. In Lodoiska's full possession blest One craving void still aches within his breast-270 Plung'd in the filth and fondness of her arms, Not to himself alone he stints her charms— Clasp'd in each other's foul embrace they lie, But know no joy unless the world stands by. The fool of vanity, for her alone He lives, loves, writes, and dies but to be known. His widow'd mourner flies to poison's aid, Eager to join her Louvet's parted shade In those bright realms where sainted lovers stray-But harsh emetics tear that hope away. 280 Yet hapless Louvet, where thy bones are laid, The easy nymphs shall consecrate the shade. (9) There, in the laughing morn of genial spring, Unwedded pairs shall tender couplets sing; Eringoes o'er the hallow'd spot shall bloom, And flies of Spain shall swarm around the tomb. (10)

Or does severer virtue charm? We chuse Roland the just, with ribbands in his shoes—(11)

(10) See Anthologia passim.

Dd2

<sup>(9)</sup> Faciles Nepea.

<sup>(11)</sup> Such was the strictness of this Minister's principles, that he positively refused to go to Court in shoe-buckles.—See Dumourier's Memoirs.

And Roland's spouse who paints with just delight
The doubtful conflict of her nuptial night—
290
Her virgin charms what fierce attacks assail'd,
And how the rigid minister (12) prevail'd.

But, ah! what verse can paint thy stately mien,
Guide of the world, preferment's golden queen,
Neckar's fair daughter—Stael the Epicene!
Bright o'er whose flaming cheek and pumple nose
The bloom of young desire unceasing glows—
Fain would the muse—but, ah! she dares no more,
A mournful voice from lone Guyana's shore, (13)
Sad Quatremere—the bold presumption checks,
300
Forbid to question thy ambiguous sex.

To thee, proud Barras bows—thy charms controul Rewbell's brute rage, and Merlin's subtle soul—Rais'd by thy hands, and fashion'd to thy will, Thy pow'r, thy guiding influence governs still. Where at the blood-stain'd board assiduous plies, The lame artificer of fraud and lies; He with the mitred head, and cloven heel—Doom'd the course edge of Rewbell's jests to feel; (14)

To

T

<sup>(12)</sup> See Madame Roland's Memoirs-Rigide Ministre, Brissot à ses commentans.

<sup>(13)</sup> These lines contain the Secret History of Quatremere's de-

<sup>&</sup>quot;Falstaff—Thou art neither fish nor flesh—a man cannot tell where to have thee.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Quickly—Thou art an unjust man for saying so—thou or any man knows where to have me,"

<sup>(14)</sup> For instance, in the course of a political discussion, Rewbell observed to the Ex-Bishop—" That his understanding was as erooked as his legs"—" Vil Emigré tu n'as pas le sens plus droit que les pieds"—and therewithal threw an ink-stand at him. It whizzed along,

To stand the playful buffet, and to hear

The frequent ink-stand whizzing past his ear;

While all the five Directors laugh to see

The limping priest so deft at his new ministry." (15)

Last of the anointed five behold, and least
The directorial Lama, sovereign priest—
Lepaux—whom Atheists worship—at whose nod
Bow their meek heads—the men without a God. (16)

Ere long, perhaps, to this astonish'd isle,
Fresh from the shores of subjugated Nile,
Shall Buonaparte's victor fleet protect
The genuine Theo-Philanthrophic sect—
The sect of Marat, Mirabeau, Voltaire,
Led by their pontiff, good La Reveillere.
Rejoic'd our CLUBS shall greet him, and install
The holy hunch-back in thy dome, St. Paul,
While countless votaries thronging in his train
Wave their red caps, and hymn this jocund strain;

along, as we have been informed, like the fragment of a rock from the hand of one of Ossian's heroes:—but the wily apostate shrunk beneath the table, and the weapon past over him, innocuous and guiltless of his blood or brains.

(15) See Homer's description of Vulcan. First Iliad.

" Inextinguibilis vero exoriebatur risus beatis numinibus

" Ut viderunt Vulcanum per domos ministrantem."

(16) The men without a God—one of the new sects.—Their religion is intended to consist in the adoration of a Great Book, in which all the virtuous actions of society are to be entered and registered. "In times of civil commotion they are to come forward, to exhort the citizens to unanimity, and to read them a chapter out of the Great Book. When oppressed or proscribed they are to retire to a burying-ground, to wrap themselves up in their great coats, and wait the approach of death," &c.

Dd3

" Couriers

- " Couriers and Stars, sedition's evening host,
- " Thou Morning Chronicle, and Morning Post,
- "Whether ye make the Rights of Man your theme, 330
- "Your country libel, and your God blaspheme,
- " Or dirt on private worth and virtue throw,
- " Still, blasphemous or blackguard, praise Lepaux.
  - " And ye five other wandering bards that move
- " In sweet accord of harmony and love,
- " C-dge, (17) and S-th-y, L-d, (18) and L-be, and Co.
- "Tune all your mystic harps to praise Lepaux!
  "Pr-tl-y
- (17) Some of these youths were early corrupted in the metropolis, and initiated in the mysteries of Theophilanthropism, when scholars at that excellent seminary, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. C-dge was nominated to an exhibition at Cambridge, and the Vice-master (soon after his admission) sent to him, on account of his non-attendance at chapel. This illuminated gentleman affected astonishment that any criminality could attach to him for his non-performance of religious worship, the trickery of Priestcraft, but if his presence was required, pro forma, as at a muster-roll, he had no great objection to attend. To the disgrace of discipline, and a Christian University, this avowed Deist was not expelled for such sin. equalizing spirit and eccentricities have reduced this poetastor occasionally to such difficulties, that almost in want of bread he once addressed a soldier in the Park-" Are you one of the cut-throats of the despot."-The man was at first astonished, but he soon found that his distress had determined him to enlist. His friends have frequently extricated him from this and other embarrassments. He has since married, had children, and has now quitted the country, become a citizen of the world, left his little ones fatherless, and his wife destitute. "Ex uno disce" his associates Southey and Lambe. -EDITOR.
- (18) Mr. Lloyd was originally of that fraternity which delights in Meetings for Sufferings." He is descended from an opulent banker, and connected with the first families of friends. Like his relation

- " Pr-tl-y and W-f-ld, (19) humble, holy men, " Give praises to his name with tongue and pen!
- " Th-lw-l, and ye that lecture as ye go, " And for your pains get pelted, praise Lepaux!
- " Praise him each Jacobin, or fool, or knave,
- " And your cropp'd heads in sign of worship wave!
  - " All creeping creatures, venomous and low,
- " Paine, W-ll-ms, G-dw-n, H-lc-ft, praise Lepaux!
  - " And thou Leviathan! on ocean's brim
- " Hugest of living things that sleep and swim;
- "Thou in whose nose, by Burke's gigantic hand,
- " The hook was fixt to drag thee to the land;
- " With —, —, and in thy train,
  " And wallowing in the yeasty main—(20) 351

relation at Norwich he has adopted the original principles of George Fox, the founder, relative to Priests and Kings. Mr. Gurney was excluded the society for irregularities, but when a candidate to represent his native city in Parliament was re-admitted into the bond of unity against all constituted authorities. Mr. Lloyd continues estranged from the "Thou's and Thee's" (the language of Mercarant, a quondam Chairman at Versailles, and late President of the Commune of Paris,-vide Clery's Journal, P. 173,) for he has not hypoerisy sufficient for the profession .- EDITOR.

(19) The humility of these teachers of Christianity is remarkable. Priestley has stated, " I think I have proved St. Paul an inconclusive reasoner." Wakefield, on his late trial, affirmed, "that he himself was, without doubt, the best modern scholar and linguist in the world, except, perhaps, the late Sir Wm. Jones!!!"-EDITOR.

(20) " Though the yeasty sea

" Consume and swallow navigation up."-MACBETH.

"The ship, boring the moon with her main-mast, anon swallowed with yeast and foam, as you would thrust a cork into a hogshead."-WINTER'S TALE.

" Still as ye snort, and puff, and spout, and blow,

" In puffing, and in spouting, praise Lepaux!"

Britain beware; nor let th' insidious foe,
Of force despairing, aim a deadlier blow,
Thy peace, thy strength, with dev'lish wiles assail,
And when her arms are vain, by arts prevail.
True, thou art rich, art pow'rful—thro' thine isle
Industrious skill, contented labour, smile—
Far seas are studded with thy countless sails—
What winds but wafts them, and what shore but hails?
True, thou art brave—throughout thy busy land
In patriot ranks embattled myriads stand!
Thy foes behold with impotent amaze,
And drop the lifted weapon as they gaze.

But what avails to guard each outward part, If subtlest poison, circling at thy heart, Spite of thy courage, of thy pow'r, and wealth, Mine the sound fabric of thy vital health?

Waves its broad arms, and spreads its leafy pride;
Shades the green earth, and, tow'ring to the skies,
In conscious strength the tempests wrath defies.
The fowls of heav'n its ample branches share,
To its cool shade the panting herds repair—
The limpid current works its noiseless way—
The fibres loosen, and the roots decay.
Prostrate the mighty ruin lies; and all
That shar'd its shelter, perish in its fall.

O thou—lamented sage—whose prescient scan 380 Laid bare foul anarchy's gigantic plan; Prompt to incred'lous hearers to disclose The guilt of France, and Europe's world of woes—

Thou

Thou, on whose name far distant times shall gaze,
The mighty sea-mark of those troubled days,
O large of soul, of genius unconfin'd,
Born to delight, instruct, and mend mankind—
Burke! in whose breast a Roman ardour glow'd,
Whose copious tongue with Grecian richness flow'd;
Well hast thou found (if such thy country's doom) 390
A timely refuge in the shelt'ring tomb.

As in far realms, beneath the cypress shade,
Where eastern kings, in pomp of death, are laid,
The perfum'd lamp, with unextinguish'd light
Flames thro' the vault, and cheers the gloom of night—
So, mighty Burke! in thy sepulchral urn
To fancy's view the lamp of truth shall burn.
Thither late times shall turn their rev'rent eyes,
Led by thy light, and by thy wisdom wise.

There are, to whom (their taste such pleasures cloy)
No light thy wisdom yields, thy wit no joy.

401
Peace to their heavy heads, and callous hearts,
Peace—such as sloth, and ignorance imparts!
Pleas'd may they live to plan their country's good,
And crop, with calm content, their flow'ry food.

What the 'thy vent'rous spirit lov'd to urge
The lab'ring theme to reason's utmost verge,
Kindling and mounting from th' enraptur'd sight,
Still anxious wonder watch'd thy daring flight;
While vulgar souls, with mean malignant stare
Gaz'd up, the triumph of thy fall to share!
Poor triumph! which for oft-extorted praise
To envy still too daring genius pays.

Oh! for thy playful smile—thy potent frown T' abash bold vice, and laugh pert folly down.

So should the muse in humour's happiest vein Frame with light verse the metaphoric strain; With apt allusions from the rural trade Tell of what wood young Jacobins are made; How the skill'd gardener grafts with nicest rule The slip of coxcomb on the stock of fool-Forth in bright blossom bursts the tender sprig A thing to wonder at—perhaps a Whig; Should tell how wise each new-fledg'd pedant prates Of weightiest matters, grave distractions states— How rules of policy and public good In Saxon times were rightly understood; How Kings are proper, may be useful things, But then some gentlemen object to Kings; How in all times the Minister's to blame; How British Liberty's an empty name. Till each fair burgh, numerically free, Shall choose its members by the rule of three.

So should the muse, with verse in thunder cloth'd, Proclaim the crimes by God and Nature loath'd, Which—when fell poison revels in the veins—The poison fell, that frantic Gallia drains
From the curst fruit of freedom's blasted tree, Blot the fair records of humanity.

To feebler nations let proud France afford

Her damning choice—the chalice or the sword—

To drink or die—oh fraud! oh specious lie!

Delusive choice! for if they drink they die.

The sword we dread not—of ourselves secure,
Firm were our strength, our peace and freedom sure—
Let all the world confederate all its pow'rs,
"Be they not back'd by those that should be ours,"

High

H

High on her rock shall Britain's genius stand, Scatter the crouded hosts, and vindicate the land.

Guard we but our own hearts; with constant view
To ancient morals, ancient manners true,
True to the manlier virtues, such as nerv'd
Our father's breasts, and this proud isle preserv'd
For many a rugged age—and scorn the whiles,
(Her arms we fear not,) Gallia's specious wiles,
The soft seductions, the refinements nice,
Of gay morality, and easy vice—
So shall we brave the storm—our stablish'd pow'r
Thy refuge, Europe, in some happier hour.
But French in heart—tho' victory crown our brow,
460
Low at our feet tho' prostrate nations bow,
Wealth gild our cities, commerce croud our shore,
London may shine, but England is no more.

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